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236

THE "CHANDOS CLASSICS."

THE

NISH NOVELISTS:

Translated from the Originals

WITH

B2746

RITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

Kx. 2-236

91634

BY

THOMAS ROSCOE,

EDITOR OF THE ITALIAN AND GERMAN NOVELISTS, ETC.

Kx-1-236

LONDON:

NE AND

STRAND.

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

THE SPANISH NOVELISTS.

00091634

TO

JOHN KNOWLES, ESQ., F.R.S.

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF ROTTERDAM;

AS A TESTIMONIAL OF

THE EDITOR'S ESTEEM AND REGARD,

PREFACE.

In the following series of national novels, connected with the secondary class of prose fiction so abounding in Spanish literature, it has been the humble endeavour of the translator, upon a similar plan with the Italian and the German specimens, to convey to the English reader some idea of its rise and progress, as well as of the peculiar manners, customs, and modes of thinking at different periods, as exhibited in this form of composition.

In the novel and the drama, Spain is allowed to hold a distinguished rank in the literature of modern nations; in the former, sufficient justice has not been done her; the writers of other countries have taken their plots, and even entire stories, without acknowledgment. Le Sage, Scarron, and many others, by thus appropriating and adapting to the prevailing taste, their neighbour's inventions, have given rise to a keen controversy upon the subject; one into which I should be extremely sorry to carry the reader, even the least way, to partake of its tediousness, its bitterness, and its heaviness. As little will it be necessary, in a work of specimens, to examine into the nature and extent of the various classes and branches of the Spanish novel; it is enough that the Editor has been desirous to render justice to some of the earliest and best models of the language—to bring before the public a version of the original productions to which both the writers and the readers of some of the most attractive and popular novels circu[illegible] Europe, have been so largely indebted. I[illegible], however, it would have been presumpti[illegible] the masterly advocates they have recently [illegible]ue from unmerited neglect, the names [illegible]ibute to the inventive powers,

of the Spanish Novelists. In other countries, especially among the Germans and the French, their just claims have been admitted; in the present instance, all that the translator can assume, in his humbler task, is the merit of having long read, and carefully compared, the smaller class of novels, such as were conceived best adapted to give the English reader a taste for the original, as well as for mere popular amusement.

In regard to the selections, no less than to the biographical materials, and other points, the translator feels bound to express here his obligations to his lamented friend, Mr. Mendibil, late Professor of Spanish Literature in the King's College; a gentleman whose eloquence and learning, whose enthusiasm for the honour and freedom of his country, were equalled only by his high worth, and the urbanity of his disposition.

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Don Juan Manuel.

DON JUAN MANUEL.

THE Prince Don Juan, son of the Infant D. Manuel, and grandson to San Fernando, presents one of the most distinguished names in the historical and literary annals of Spain. Although his political conduct was not free from stain, he redeemed his character for loyalty and patriotism by his subsequent adherence to Castile, and by the importance and the brilliancy of his exploits.

In literary reputation, nevertheless, he is deserving of being placed in the same rank with his uncle, the king, Don Alonzo the Wise, whose example he emulated in the cultivation and patronage of letters. He was born about the year 1280; his mother was Beatrice, daughter of the Duke of Swabia, who was also King of the Romans.

During the reign of Ferdinand IV., known by the romantic title of El Emplazado, the Summoned,* Don Manuel rose high in the esteem and confidence of that monarch; but, in the year 1306, he forfeited his master's favour, by abandoning the royal cause at the moment while he was engaged in the siege of Algesiras against the Moors. They became reconciled, however, some years afterwards; but on the event of the king's death, Don Juan Manuel gave full scope to his ambitious projects, aiming at no less than the authority of Prince Regent during the minority of Ferdinand's son, Don Alonzo XI. He was the most active in secretly forwarding those public commotions which might afford him the best pretence for assuming the reins of government, which he did under the plea of arresting their disastrous progress.

From this period Don Juan became involved in a series of intrigues and conspiracies, which engaged a large portion of his long and chequered career. Nor was he without his rivals in other branches of the royal house of Castile; a struggle for authority took place, which at length, in 1320, ended in the appointment of three guardians of the prince,—namely, Don Juan, called Il Tuerto, Don Felipe, and Don Juan Manuel.

* The origin of this singular title is thus given by the united testimony of Spanish historians. After condemning to death two noblemen who had strongly maintained their innocence, the king was addressed by them at the moment of their execution in these words:—'In a month from this day we summon thee to appear before the tribunal of God, to answer for our deaths.' This prophecy is believed to have been fulfilled on the exact day.

In the year 1325, the prince having attained the legal age which entitled him to assume sovereign power, his governors found themselves suddenly called upon to resign their functions, at the general Cortes held at Valadolid. Apprehensive of being brought to account for the tumults and excesses committed under their joint regency, Don Juan Manuel, and Don Juan Tuerto, entered into a coalition against the young monarch, and the whole of those nobles who should dare to avow the design of summoning them before the tribunal of their country. To confirm their new compact, Don Manuel offered the hand of his daughter Constance to Don Tuerto, and it is said that they solemnized it by the fearfully sacrilegious ceremony, as it was considered, of dividing between them a consecrated wafer (the holy Host), over which they solemnly swore to remain faithful to each other's interests.

This contract, however, only remained in force until the wily king Alonzo found means to disunite the parties, by tempting the ambition of Don Manuel, with hopes of raising his daughter, the same lady Constance, to share with him the throne of Castile.

At the same time, the new monarch appointed his noble kinsman to the rank of Chief Commander of the Mercian frontiers, against the Moors of Granada. While employed in this important commission, Don Manuel added to his warlike renown, by a number of brilliant exploits, crowned at length by his entrance into Granada, in 1327, when he overthrew, in a pitched battle, the great Moorish prince Ozmin, supported by the whole power of the Mussulmans, near the river Guadalquiver; one of the most celebrated victories ever achieved by the Castilian arms. It has accordingly been one of the most frequently commemorated in the traditionary songs and ballads which enrich the poetry of Spain.

Determined, at all risks, to free himself from his other enemy, Don Juan El Tuerto, the king sought to betray him into his power, under the guise of fair promises. He gave in to the snare, was arrested while sitting as a guest at the king's own table, and was beheaded in the town of Toro, the whole of his possessions being confiscated to the crown.

Don Juan Manuel was too sagacious not to profit by so practical an example, and retired without delay to Chinchilla, a strong position of his own domains. The king, taking advantage of this movement, and having already attained his views, now openly declared against him, broke his engagement with his daughter Constance, and entered into treaty for the Infanta Maria of Portugal. Don Juan Manuel, upon this, renounced his allegiance to the crown of Castile, and joined the kings of Arragon and Granada. This measure gave rise to considerable tumult and confusion, and was soon followed by proposals of pacification from the king. Don Juan was invited to a con-

ference, to which he signified his assent, provided the safeguard of a river were placed between the parties; and each was to approach from opposite sides, and unaccompanied, to the interview. The king agreed to these conditions, and made a point of appearing at the place which had been fixed upon, but Don Juan, still unable to surmount his scruples, notwithstanding all his precautions, failed to keep his engagement, and the civil feuds were renewed with greater violence than before. The recollection of the treachery employed against Juan El Tuerto was sufficient to thwart every plan of the king's for effecting a reconciliation. Not even a visit made him by the king in person at Penafiel—Don Juan's own seignory—could inspire him with confidence sufficient to trust himself in his royal master's hands.

At length, however, this was effected by the intercession of Don Juan's mother, and he ultimately entered the service, and was restored to the favour, of his sovereign. From this period the Infant Don Juan strove to repair, by a succession of great and splendid actions, the errors and excesses committed in the outset of his ambitious career. Subsequently, during the space of twenty years, he devoted his high talents to his country,—distinguished alike for wisdom in the cabinet, and conduct in the field. Resuming with fresh ardour his campaigns, victory everywhere followed his standard; and, aiding him alike with his counsel and with his sword, he never forsook the side of his king. He was the soul of every enterprize, and essentially contributed to the conquest of the city of Algesiras, that famous stronghold of the Moors. He commanded at the grand and decisive battle of Salado, the loss of which by the Moors paved the way to the speedy destruction of the Mahometan empire in Spain.

During the whole of the same period he became still more passionately devoted to letters than he had been in early life, giving the whole of his leisure hours to their patronage and cultivation.

Having by such actions recovered the lustre of his tarnished fame, and having lived to behold his two daughters elevated to the rank of queens of Portugal and Castile, he died in the year 1347, and was interred in the Dominican convent, in the city of Penafiel, to which he had bequeathed the various works he had composed. He left express commands that his body should be deposited in the same tomb with that of the good Knight Diego Alonzo, his loyal and brave standard-bearer, who had fallen at his side, nobly defending his colours against the Moors at the siege of Algesiras. For this reason the prince had ordered him to be interred in his family vault, where he had now directed his own remains to follow him. A prince by birth, Don Juan Manuel boasts a like pre-eminence in the heroic and literary annals of his country. He was unrivalled by any of his contemporaries; whether as regards the solidity of his judgment, the extent of his erudition, or his acquirements and accomplishments; to

all which he united the dignity and consideration of influence and wealth. With such qualifications, he naturally exercised a powerful sway over the literature of his country. Of all contemporary writers, he was the one who best availed himself of the capabilities of his native tongue in its then state; who cultivated it with most success, and essentially contributed, by his patronage and his example, to enrich and to improve it. His works bear sufficient evidence of the progress that had been made in the Castilian dialect since the age of his grandfather, Alphonso the Wise, who may be said to have laid its foundation. None, however, of these works have yet seen the light, except that entitled, "El Conde Lucanor," and it is from this I have extracted the specimens which will be found to commence the series of the present work. It was published by Argote de Molina, of Seville, himself a literary character and a poet, in the year 1575; and a reprint of it appeared in 1642, both of which are extremely rare in the present day. *El Conde Lucanor* is a work of a moral character, composed in the form of a dialogue, through the medium of which the reader is presented with various curious examples, gracefully and happily illustrated by historical or fabulous traits, at the close of which the author places the moral, conveyed in brief apothegms of different metre.

The interlocutors are the supposed Count Lucanor and his counsellor Patronio, who introduces himself much like those soothsayers of the East, who, agreeably to oriental taste and manners, were the companions of great lords.

In each of the forty-nine examples, and the same number of stories (by which these are illustrated), contained in the work, the author assumes that the Count finds himself in the case of one driven to some deliberation, and for the most part in some predicament, so as to be glad to have recourse to the advice of Patronio. The latter, instead of giving any direct opinion, brings forward some real example adapted to the case in hand, and the solution of which is to be found in the moral. By this simple method there is conveyed through the entire narrative, a series of wise and excellent maxims, with histories, as they are termed, which give a clear insight into the human heart, delivered in a style at once flowing, simple, yet dignified and agreeable, from the very interesting variety of the stories with which Patronio replies to the questions of the Count, whom he undertakes to instruct.

It is from this work that the celebrated Calderon has borrowed the subject of one of his many dramas, under the exact title of *The Conde Lucanor*, though it must be confessed that, in this instance, he neither equalled himself nor the model from which he drew. Many other works by Don Juan Manuel, are cited by Argote de Molina, the editor of the one before us,—such as *La Cronica de Espana*, *Libro de los*

Sabios, *Libro del Cavallero*, *Libro del Escudero*, *Libro del Infante*, *Libro de los Ingenios*, with several more on a similar plan.

The whole of these remain buried in the Dominican convent above stated, unheeded and unexplored. It is only in the *Cancionero General* of Hernando del Castillo that we meet with a few scattered specimens of Don Juan's poetry, extracted from the book entitled *Los Cantares;* they are by no means the least curious of that very singular collection.

The contemporary of Petrarch, and liable to the same peculiarities and the same fastidiousness of taste which then prevailed, and threw an air of mingled subtlety, mystery, and languor over their verse, Don Manuel did not escape the fault of his age. It must, however, be admitted, that, to the impulse given by his example, Spanish poetry owed that tone of elevation and sententious gravity, combined with that depth of sentiment and pathos, for which those writers and poets who immediately succeeded him, in the reign of John II., became so highly distinguished.

EL CONDE LUCANOR.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCERNING WHAT HAPPENED IN TUNIS TO TWO CAVALIERS WHO LIVED WITH THE INFANT HENRY.

THE Conde Lucanor was one day conversing with his counsellor Patronio, in this manner:—"Patronio, I have, for a long time past, had an enemy who hath wrought me much evil, and whom I have requited in like sort; insomuch, that both by will and by works, we stand on very ill terms with each other.

"Now it hath so happened, that another man, much more powerful than either of us, is proceeding in a way that makes each of us afraid that we shall greatly suffer in consequence. And, for this reason, that enemy of mine hath sent me a message, to say that it might be well for us to agree together, in order to defend ourselves against the other, who wishes to do us some grievous mischief. For if united together, it is certain that we shall be able to defend ourselves; and if one of us act apart from the other, it is certain that whomsoever of us the powerful man we dread shall wish to destroy, he will easily be able to effect his purpose. So when one of us shall have fallen, it will be still more easy for him to destroy the other. And I am now in very great doubt and perplexity about this affair. For on the one side I have my fears lest my first enemy may be laying a snare for me; and if once he hath me right fast in his power, I do think that my poor life would be in much jeopardy.

"On the other hand, if we should consent to agree, I see not how I can refuse to confide in him, nor he in me; and this holds me in great fear and uncertainty. Moreover, I am sensible that if we should not become reconciled, as he hath proposed, we shall suffer grievous injury, in the way I have already said. Now, owing to the great confidence I have in you, and in your judgment, I intreat you will advise me in what to do as to this affair."

"Señor Conde," replied Patronio, "this is a very important and very dangerous matter; and that you may the better understand what

it concerns you here to do, I should like you to know what happened in Tunis to two cavaliers who lived with the Infant Henry." And the Conde enquired how that had been?

THE HISTORY.

"My Lord Conde Lucanor," said Patronio,—"Two cavaliers, who lived with the Infant Don Henry, in Tunis, were very friendly, and always dwelt in the same inn together. And these two knights had each only one horse, and just so much as their masters were pleased to be upon pleasant terms, did these their two steeds delight to quarrel with each other. Now these two cavaliers were by no means wealthy, and they could not afford to maintain two establishments, and yet they could never remain in one place owing to the constant disturbance kicked up by their fiery horses. This annoyance they endured for a time, until, no longer able to bear with it, they related the matter to Don Henry, requesting that he would be pleased to order these vicious animals to be given, as a meal, to a lion, then in possession of the King of Tunis. Don Henry was much pleased with this proposal, and he spoke with the king. And the horses were very well valued to the cavaliers, and they placed them in the yard where the lion was. When they found themselves loose in the yard, the horses attacked each other in the fiercest manner: and while thus engaged, the door of the lion's cage was opened. As soon as the lion walked forth into the yard, and the horses beheld him, they began to tremble very much, and by degrees they drew quite close to each other. After remaining awhile together, both at once ran at the lion, and dealt him such a number of fierce kicks and bites, as to compel him to retire into his cage whence he had come, without daring to attack the two horses, which remained safe; and from that time forth the animals became so quiet and friendly as to eat out of the same manger, and abode together in a very small stable; and this agreement was brought about between them by the great terror which the appearance of the lion had produced.

"And you, my Lord Conde Lucanor, if you have heard that your enemy hath such great dread of the man in question, and stands in so much need of your assistance, as to oblige him to forget your mutual injuries, and if he understand that he cannot defend himself without you, I hold it good, that like the horses, who, approaching each other by degrees, united in the same cause, until they lost all their apprehensions; so you should begin gradually to place confidence in your former enemy."

CHAPTER XX.

CONCERNING WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE OF THE CATHEDRAL, AND TO THE MINOR FRIARS IN PARIS.

ON another occasion, the Conde Lucanor was engaged in conversing with Patronio, his counsellor, in this manner. "Patronio, I have a friend, and he and I are both desirous of accomplishing something which is for the honour and advantage of us twain. Now I could myself perform this matter, and yet I do not venture upon doing it until he shall arrive. I therefore ask of you, according to the judgment which God hath given you, to give me your opinion on this point."

"Señor Conde," said Patronio, "in order that you may act in this affair as seems to me best for your advantage, it pleaseth me that you should know what happened to those of the cathedral church, and to the minor Friars at Paris." And the Conde inquired how that had taken place?

THE HISTORY.

"Señor Conde," said Patronio, "those belonging to the church declared, that seeing they were the head of the church, they ought first to ring the bell for matins. And the friars said, that it was their business to study, and to rise betimes to the matins and the service, so as not to lose the hours of holy study; and that besides they were exempt, and had no reason why they should wait for any one. Upon this point the discussion became very warm, and great at length was the cost of engaging advocates and carrying on a law-suit for both sides. And long did this law-suit continue in the court of his Holiness the Pope; till, after a long period had elapsed, there was elected a certain Pope, who referred the whole case to a certain cardinal, and commanded him to weigh and decide the matter on one side or the other. So the cardinal ordered all the proceedings to be brought before him, which consisted of documents so very long and heavy, that every one in court started at the sight of them. And after the cardinal found he had at length gotten all the drafts and documents before him, he was pleased to appoint another day for pronouncing sentence; and when it came, and he again saw the documents before him, he ordered the whole of them to be thrown into the fire, and at the same time he spake thus:—'My friends, this law-suit has lasted a very long time, and you have put yourselves to a mighty deal of trouble and expense. For my part, I do not wish to protract this suit;

and I shall at once pronounce the verdict, that "he who first happens to waken shall first ring the bell!"

"And you, my Lord Conde Lucanor, I would advise, that if the matter be advantageous for you, and you shall be able to effect it, you proceed to do it, and that without delay. For many times things are left unaccomplished, and lost, which might have been carried to a good issue, only because of the delay; and afterwards when a man wishes it, he perhaps cannot do them." And the Conde considered that he had been well advised, and he did accordingly, and it turned out well. And Don Juan, judging that the example was good, made the two following verses, namely:—

If any great good you are able to do,
Be quick, nor delay, lest the chance should eschew.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONCERNING WHAT HAPPENED TO A MAN THAT HAD A SON, WHO SAID HE HAD A GREAT MANY FRIENDS.

ANOTHER time the Conde Lucanor was talking with his counsellor Patronio, and said in this manner. "Patronio, according to my reckoning, I have a great many friends, who give me to understand, that, at the cost of their lives and substance, they would not fail to do everything to oblige me, and would not desert me for any chance that could befall. And now, according to your good judgment, I intreat that you will tell me in what manner I shall best be able to learn whether these friends would do for me as much as they say they would?" "My Lord Conde Lucanor," replied Patronio, "good friends are the best thing in the world; and you may well believe, that when a man most wants them, he will find fewer than he counted upon: and that, on the contrary, when the urgency is not great, it is difficult to prove who would show himself a true friend, were the time of need to arrive. However, that you may know what a true friend is, it will give me pleasure to acquaint you with what happened to a certain good man in regard to one of his sons, who said that he had many friends." And the Conde inquired how that had taken place?

THE HISTORY.

"My Lord Conde Lucanor," said Patronio, "a certain good man had a son; and among other matters which he advised, he enjoined

him always to endeavour to obtain a great number of friends; and the son did as he was told. He began to keep much company, and to share his substance among different individuals whom he esteemed as his friends, and ready to do anything in their power to pleasure him; —nay, insomuch as to venture their lives and substance, if need be, in his behalf. And one day this young man, conversing with his father, was asked whether he had done as he had been commanded, and had yet obtained many friends? And the son replied that he had; and in particular, that among others, there were ten of whom he was most assured, that never in any difficulty or necessity whatever would they be led to desert him. When the father heard this, he said he was greatly surprised that his son had been able in so short a time to obtain so many friends; and such as he, who was an old man, had never been fortunate enough to possess during his whole life, at all events never counting more than one friend and a half. And the son began to argue with him, maintaining that what he had said of his friends was only the truth.

"When the father saw that his son was so eager on their behalf, he said that he ought to proceed to prove it in the following manner. First, that he should kill a pig, and having put it into a sack, should go with it to the house of one of his friends, and when admitted there, tell him secretly,—not that it was a pig, but a man whom he had unhappily killed. Farther, that if this fact should be made known, it would be quite impossible for him to escape with his life; and that all those who knew of it would be likely to share with him in the same fate. That his son should enjoin them, since they were his friends, not to reveal the fact; and that if need be, they should unite with him and defend him. And the youth did this: going to the house of his friends, he informed them of the fatal accident that had befallen him. They all, one after another, declared, that in all other matters they would serve him to the utmost, but that on such an occasion, which would endanger both their lives and property, they dare not assist him; beseeching him, at the same time, for the love of God, not to breathe to a single being that he had been at their houses. Some of them, indeed, said that they would go to solicit on his behalf; and others observed that they would do as much, and, moreover, would not desert him even till after his execution, and that they would then give him honourable interment.

"And after the youth had thus tried the sincerity of all his friends, without finding any to receive him, he returned to his father, and related what had happened. And when the father saw that it so fell out, he said to his son, that he might now very well see how those who had lived long, and seen and experienced much in such a matter, knew more than their sons. He then added, that he himself had only one friend and a half, and that he might go and try them.

"The young man went accordingly to prove what his father had meant by half a friend, and he took the dead pig along with him. He called at the door of his father's half friend, and recounted to him first the unlucky adventure which had befallen him; that he had spoken with all his friends in vain, and beseeched him, by the regard he bore his father, to assist him now in this his utter need.

"And when his father's half friend saw this, he said that he had a regard for the father, but had no sort of love for or acquaintance with the son; but that for his father's sake, he was willing to assist him, and to conceal the affair. He then took the sack with the pig, and carried it into his orchard, where he deposited it in a deep furrow, and covered the spot with weeds and vegetables to conceal it from every eye.

"The youth then returned and acquainted his father with what had occurred in regard to this his half friend. He next ordered his son, on a certain day, when they should all be engaged in council, to start some question, and discuss it with this same friend very warmly, till at length he should deal him a hard blow in the face, which, when the opportunity served, was accordingly done. But the good man, on being smitten, only said, 'By my faith, young man, thou hast done ill; yet thou may'st be assured, that neither for this or other injury thou can'st do, will I reveal what happened in the garden.' The son afterwards reported this to his father, who then told him to go to the house of his other friend, and he did so. And again he recounted all that had happened; and the good friend of his father directly said, that he would do all to save his life and his reputation. And it by chance happened that a man had been killed in that town, and none knew by whom; but several people having noticed the youth going along at night with the sack upon his shoulders, they concluded that he was no other than the murderer. In short, they informed of him, and the youth was taken and pronounced guilty of the offence; but his father's friend all the while exerted himself to compass his escape. And when he saw that there was no way left to save him from death, he said to the Alcalde, that he did not wish to have the sin of killing that young man upon his conscience, for, in fact, it was not he who had killed the man, but a son of his own, and the only one he had; and in this way did he succeed in saving the life of his friend's son, by the hard sacrifice of his own.

"And now, my Lord Count Lucanor, I have told you how friends are to be tried, and I hold that this example is good, in order for a man to learn who are his friends in this world, and those whom he ought to put to the test before he trusts to them in any great exigency, so as to ascertain how far they would go along with him in a dangerous way. You may be certain, that if some few be good friends, yet the most part are fortune's friends, and according to their shifts and turns

will they stick close or abandon you. And if you consider of this in a spiritual sense, everybody declares that he has friends, but when calamity or death approach, they too often find themselves driven to have recourse to the ministers of religion to intercede with God for them, who alone can help them, to whom they turn like the son of the good man. And such is the great goodness of the Saints, in particular of the Holy Mary, that they cease not to importune the Lord in a poor sinner's favour; and however much the importunity and the trouble they bear on his account, they refuse to inflict justice on him, just as the half friend of the young man's father would not inform of him though smitten by him in the face. And when the sinner finds no means of escape but turning to God, as the young man returned to his father, then does God, like the father and true friend, pitying man, who is his creature, act by him as did the good friend, for he even sent his own son Jesus Christ, who died for us without any fault, and whose freedom from all sin delivered man also from his state of sin, shewing thereby that he was the true son of God, obedient and faithful, and full of love and mercy in all his acts.

"And now, Señor Count Lucanor, consider well what kind of friends be the most faithful and the best, and for whom ought a man most to exert himself in order to obtain their friendship." These reasons gave much satisfaction to the Count, and Don Juan being of opinion that this example was very excellent, caused it to be inserted in this book, and he also made these verses, to the following purport:—which being translated, were

Man ne'er shall find so true a friend as he
Who gave his life, man's race from death to free.

CHAPTER XLV.

CONCERNING WHAT HAPPENED TO A CERTAIN YOUNG MAN UPON THE DAY OF HIS MARRIAGE.

ONE day the Conde Lucanor, speaking with his counsellor Patronio, said, "Patronio, I have a servant who informs me that he has it in his power to marry a very wealthy woman, but who is higher in station than himself. It would, he says, be a very advantageous match for him, only for one difficulty which stands in the way, and it is this. He has it on good authority, that this woman is one of the most violent and wilful creatures in the world; and now I ask for your counsel,

whether I ought to direct him to marry this woman, knowing what her character is, or advise him to give up the match?" "My Lord Conde Lucanor," said Patronio, "if your man hath any resemblance to the son of a certain good man, who was a Moor, I advise him to marry at all venture, but if he be not like him, I think he had better desist." And the Conde then enquired how that affair had been?

THE HISTORY.

Patronio said, that "in a certain town there lived a noble Moor, who had one son, the best young man ever known perhaps in the world. He was not, however, wealthy enough to enable him to accomplish half the many laudable objects which his heart prompted him to undertake, and for this reason he was in great perplexity, having the will and not the power to perform it.

"Now in that same town there dwelt another Moor, far more honoured and rich than the youth's father; and he, too, had an only daughter, who offered a strange contrast to this excellent young man; her manners being as violent and bad as his were good and pleasing, insomuch that no man liked to think of an union with such an infuriate shrew.

"Now that good youth one day came to his father and said 'Father, I am well assured that you are not rich enough to support me according to what I conceive becoming and honourable. It will, therefore, be incumbent upon me to lead a mean and indolent life, or to quit the country; so that if it seem good unto you, I should prefer for the best to form some marriage alliance by which I may be enabled to open myself a way to higher things.' And the father replied, that it would please him well if his son should be enabled to marry according to his wishes. He then said to his father, that if he thought he should be able to manage it, he should be happy to have the only daughter of the good man given him in marriage. Hearing this, the father was much surprised, and answered, that as he understood the matter, there was not a single man whom he knew, how poor soever he might be, who would consent to marry such a vixen. And his son replied, that he asked it as a particular favour that he would bring about this marriage; and so far insisted, that, however strange he thought the request, his father gave his consent.

"In consequence of this, he went directly to seek the good man, with whom he was on the most friendly terms, and having acquainted him with all that had passed, begged that he would be pleased to bestow his daughter's hand upon his son, who had courage enough to marry her. Now, when the good man heard this proposal from the lips of his best friend, he said to him:—'Good God, my friend, if I were to do any such thing, I should serve you a very bad turn; for

you possess an excellent son, and it would be a great piece of treachery on my part, if I were to consent to make him so unfortunate, and become accessory to his death by marrying such a woman. Nay, I may say worse than death, for better would it be for him to be dead than to be married to my daughter! and you must not think that I say thus much to oppose your wishes; for as to that matter, I should be well pleased to give her to your son, or to anybody's son, who would be foolish enough to rid my house of her.' To this his friend replied, that he felt very sensibly the kind motives which led to speak thus; and yet entreated that, as his son seemed so bent upon the match, he would be pleased to give the lady in marriage. He agreed, and accordingly the ceremony took place. The bride was brought to her husband's house, and it being a custom with the Moors to give the betrothed a supper, and to set out the feast for them, and then to take leave and return to visit them on the ensuing day, the ceremony was performed accordingly. However, the fathers and mothers, and all the relations of the bride and bridegroom, went away with many misgivings, fearing that when they returned the ensuing day, they should either find the young man dead or in some very bad plight indeed. So it came to pass, that as soon as the young people were left alone, they seated themselves at the table, and before the dreaded bride had time to open her lips, the bridegroom, looking behind him, saw stationed there his favourite mastiff dog, and he said to him somewhat sharply:—'Mr. Mastiff, bring us some water for our hands;' and the dog stood still, and did not do it. His master then repeated the order more fiercely, but the dog stood still as before. His master then leaped up in a great passion from the table, and, seizing his sword, ran towards the mastiff, who, seeing him coming, ran away, leaping over the chairs and tables, and fire-place, trying every place to make his escape, with the bridegroom hard in pursuit of him. At length, reaching the dog, he smote off his head with his sword; he then hewed off his legs, and cut up all his body, until the whole place was covered with blood. He then resumed his place at table, all covered as he was with gore; and soon casting his eyes around, he beheld a lap-dog, and commanded him to bring him water for his hands, and because he was not obeyed, he said: 'How, false traitor! see you not the fate of the mastiff, because he would not do as I commanded him? I vow that if you offer to contend one moment with me, I will treat thee to the same fate as I did the mastiff. And when he found it was not done, he arose, seized him by the legs, and dashing him against the wall, actually beat his brains out; showing even more rage than against the poor mastiff.

"Then, in a great passion, he returned to the table, and cast his eyes about on all sides, while his bride, fearful that he had taken leave of his senses, ventured not to utter a word. At length he fixed his eyes upon his horse, that was standing before the door, though he had only

that one belonging to him; and he commanded him to bring him water, which the horse did not do. 'How now, Mr. Horse,' cried the husband, 'do you imagine because I have only you, that I shall suffer you to live, and not do as I command you? No! I will inflict as hard a death upon you as upon the others; yea, there is no living thing I have in the world, which I will spare, if I am not to be obeyed!' But the horse stood where he was, and the master, approaching with the greatest rage, smote off his head, and cut him in pieces, in the same way, with his sword. Well! And when his wife saw that he had actually killed his horse, having no other, and now heard him declare that he would do the same to any creature that ventured to disobey him, she found that he had by no means done it by way of jest, and took such an alarm, that she hardly knew whether she were dead or alive. Then, all covered with gore as he was, he again seated himself at table, swearing that though he had a thousand horses, or wives, or servants, if they refused to do his behest he would not scruple to kill them all; and he once more began to look around him, with his sword in his hand. And after he had looked well round him, and found no other living thing near him, he turned his eyes fiercely upon his wife, and said in a great passion, 'Get up, and bring me some water to wash my hands;' and his wife, expecting nothing less than to be cut to pieces, rose in a great hurry, and giving him water for his hands, said to him,—'Ah, how I ought to return thanks to God, who inspired you with the thought of doing as you have just done! for, otherwise, owing to the wrong treatment of my foolish friends, I should have behaved in the same way to you as I did to them.'

"After this he commanded her to help him to something to eat, and this in such a tone, that she felt as if her head were on the point of dropping off upon the floor; so that there was a perfect understanding settled between them during that night; and she never spoke, but only did everything which he required her to do. After they had reposed some time, the husband said,—'The passion I have been put into this night has hindered me from sleeping: get you up, and see that nobody comes to disturb me, and prepare me something well cooked to eat!'

"When it came full day, and the fathers, mothers, and other relatives arrived at the door, they all listened; and hearing no one speak, at first concluded that the unfortunate man was either dead or mortally wounded by his ferocious bride. In this they were the more confirmed, when they saw her standing at the door and the bridegroom not there. But when the lady saw them advancing, she stepped gently on tip-toe towards them, and whispered, 'False friends, as you are, how dared you to come up to the door in that way, or even to

breathe a word? Be silent, as you value your lives or mine;—hist, and awake him not.'

"Now when they were all made acquainted with what she said, they greatly marvelled at it; but when they learnt all that had passed during the night, their wonder was changed into admiration of the young man, for having so well known how to manage what concerned him, and to maintain order in his house. From that day forth, so excellently was his wife governed, and so well conditioned in every respect, that they led a very pleasant sort of life together. Such indeed was the good example set by the son-in-law, that a few days afterwards, the father-in-law, desirous of the same happy change in *his* household, also killed a horse; but his wife only observed to him, 'By my faith, Don Foolano, you have thought of this plan somewhat too late in the day; we are now too well acquainted with each other.'

"And you, my Lord Conde Lucanor, if that servant of yours wish to marry such a woman, and hath as great a heart as this youth, in God's name, advise him to take her, for he will surely know how to manage in his house. But should he be of another kidney, and not so well know what is most befitting, then let him forego it, or run a bad chance. And I do further advise you, with whatever manner of men you have to do, you always give them well to understand on what footing they are to stand with you." And the Conde held this for a good example; made it as it is, and it was esteemed good. Also, because Don Juan found it a good example, he ordered it to be written in this book, and made these verses, which follow it:—

If at first you don't shew yourself just what you are,
When you afterwards wish it, your fortune 'twill mar.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CONCERNING WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DEVIL WITH A WICKED WOMAN.

On another occasion, Count Lucanor, talking to his counsellor Patronio, said in this manner:—"Patronio! I, and a number of other people, being engaged in conversing together, the question was asked, in what way could a bad man contrive to do most mischief in the world, not only to one, but to everybody? To which some replied, that it could but be done by turning rebel and traitor,—others, by a man becoming a constant evil doer,—and a third part, by his evil speaking, and robbing men, not merely of their property, but of their

good name. Now, as a man of understanding, I ask of you to inform me as to which of these evil courses would most likely produce greater mischief to other people." "Señor Conde," replied Patronio, "in order to shew you thus much, I would that you were informed of that which happened to the Devil with regard to a strange, wicked woman of these parts." The Count then enquired how that might have come to pass?

THE HISTORY.

"Señor Conde," said Patronio, "in a certain village there lived a very good kind of man, who had a wife; and these two were for the once so well assorted, that never had there arisen between them the least difference. But as you know that this same Devil ever feels a cruel despite on beholding good things, or things going on at all well, he felt no little chagrin, and spent much time in trying every device he could to put them by the ears together;—yet he could not succeed; and one day, returning very melancholy from their house, after another and another failure, he fell in with a wicked, strange woman. After saluting each other, she enquired of the Devil as to what had made him look so sad, and he acquainted her with the cause,—the length of time, and the number of attempts, all directed to make discord between this man and woman, and to no end;—for which reason he might, he said, well look serious and unhappy. The strange woman expressed her surprise at this; but told him, if he would agree to follow her advice, she would soon put him on the right scent, so as to succeed to his heart's wish. To which the Devil made answer, he would do everything which she would please to enjoin him in that particular, so he could only see that happy man and his wife fairly embroiled and angry with each other.

"Having agreed to effect this, the strange woman set out towards the place where this contented couple abode. And by degrees she got acquainted with the good wife; and most, by telling her that she had once been servant to her mother, for which reason she felt bound to do for her also every service which she had in her power. Lending ear to all this, the wife took her into the house, entrusted her with all her concerns, as likewise did the husband. Well! and after having remained with them some time on this confidential footing, she one day came with a very long, sad countenance, and thus accosted the good wife:—'It vexes me much to see, my daughter, that your husband rejoices himself more in the company of other women than in your own; and methinks it might be well so to honour and humour him as to lead him to change his mind in this respect, lest some evil

greater than any other should happen to arise therefrom between you.'

"When the honest creature had heard these words, albeit she gave not full credence to them, she felt uneasy and disturbed. On seeing how unhappy she looked, the vile wretch, instead of feeling compassion, forthwith hastened to the place where she knew her husband would be sure to pass by, and accosting him as he came, she said that she wondered how, having so good a wife, he should have set his affections on any other woman,—a fact which had come to his wife's ears; who seeing so bad a return for all her services, had resolved to listen to the love of another man, who would perhaps give her better treatment than he had done. She then entreated of him not to betray this information to his wife, or she herself would else be a dead woman. The poor man could hardly believe his own ears when this information reached him; and though he would not give credit to it, nevertheless he felt suspicious and unhappy, just as the good wife had done. Leaving him thus, the evil creature returned to the wife, and said to her, with a look of great concern, 'My daughter, I know not what misfortune hath happened, but your husband seems strangely incensed against you; and that you will soon know, by the manner in which even now he seems to be approaching us. His looks are strangely angry, such as he is not wont to shew.' And having said these words she left her. The husband on entering the house, and finding his partner looking so strange at him, and so miserable, with none of the comforts they had been used to enjoy together, he felt so grieved and shocked that he quickly took himself out of the house again.

"It was thus that this false, strange woman began to redouble her arts, hinting to her, that it would be well to seek out some wise man or other, who knew how to cure such evil inclinations of men, as had got possession of her husband's mind. To this the unhappy wife consented. The false friend went on the search; and at the end of some days she returned, saying that she had at last found such a wise man, very learned in his art. He had told her, said she, that if the wife would cut off a lock of her husband's hair, and pluck out some of his beard, he could mix them together so as to produce a kind of spell, which would irresistibly act upon him, and in such a manner as to restore him completely to his former love and confidence, and perhaps make them both lead a happier life than they had ever done before. For this purpose she had brought the good wife a razor, with which, when the hour came when her husband should be fast asleep, she might cut off his hair, and prepare means for administering the charm. To all this the good woman consented, out of pure regard for her husband, and the desire she felt to do away with the strange, cold looks with which he had lately regarded her. So, wishing to

lead the same quiet life she had formerly done, she took the razor from the hand of that false friend, while the latter again went to the husband, and declared that she had brought him some very unwelcome news—such as she could no longer conceal, out of regard to him—no less indeed than what concerned his life, which his wife was preparing to take away by violence; and then to flee with her friend and paramour. The manner of doing this would be by throwing him into a deep slumber, and then to come secretly upon him, and cut off his head with a sharp razor. What was the strange horror and affright of the good husband on hearing these tidings, false as was the fearful wretch that had uttered them. Cautious, and full of care, he bent his steps towards his own house, where his wife received him with more goodwill and affection than she had latterly shewn, and said to him, as he looked ill and wearied, he would do well to retire early to rest, and to take a warm drink to compose him—and which she very earnestly insisted upon his doing. The good man no longer doubted but that what he had been told by the false friend was true, and to try the truth of it he went, and soon feigned himself to be asleep. While in this condition, his wife cautiously approached the chamber, intending to cut off a lock of his hair and whiskers, according to the plan agreed upon with that strange, wicked woman.

"When the husband saw her with razor in hand approach near, open it, and bending over him, prepare, as he thought, to cut his throat, seizing her arm he wrenched the weapon from her grasp, and in the madness of the moment, directing it against the supposed murderess, he nearly separated her head from her body. At the terrific noise thus occasioned, the father and brothers of the wretched wife, who lived at hand, being apprized of it, ran wildly to the spot; and seeing their relation all weltering in her blood, and never having heard the least evil thing in regard to her, they all fell suddenly upon the distracted husband and slew him. This last act, coming likewise to the knowledge of the poor man's friends and relations, they ran in a body, and attacking those of the wife, killed and wounded many of them, till the quarrel gaining a head on all sides, the larger part of the population of the village took it up, and were that day slain. Now the whole of this dreadful scene arose merely from the false and wicked words of that strange woman. But as the just God never permits that wicked actions should be wrought by men without their paying the penalty due to their several crimes, and making them manifest to the world, so it became known that this dreadful event was wholly owing to the malice of that wicked woman, instigated by the Devil, and upon whom the Divine judgment fell heavily; inasmuch as she was put to a shameful and cruel end.

"And you, my Lord Count Lucanor, if you wish to learn who among all is the worst of men, and from what cause proceeds the

greatest mischief among people, it is from the man who, under the mask of a good Christian and a loyal friend, conceals evil designs, and disseminates lies and falsehoods that injure and embroil others. I would therefore counsel you to be on your guard against men who assume the semblance of religion, who are ever intent upon some deceitful end; and for this reason take you the advice of Scripture, which says, that 'from their fruits you shall know them, and their works will speak for them;' for be assured there exists not any who can long conceal the nature of the works which it is His will to perform." The Count agreed in the truth of what Patronio said, and made a resolution to do as he was advised, praying that God would protect him and all his friends from every such a man. Finding, moreover, that this example was excellently good, Don Juan Manuel caused it to be written in this book, and made upon it the verses which are to this purport:—

If you would 'scape the false and secret snare,
Heed not the looks; heed what man's works declare!

Mendoza.

MENDOZA.

DON DIEGO HURTADO DE MENDOZA was born at the commencement of the sixteenth century, in the city of Granada, and not, as erroneously asserted by some writers, at Toledo. His father, Don Lopez de Mendoza, was Count of Montillas, and subsequently Marquis de Mondessar, the same who so highly distinguished himself in the service of Ferdinand and Isabella at the surrender of Granada, of which place he was made governor, being the first on whom that dignity had been conferred since the downfall of the Moorish empire in Spain. His son, Don Diego, received his education at the university of Salamanca, where, besides civil and canon law, he studied the sciences and the learned languages.

Having finished his education, he passed into Italy, and joined the army of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. There, as it is observed by Nicolas Antonio, he, like Scipio, devoted himself at once to literature and to war; "inter arma atque studia versatus, aut corpus periculis, aut animum disciplinis exercebat." During the cessation of hostilities, he retired in the ensuing winter to Rome or Padua, where he resumed the cultivation of letters, and at once elevated his imagination and improved his taste, by examining the wonderful production of Italian art.

The superiority of Mendoza's genius, combined with the solidity of his judgment, and his promptitude of action, soon attracted towards him the attention of his royal master, who confided to him an important embassy to the city of Venice. In the same capacity he subsequently went, on several occasions, to Rome, where he acquitted himself in some delicate and arduous affairs with so much skill and firmness, as to merit the additional confidence of his own court.

At the famous Council of Trent, which was not, as some writers have supposed, composed merely of bishops and ecclesiastics, met to discuss the doctrine and discipline of the church, but with the views of a political congress engaged in carrying the respective interests and objects of different states in competition with rival diplomatists, requiring the utmost capacity and penetration in their several representatives. Don Diego equally distinguished himself among the best of his age,—an age when monarchs like Charles V., Henry VIII., and Francis I., swayed the sceptres of European power. On one occasion

it has been, erroneously we believe, asserted of Don Diego, that, being earnestly engaged in disputing some point with the Cardinal de Santa Cruz, he threatened, on the provocation of the moment, to throw that prelate into the Adige, if he longer persisted in requiring the dissolution of the congress. In the year 1547, after the dissolution of the council, he returned to Rome from his governorship of Senar, which had been conferred upon him by Charles the Fifth, as upon one whose judgment and firmness best enabled him to restrain the turbulent disposition of its inhabitants.

At Rome, Mendoza appeared in the conclave of cardinals, where he made a vigorous appeal in support of the emperor's views in presence of the whole consistorial court and the foreign ambassadors. In reply, the Pope informed him that he should have an answer in the same session of the court; and this was in fact given by Cardinal Pole, who rebuked him for the vehemence of his protest, imputing it wholly to the violent temper of the emperor's plenipotentiary. The last, however, as vehemently denied that he had exceeded his powers, and required instant recognition of his deputed authority, and the claims he had already advanced. The Pope, incensed at the Spaniard's temerity, and confiding in his league with the French court, threatened Don Diego with his high displeasure, observing,—"See to it, Sir, that while you remain in my house, you do not too far presume." To this the ambassador replied with noble spirit,—"I am a cavalier, my father was one before me, and as such it is my duty to fulfil the commands of my royal master, without any fear of your Holiness, so long as I observe due reverence to the vicegerent of Christ. I am minister to the King of Spain, and my residence is wheresoever it may please him to order my route; and here as there, I am, as his representative, safe even from your Holiness's displeasure." After the death of Paul III., Don Diego continued to act in the same capacity for his master under his successor, Julius III., who in a bull dated 1550, re-established the Council of Trent.

The year following, Don Diego was recalled from his embassy at Rome, and in 1553 was commissioned by Charles to prevent the departure of Cardinal Pole from Rome into England, which he succeeded in doing.

Under Philip II., Don Diego's services were not so highly estimated, and he lived in comparative retirement, till finally, in the year 1565, he was banished from the court on account of having drawn his sword in the king's palace in order to defend himself against the attack of another knight who sought his life. He then withdrew to Granada, where he employed himself in his celebrated history of the "War against the Moors," which was continued from the year 1568 down to 1570,—a period when his brother Don Inigo de Mendoza was captain-general of that province. Finally, in 1574, he obtained permission to

return to Madrid, where he died soon after his arrival. Literature owes no few obligations to this distinguished writer; he spared no pains to transport learned works and manuscripts from the East, availing himself of his influence with the Sultan Solyman, and of his knowledge acquired from two excellent Greek scholars, named Arnoldo Artemio and Nicholas Sofiano. In the literature of his own country, he stands conspicuous among the few extraordinary men who reflected lustre upon the age in which they lived. A patron of science, indefatigable in his pursuit of liberal studies,—distinguished alike in the cabinet and in the field,—profoundly versed in the philosophy as in the languages of the ancients,—in geography, history, and the belles lettres, he signalized himself equally as a poet, an historian, and a moralist;—he was at once the first statesman and most liberal patron of his age. His historical compositions are remarkable for their impartiality and correctness, for the solidity of their views, and vigorous style and spirit; while his poetry is throughout imbued with a fine lyric tone and flow of expression.

His oration at the Council of Trent; his Political Commentaries; his Paraphrase of Aristotle, and translation of his Treatise on Mechanics; with an account of the great naval conquest of Funez, and battle, and the merit of having first introduced the muses of Italy to the admiration of his own countrymen,—are among his other claims to our favourable regard. As a novelist, he ranks among the best of his class; having produced his celebrated Lazarillo de Tormes at a very early age, while his History of the Moorish Wars stamps his name with equal reputation as an historian.

These two works exhibit admirable pictures of the times in which they were composed. That of Tormes is full of truth and vivacity of colouring, with a certain freedom and grace of composition, through all which there runs a vein of delicate satire, and sometimes broader humour, combined with a picturesque power and effect, which display the hand of a master. Of his History, posterity has already pronounced its opinion; rapid, concise, vigorous, and severe: Tacitus and Sallust were doubtless his models, and emulated in a manner to acquire for him the appellation of the Spanish Sallust. Far from being, like most works of the same age, a bare recital of facts, it exhibits a lively representation of the minds and characters of those he commemorates, and the views by which they were actuated. We behold the motives of the different actors as they step upon the stage, and the conflicting interests with which they come in contact, so as to excite our powerful sympathy in the tragic events which ensue. He describes the enemies of his country in their true colours, not with the prejudice and injustice indulged in by other writers. If he exposes the errors and defects of the Moors, he does not attempt to gloss over the excesses of the Christians: he bestows commendation where he

feels it to be due; and in the same spirit of impartiality and integrity he denounces the arbitrary measures pursued under the governorship of his brother.

By his clever and ingenious work of Lazarillo de Tormes, Mendoza raised a lasting monument to the genius of the Castilian language; and long before the appearance of the great Cervantes, he had the merit of producing the first model of the *novela picoresca*, peculiar to the literature of Spain. In this he laid the groundwork of others in the same class,—those of Guzman d'Alfarache, El Diablo Cojuelo, and the still more famous Gil Blas. In the French rifacciamento of Le Sage, that writer can merely lay claim to the praise of having skilfully availed himself of the best traits and incidents in the Lazarillo, and having farther developed and arranged them in such a manner as to prove most agreeable to the genius of his own age and country.

Numerous editions of this popular work have appeared both in and beyond Spain; and among the latter are a few printed from the original text, before it had been expurgated by the pen of the Inquisition. For the present purpose, in the account of the Bull given as one of our specimens, a copy never yet revised has been purposely obtained; for such a specimen would in vain be sought for in the castigated editions, for reasons which, on its perusal, may be safely left to the English reader's penetration. The frequent and serious engagements which occupied so much of Mendoza's time and exertions, both as a statesman and a soldier, were most probably the cause of his never having produced any other work resembling the early one of Lazarillo de Tormes, and which displayed the same admirable burlesque —acute wit and satire, which distinguished this lively and entertaining novel; while the same may be observed of his poems, which are chiefly devoted to the gentler sentiment of love or friendship. Doubtless, however, satiric humour was his peculiar forte; for when treating even on the grave subject of his embassy, he adopts a tone of delicate satire in one of his epistles addressed to Don Luis Zunissa, as the following shows:—

> Oh! Embaxadores, puros majaderos
> Que si los Reyes quieren engañar
> Empieazan por nosotros los primieros.

The splendid reputation acquired by this great character, as a soldier, a diplomatist, and a man of letters, call for a far wider sphere of observation than we can here attempt to embrace; but what has been done may be sufficient to furnish the English reader with a pretty accurate idea of the high and versatile qualities of this ingenious master and inventor of the *novela picoresca* of Spain.

THE

LIFE OF LAZARILLO DE TORMES,

HIS FORTUNES AND HIS MISHAPS.

YOU must know, then, in the first place, that my name is Lázaro de Tormes, and that I am the son of Thomas Gonzalez and Antonia Perez, natives of Tejares, a village of Salamanca. My surname was acquired by the singular circumstance of my birth, which happened in the river Tormes, and in the following manner. My father (to whom God be merciful) was employed to superintend the operations of a water-mill which was worked by the course of the above river (a situation that he held above fifteen years), and my mother at that time being *enciente* with me, while staying one night at the mill was suddenly seized with the pains of labour, which terminating happily, it may with truth be said, that my surname, borrowed from the river, was not inaptly bestowed.

I had only reached my ninth year, when my unfortunate father was charged with administering certain copious but injudicious bleedings to the sacks of customers to the mill; a lowering system which was voted by them to be neither salutary nor profitable. He was forthwith taken into custody; when, not being able to deny the indiscreet application of his professional ability, he experienced the usual penalty of the law. It is, however, to be hoped that he is now reaping the reward which has been faithfully promised by the Evangelist to all those who have suffered persecution for justice sake; for they are declared to be in the highest degree fortunate in such their tribulations. By this disaster, my poor father being thrown out of employment, joined an armament then preparing against the Moors, in the quality of mule-driver to a gentleman; and in that expedition, like a loyal servant, he, along with his master, finished his life and services together.

My widowed mother, thus bereft of husband and of home, determined, in order to acquire a reputation, to associate herself with people of character; she therefore hired a small place in the city, and opened an eating-house for the accommodation of the students, adding likewise to her gains, by washing linen for the servants of his Excellency,

the Comendador of the order of Magdalena. It was in the exercise of the duties of this latter branch of industry that she became acquainted with a groom of the stables, a man of colour rather than of character or fortune. Under the pretence of buying eggs he would continually come to our house, and at last obtained an intimate footing therein. At first, in consequence of his colour and the roughness of his manners, I was frightened at him; but when I found that our scanty fare was changed by his visits into abundance, for he always brought bread and meat, and in winter wood for our fire, I not only conquered my repugnance, but even hailed his approach with pleasure. One unpleasantness attended this intimacy, which was that my mother presented me with a little brother, very pretty, though of a darkish complexion, and whom I was obliged to assist in nursing and bringing up.

Matters were not carried on so secretly, however, but that some intelligence of Zayde's gallantry reached the ears of the Comendador's majordomo, who, on enquiry, found a terrible deficiency in the barley, to say nothing of currycombs, brushes, and such like moveables which had been unaccountably lost; and it was found also, that when nothing better offered itself, even the horses were unshod for the sake of the iron, and all was unluckily traced to my mother for the support of my little brother.

One can hardly wonder at a priest or a friar, the one robbing the poor, the other his convent for the sake of their fair and devout believers, when love can stimulate a poor slave to do the like. All this was fully proved; for when they came to me, like a child as I was, and fearful of the threats of punishment, I discovered to them all I knew of the matter, even to the very horse-shoes which my mother had directed me to sell to the farrier. My poor father-in-law was soundly flogged, and his flesh tickled with drops of scalding fat; while my mother was forbidden the house of the Comendador, and was commanded, under the severest penalties, never to receive Zayde into her presence again. Not to make matters worse, my mother fulfilled the obligation of the sentence, and to avoid danger, as well as to escape further scandal, she engaged herself to serve the guests at the inn of the Solana, where, notwithstanding she suffered a thousand inconveniences, she managed to rear my little brother. As to myself, I went on errands, and endeavoured to make myself as useful as possible.

About this time a blind man came to lodge at the house, and thinking that I should do very well to lead him about, asked my mother to part with me for that purpose. My mother recommended me strongly, stating that I was the son of an excellent man who died in battle against the enemies of our faith, and "I trust in God," added she, "that he will never make a worse man than was his father." She confided me to his care as an orphan boy, and entreated him to use

me with kindness. The old man promised to receive me, not as a servant, but as a son; and thus I commenced service with my new though blind and aged master. We remained in Salamanca some few days, but my master finding his gains in that city to be very inconsiderable, determined to seek greater profits elsewhere. When we were ready to depart, I went to take leave of my mother, who, with an abundance of tears, from which I, too, could not refrain, gave me her blessing, and said, "My son, this may probably be the last time I shall ever see you; endeavour then for my sake to be good, and may the Almighty assist you. I have reared you from childhood, and now provide you with a kind master; look to yourself for the future, and farewell." I then went to rejoin my master, who was waiting for me at a short distance.

We left Salamanca, and having arrived at the bridge, my master directed my attention to an animal carved in stone in the form of a bull, and desired me to take him near it. When I had placed him close to it, he said, "Lazaro, if you put your ear close to this bull, you will hear an extraordinary noise within." In the simplicity of my heart, believing it to be as he said, I put my ear to the stone, when the old man gave my head such a violent thump against it, that I was almost bereft of sense, and for three days after I did not lose the pain I suffered from the blow. My old master laughed heartily at the joke: "You rogue," said he, "you ought to know that a blind man's boy should have more cunning than the very devil himself."

It seemed to me as though that moment had awakened me from the simplicity of childhood, and I said to myself, "The old man says truly. I am now alone, and if I do not keep a sharp look out for myself, I shall find none to assist me." We commenced our journey, and in a very few days I began to reap the benefit of my master's instruction. As he found me an apt scholar, he was much pleased, and would say, "I have no silver or gold to give you; but, what is far better, I can impart to you the result of my experience, which will always enable you to live; for though God has created me blind, yet he has endowed me with faculties which have served me well in the course of my life." And I verily believe that, since God created the world, he never formed a human being with intellects more acute than those of my blind old master. He was as keen as an eagle in his own calling. He knew upwards of a hundred prayers by heart. His tone of voice was pleasing, and though low, was distinct enough to be heard all over the church where he usually recited them. His countenance was humble and devout; and his deportment, when he recited his prayers, was free from affectation and distortion of visage, which so many are apt to practise.

Besides this, he had a thousand other ways of making money. He could repeat prayers which were available for all occasions; for women

who had no children; for those who had expectancy; for those likewise who were unhappily married, and sought to increase the affection of their husbands. He could also prognosticate truly to ladies whether the result of their *travail* would be a boy or a girl; and with respect to the medicinal art, he would tell you that Galen himself was an ignoramus compared with himself. Indeed, he acted as though he really thought so; for no one ever came to consult him, that he did not say without the slightest hesitation, "Take this, do that;" and in such a manner, that he had all the world after him, especially the women, who had the utmost confidence in everything he told them. By these means his profits were very considerable. He gained more in one month than a hundred other blind men would in a year.

With all this, however, I am sorry to say that I never met with so avaricious and so wicked an old curmudgeon; he allowed me almost to die daily of hunger, without troubling himself about my necessities; and, to say the truth, if I had not helped myself by means of a ready wit and nimble fingers, I should have closed my account from sheer starvation.

Notwithstanding all my master's astuteness and cunning, I contrived so to outwit him, that generally the best half came to my share. But to accomplish this, I was obliged to tax my powers of invention to the uttermost. Of this I will recount a few specimens, although perhaps they may not tell much to my credit. The old man was accustomed to carry his bread, meat, and other things, in a sort of linen knapsack, which was closed at the mouth with an iron ring, and secured also by a padlock; but in adding to his store, or taking from it, he used such vigilance, that it was almost an impossibility to cheat him of a single morsel. However, when he had given me my pittance, which I found no difficulty in dispatching at about two mouthfuls, and closed his budget, thinking himself perfectly secure from depredation, I began my tactics, and by means of a small rent, which I slyly effected in one of the seams of the bag, I used to help myself to the choicest pieces of meat, bacon, and sausage, taking care to close the seam according as opportunity occurred. But in addition to this, all that I could collect together, either by fraud or otherwise, I carried about me in half farthings; so that when the old man was sent for to pray, and they gave him farthings, (all which passed through my hands, he being blind,) I contrived to slip them into my mouth, by which process so quick an alteration was effected, that when they reached his hands they were invariably reduced to half the original value.

The cunning old fellow, however, suspected me, for he used to say, "How the deuce is this? ever since you have been with me they give me nothing but half-farthings; whereas before, it was not an unusual thing to be paid with halfpence, but never less than farthings. I must be sharp with *you*, I find." Whenever we ate, the old man took care

to keep a small jar of wine near him, which was reserved for his own especial service; but I very soon adopted the practice of bestowing on this favourite jar sundry loving though stolen embraces. Such pleasures were but short-lived, for the fervency of my attachment was soon discovered in the deficiency of the wine; and the old man afterwards, to secure his draught, never let the jar go without tying it to him by the handle. But I was a match for him even there; for I procured a large straw, and dipping it into the mouth of the jar, renewed my intimacy with such effect, that but a small share was his who came after me. The old traitor was not long in finding me out; I think he must have heard me drink, for he quickly changed his plan, and placed the jar between his knees, keeping the mouth closed with his hand, and in this manner considered himself secure from my depredations.

Being thus deprived of my customary allowance from the jar, I was ready to die with longing; and finding my plan of the straw no longer available, I took an opportunity of boring a very small hole in the bottom of the jar, which I closed very delicately with wax. At dinner-time, when the poor old man sat over the fire, with the jar between his knees, the heat, slight as it was, melted the little piece of wax with which I closed the hole, and I, feigning to be cold, drew close to the fire, and placed my mouth under the little fountain in such a manner, that the whole contents of the jar came to my share. When the old boy had finished his meal, and thought to regale himself with his draught of wine, the deuce a drop did he find, which so enraged and surprised him, that he thought the devil himself had been at work; nor could he conceive how it could be. "Now, uncle," said I, "don't say that I drank your wine, seeing that you have had your hand on it the whole time." But he was not satisfied with my declaration of innocence, so turning and twisting the jar about in every direction, he at last discovered the hole, which at once let him into the secret of my ingenious contrivance. He concealed his discovery so well, that I had not the slightest suspicion that my *ruse* was detected; so the next day, having prepared my jar as before, little foreseeing the consequences, nor dreaming of the wicked thoughts which were passing in the old man's mind, I placed myself under the jar, which presently began to distil its delicious contents, my face turned towards heaven, and my eyes partly closed, the better to enjoy the delightful draught. The evil-minded old man, judging this to be the time to take his vengeance, raised with both hands the sweet, though alas, to me, bitter jar, and let it fall directly on my mouth, adding to its weight by giving all the impetus in his power. The poor unhappy Lazaro, who little reckoned on such a disaster, but had quietly resigned himself to the delicious enjoyment of the moment, verily believed in the crash which succeeded, that the heavens with all they contained had fallen

upon him. The blow was so tremendous that my senses fairly left me, and the jar breaking, cut my face in many places, several pieces remaining in the wounds, besides breaking nearly all my teeth, the loss of which I feel to this very day.

From that hour I bore an inveterate grudge against my old rogue of a master, for though he attended to me, and cured me of my wounds, I could plainly see that he enjoyed my cruel chastisement. He washed the wounds with wine which the broken jar had made in my face; and would say smiling, "Lazaro, my boy, what is that which makes you ill, cures you, and gives you strength?" with other little witticisms, which he would repeat, not by any means to my taste.

When I was nearly cured of my wounds and bruises, considering that by a few more such pleasantries the old man would effectually get rid of me, I began to think how I might in the best manner get rid of him; however, I resolved to wait until an opportunity should offer of effecting my purpose with safety to myself, and more to my satisfaction with regard to the past proceedings of my master.

Although I might in time have pardoned the jar adventure, yet the continual ill-treatment to which I was henceforward subjected, kept alive the vindictive feeling which it originally occasioned; for now, upon the slightest occasion, and even without cause, he would beat and flog me without any mercy. If any humane person interfered, he immediately recounted the history of the jar, prefacing it with some such expression as, "Don't believe the young rogue is quite so innocent as he looks; just listen, and then say whether the devil himself would ever have had the cunning to do the like." Those who listened would reply, "Who could have thought that so much wickedness could be packed in such a small compass?" and they would laugh heartily at my exploit, and say, "Thrash him well, good man; thrash him well; he deserves it richly!" With such encouraging advice he persevered to the very letter, and I can say to my cost, that in his leisure hours he did little else; in return I took him over the worst roads I could find, and led him wherever there was the slightest chance of his hurting himself. If stones were near, over the very sharpest; if mud through the deepest; and although this mode of travelling was not the pleasantest, yet if I inconvenienced myself, I annoyed the old man still more, which was all I desired to do. It is true that my head and shoulders were subjected in consequence to the angry visitations of his staff; and though I continually assured him that his uneasy travelling was not the result of my ill-will, but for want of better roads, yet the old traitor had too much cunning to believe a word I said.

That I may not be tiresome, I shall omit many curious anecdotes of this my first service, and will only relate the following, and then say how I at last took my leave of my blind master. We were in Escalona, a place belonging to the Duke of that name, when one day he

gave me a piece of a large sausage to cook. While the sausage was in the roaster before the fire, he regaled himself with the dripping; and then taking out his purse, gave me a halfpenny to fetch him some wine. I don't know how it was, unless the devil placed the means before my eyes, but I was tempted to play the thief; for on looking round I saw a turnip, not unlike the shape of a sausage, which had been thrown away as unfit for use. There was nobody near us; and I, with a raging appetite, still further stimulated by the savoury smell of the sausage, which I knew full well was all the old man intended for my share, without a thought for the consequences, snatched the sausage from the roaster while the old man was fumbling for his money, and in a twinkling supplied its place with the turnip.

As I started for the wine, my master began to blow up the fire, thinking the more speedily to cook, what his miserable parsimony, and my urgent appetite, had caused to vanish. On my road for the wine, I was not long in dispatching the sausage; and when I returned, I found the miserable old sinner with the turnip stuck between two slices of bread, preparing, as he thought, to make a most delicious repast. As he bit through the bread, however, thinking to take part of the sausage, his teeth encountered the cold hard turnip, when the truth flashing on his mind, he exclaimed in an altered tone, "Lazarillo, how is this?" "Mercy on me," said I, "do you suspect me? Have I not this instant returned with your wine? Somebody has been here and played this trick upon you." "No, no," said he, "my hand has been on the roaster all the time, that is impossible." I turned to swear and forswear myself as being innocent of this fraud, but little did the old man credit me. He arose, and seizing me by the head, as he possessed as keen a scent as a spaniel, determined to satisfy himself of the truth; so opening my mouth by main force, he thrust therein his ugly nose, which was long and pointed, and at that time had increased considerably in length from spite and anger. With this, and the excessive fear which came over me, added to the shortness of time allowed for my stomach to settle, and more than all, the tickling of that immense proboscis, so unpleasant a feeling began to manifest itself, that hardly had the old man withdrawn his trunk, than the whole contents of my stomach followed, and with such force as entirely to cover his face. Had he not been blind before, his eyesight could hardly have escaped such an explosion. Oh! heavens! what were my feelings at that unhappy moment! never shall I forget it! Such was the rage of that diabolical old man, that had not my screams attracted some people, I verily believe I should never have escaped with life.

I escaped from his hands in the best way I could, leaving the few hairs that remained to me in his grasp, my face, neck, and throat bearing the marks of his vindictive talons. Lest the bystanders

should compassionate me, the old man recounted my exploits to them, which set them into such a roar of laughter, that the place soon became thronged like a fair. And with such humour did the old rogue varnish my misdeeds, that, weeping and wounded as I was, I could easily forgive their mirth.

While this was going on, the remembrance of a singular want of wit and keenness occurred to me, which not only betrayed my incapacity, but a cowardly and grovelling fear, for which I could not easily forgive myself. It was that, when I had the opportunity, I did not bite off the old fellow's nose, seeing that at one time it was so completely in my power, and by that means save myself all the unpleasantness I now endured by not being able to turn the laugh against my tormentor.

The innkeeper's wife, and some others who were there, now washed my face and neck with the wine I had brought, and this afforded the old man another opportunity for a joke, saying, "Of a truth, this boy costs me more wine for one washing of his wounds than I drink in two days." And then he told how many times he had scarified me and cured me with wine; "If ever man in the world," he said, "is fortunate by wine, it will be you." Those who were bathing my face could not help laughing at the old fellow's humour, though I was wincing with the smart, not only of his jibes but of his blows. This prophecy of the old man did not turn out false; and oftentimes have I since thought of him, and what he made me suffer, though in the end I paid him well for it, little dreaming that what he then rapped out in jest would so turn out.

Considering the injuries I had sustained, in addition to the ridicule to which I was continually exposed, I determined at all hazards to leave the old tyrant to his fate, and chose the following opportunity of doing so. The next day we went about the town to ask alms; but as the weather turned out very wet, we did not stir from beneath the arcades, with which this place is provided. As the night approached, and the rain had not ceased, the old man said, "Lazaro, this wet weather is very unwholesome, and as night comes on it will be still more so, let us therefore get home in good time."

On our return we had to pass a small stream of water, which with the day's rain had considerably increased. I therefore said, "Uncle, the brook is very much swollen; but I see a place a little higher, where, by giving a little jump, we may pass almost dry shod." "Thou art a good lad," said the old man; "I like you for your carefulness. Take me to the narrowest part, for at this time of the year to get one's feet wet would be dangerous." Delighted that my plot seemed to succeed so well, I led him from beneath the arcades, and took him directly opposite to a pillar, or rather a large stone post, which I observed in the square. "Now, uncle," said I, "this is the place where the brook is the narrowest." The rain was pouring down, and the old

man was getting very wet; and whether it was by haste he made to avoid it, or, what was more probable, Providence had at that moment beguiled him of his usual cunning, that he might the more readily fall into the snare, and give me my revenge; so it was, that for once he believed me, and said, "Now place me directly opposite the spot, and then jump yourself." I placed him exactly opposite the pillar, so that he could not miss it, and leaping myself, I took my position immediately behind it, crying out, "Now, master, jump with all your force, and you will clear the water." I had hardly said the words, when the poor old rogue jumped up as nimbly as a goat, giving all his strength to the leap, and taking a step or two backwards by way of impetus, which lent him such force, that instead of alighting on soft ground, as he supposed, he gave his poor bald pate such a smash against the pillar, that he fell on the pavement without sense or motion.

"Take that, you unhappy old thief," said I, "and remember the sausage;" then leaving him to the care of the people who began to gather around, I took to my heels as swiftly as possible through the town gates, and before night reached Torrijos. What became of the old man afterwards I don't know, and neither did I ever give myself any pains to enquire.

HOW LAZARO ENTERED INTO THE SERVICE OF A PRIEST, AND WHAT ENSUED.

THE next day, not considering myself quite safe where I was, I went to a place called Maqueda, where, as it were in punishment of my evil deeds, I fell in with a certain priest. I accosted him for alms, when he enquired whether I knew how to assist at mass. I answered that I did, which was true, for the old man, notwithstanding his ill treatment, taught me many useful things,—and this was one of them. The priest therefore engaged me on the spot.

There is an old proverb which speaks of getting out of the frying pan into the fire, which was indeed my unhappy case in this change of masters. The old blind man, selfish as he was, seemed an Alexander the Great, in point of munificence, on comparison with this priest, who was, without exception, the most niggardly of all miserable devils I have ever met with. It seemed as though the meanness of the whole world was gathered together in his wretched person. It would be hard to say whether he inherited this disposition, or whether he had adopted it with his cassock and gown. He had a large old chest, well secured

by a lock, the key of which he always carried about him, tied to a part of his clothing. When the charity bread came from the church, he would with his own hands deposit it in the chest, and then carefully turn the key.

Throughout the whole house there was nothing to eat. Even the sight of such things as we see in other houses, such as smoked bacon, cheese, or bread, would have done my heart good, although I might have been forbidden to taste them. The only eatable we had was a string of onions, and these were locked up in a garret. Every fourth day I was allowed *one;* and when I asked for the key to take it, if anyone chanced to be present, he would make a serious matter of it, saying, as he gave me the key, "Take it, and return quickly; for when you go to that tempting room, you never know when to come out of it;"—speaking as though all the sweets of Valencia were there, when I declare to you, as I said before, the devil a bit of anything was there but this string of onions hung on a nail, and of these he kept such an account, that if my unlucky stars had tempted me to take more than my allowance, it would have cost me very dear.

In the end, I should in fact have died of hunger, with so little feeling did this reverend gentleman treat me, although with himself he was rather more liberal. Five farthings' worth of meat was his allowance for dinner and supper. It is true that he divided the broth with me; but my share of the meat I might have put in my eye instead of my mouth, and have been none the worse for it: but sometimes, by good luck, I got a little morsel of bread. In this part of the country it is the custom on Sundays to eat sheeps' heads, and he sent me for one that was not to come to more than three farthings. When it was cooked, he ate all the tit-bits, and never left it while a morsel of the meat remained; but the dry bones he turned over to me saying,—"There, you rogue, eat that; you are in rare luck; the Pope himself has not such fare as you." "God give him as good!" said I to myself.

At the end of the three weeks that I remained with him, I arrived at such an extreme degree of exhaustion, from sheer hunger, that it was with difficulty I stood on my legs. I saw clearly that I was in the direct road to the grave, unless God and my own wit should help me out of it. For the dexterous application of my fingers there was no opportunity afforded me, seeing there was nothing to practise on; and if there were, I should never have been able to have cheated the priest as I did the old man, whom God absolve, if by my means it went ill with him after his leap. The old man, though cunning, yet wanting sight, gave me now and then a chance; but as to the priest, never had anyone so keen a sight as he.

When we were at mass, no money came to the plate at the offering that he did not observe; he had one eye on the people and the other

on my fingers. His eyes danced about the money-box as though they were quicksilver. When offerings were given, he kept an account, and when it was finished, that instant he would take the plate from my hands, and put it on the altar. I was not able to rob him of a single maravede in all the time I lived with him, or rather all the time I starved with him. I never fetched him any wine from the tavern, but the little that was left at church he locked up in his chest, and he would make that serve all the week. In order to excuse all this covetousness, he said to me, "You see, my boy, that priests ought to be very abstemious in their food. For my part, I think it a great scandal to indulge in viands and wine as many do." But the curmudgeon lied most grossly, for at convents or at funerals, when we went to pray, he would eat like a wolf, and drink like a mountebank; and now I speak of funerals—God forgive me, I was never an enemy to the human race but at that unhappy period of my life, and the reason was solely, that on those occasions I obtained a meal of victuals.

Every day I did hope, and even pray, that God would be pleased to take his own. Whenever we were sent for to administer the sacrament to the sick, the priest would of course desire all present to join in prayer. You may be certain I was not the last in these devout exercises, and I prayed with all my heart that the Lord would compassionate the afflicted, not by restoring him to the vanities of life, but by relieving him from the sins of this world; and when any of these unfortunates recovered—the Lord forgive me—in the anguish of my heart I wished him a thousand times in perdition; but if he died, no one was more sincere in his blessings than myself.

During all the time I was in this service, which was nearly six months, only twenty persons paid the debt of nature, and these I verily believe that I killed, or rather that they died, by the incessant importunity of my particular prayers. Such was my extreme suffering, as to make me think that the Lord, compassionating my unhappy and languishing condition, visited some with death to give me life. But for my present necessity there was no remedy; if on the days of funerals I lived well, the return to my old allowance of an onion every fourth day seemed doubly hard; so that I may truly say, I took delight in nothing but death, and oftentimes I have invoked it for myself as well as for others. To me, however, it did not arrive, although continually hovering about me in the ugly shape of famine and short commons. I thought many times of leaving my brute of a master, but two reflections disconcerted me; the first was, the doubt whether I could make my way by reason of the extreme weakness to which hunger had reduced me; and the second suggested, that my first master, having done his best to starve me, and my next having succeeded so far in the same humane object as to bring me to the

brink of the grave, whether the third might not, by pursuing the same course, actually thrust me into it.

These considerations made me now pause, lest, by venturing a step further, it would be my certain fate to be a point lower in fortune, and then the world might truly say, "Farewell, Lazaro."

It was during this trying and afflicting time, when, seeing things going from bad to worse, without anyone to advise with, I was praying with all Christian humility, that I might be released from such misery, that one day, when my wretched, miserable, covetous thief of a master had gone out, an angel, in the likeness of a tinker, knocked at the door—for I verily believe he was directed by Providence to assume that habit and employment—and enquired whether I had anything to mend? Suddenly a light flashed upon me, as though imparted by an invisible and unknown power.—"Uncle," said I, "I have unfortunately lost the key of this great chest, and I'm sadly afraid my master will beat me; for God's sake, try if you can fit it, and I will reward you." The angelic tinker drew forth a large bunch of keys, and began to try them, while I assisted his endeavours with my feeble prayers; when lo, and behold! when least I thought it, the lid of the chest arose, and I almost fancied I beheld the divine essence therein in the shape of loaves of bread. "I have no money," said I to my preserver, "but give me the key and help yourself." He took some of the whitest and best bread he could find, and went away well pleased, though not half so well as myself. I refrained from taking any for the present, lest the deficiency might be noticed; and contented myself with the hope, that, on seeing so much in my power, hunger would hardly dare to approach me.

My wretched master returned, and it pleased God that the offering my angel had been pleased to accept, remained undiscovered by him. The next day, when he went out, I went to my farinaceous paradise, and taking a loaf between my hands and teeth, in a twinkling it became invisible; then, not forgetting to lock the treasure, I capered about the house for joy to think that my miserable life was about to change, and for some days following, I was as happy as a king. But it was not predestined for me that such good luck should continue long; on the third day symptoms of my old complaint began to shew themselves, for I beheld my murderer in the act of examining our chest, turning and counting the loaves over and over again. Of course I dissimulated my terror, but it was not for want of my prayers and invocations that he was not struck stone-blind like my old master, —but he retained his eyesight.

After he had been some time considering and counting, he said, "If I were not well assured of the security of this chest, I should say that somebody had stolen my bread; but, however, to remove all suspicion, from this day I shall count the loaves; there remain now exactly nine and a piece."

"May nine curses light upon you, you miserable beggar," said I to myself—for his words went like an arrow to my heart, and hunger already began to attack me, seeing a return to my former scanty fare now inevitable.

No sooner did the priest go out, than I opened the chest to console myself even with the sight of food, and as I gazed on the nice white loaves, a sort of adoration arose within me, which the sight of such tempting morsels could alone inspire. I counted them carefully to see, if, perchance, the curmudgeon had mistaken the number; but, alas! I found he was a much better reckoner than I could have desired. The utmost I dared do, was to bestow on these objects of my affection a thousand kisses, and, in the most delicate manner possible, to nibble here and there a morsel of the crust. With this I passed the day, and not quite so jovially as the former, you may suppose.

But as hunger increased, and more so in proportion as I had fared better the few days previously, I was reduced to the last extremity. Yet, all I could do was to open and shut the chest, and contemplate the divine image within. Providence, however, who does not neglect mortals in such an extreme crisis, suggested to me a slight palliation of my present distress. After some consideration, I said within myself, "This chest is very large and old, and in some parts, though very slightly, is broken. It is not impossible to suppose that rats may have made an entrance, and gnawed the bread. To take a whole loaf would not be wise, seeing that it would be missed by my most liberal master; but the other plan he shall certainly have the benefit of." Then I began to pick the loaves, on some table cloths which were there, not of the most costly sort, taking one loaf and leaving another, so that in the end, I made up a tolerable supply of crumbs, which I ate like so many sugar plums; and with that I in some measure consoled myself and contrived to live.

The priest, when he came home to dinner and opened the chest, beheld with dismay the havoc made in his store; but he immediately supposed it to have been occasioned by rats, so well had I imitated the style of those depredators. He examined the chest narrowly, and discovered the little holes through which the rats might have entered; and calling me, he said, "Lazaro, look what havoc has been made in our bread during the night." I seemed very much astonished, and asked "what it could possibly be?" "What has done it?" quoth he, "why, rats; confound 'em, there is no keeping anything from them." I fared well at dinner, and had no reason to repent of the trick I played, for he pared off all the places which he supposed the rats had nibbled at, and, giving them to me, he said, "There, eat that, rats are very clean animals." In this manner, adding what I thus gained to that acquired by the labour of my hands, or rather my nails, I managed

tolerably well, though I little expected it. I was destined to receive another shock, when I beheld my miserable tormentor carefully stopping up all the holes in the chest with small pieces of wood, which he nailed over them, and which bade defiance to further depredations. "Oh, Lord!" I cried involuntarily, "to what distress and misfortunes are we unhappy mortals reduced; and how short-lived are the pleasures of this our transitory existence. No sooner did I draw some little relief from the measure which kind fortune suggested, than it is snatched away; and this last act is like closing the door of consolation against me, and opening that of my misfortunes."

It was thus I gave vent to my distress, while the careful workman, with abundance of wood and nails, was finishing his cruel job, saying with great glee, "Now, you rascals of rats, we will change sides, if you please, for your future reception in this house will be right little welcome."

The moment he left the house, I went to examine his work, and found he had ot left a single hole unstopped by which even a musquito could enter. I opened the chest, though without deriving the smallest benefit from its contents; my key was now utterly useless; but as I gazed with longing eyes on the two or three loaves which my master believed to be bitten by the rats, I could not resist the temptation of nibbling a morsel more, though touching them in the lightest possible manner, like an experienced swordsman in a friendly assault.

Necessity is a great master, and being in this strait, I passed night and day in devising means to get out of it. All the rascally plans that could enter the mind of man, did hunger suggest to me; for it is a saying, and a true one, as I can testify, that hunger makes rogues, and abundance fools. One night, when my master slept, of which disposition he always gave sonorous testimony, as I was revolving in my mind the best mode of renewing my intimacy with the contents of the chest, a thought struck me, which I forthwith put in execution. I arose very quietly, and taking an old knife, which, having some little glimmering of the same idea the day previous, I had left for an occasion of this nature, I repaired to the chest, and at the part which I considered least guarded, I began to bore a hole. The antiquity of the chest seconded my endeavours, for the wood had become rotten from age, and easily yielded to the knife, so that in a short time I managed to display a hole of very respectable dimensions. I then opened the chest very gently, and taking out the bread, I treated it much in the same manner as heretofore, and then returned safe to my mattress.

The next day my worthy master soon spied my handiwork, as well as the deficiency in his bread—and began by wishing the rats at the devil. "What can it mean?" said he; "during all the time I have been here, there have never been rats in the house before." And he

might say so with truth; if ever a house in the kingdom deserved to be free from rats, it was his, as they are seldom known to visit where there is nothing to eat. He began again with nails and wood; but when night came, and he slept, I resumed my operations, and rendered nugatory all his ingenuity.

In this manner we went on; the moment he shut one door, I opened another: like the web of Penelope, what he spun by day, I unravelled by night; and in the course of a few nights the old chest was so maltreated, that little remained of the original that was not covered with pieces and nailing. When the unhappy priest found his mechanical ability of no avail, he said, "Really, this chest is in such a state, and the wood is so old and rotten, that the rats make nothing of it. The best plan I can think of, since what we have done is of no use, is to arm ourselves within, against these cursed rats." He then borrowed a rat-trap, and baiting it with bits of cheese which he begged from the neighbours, set it under the chest. This was a piece of singular good fortune for me, for although my hunger needed no sauce, yet I did not nibble the bread at night with less relish, because I added thereto the bait from the rat-trap. When in the morning he found not only the bread gone as usual, but the bait likewise vanished, and the trap without a tenant, he grew almost beside himself. He ran to the neighbours, and asked of them what animal it could possibly be that could positively eat the very cheese out of the trap, and yet escape untouched. The neighbours agreed that it could be no rat that could thus eat the bait, and not remain within the trap, and one more cunning than the rest observed,—"I remember once seeing a snake about your premises, and depend on it that is the animal which has done you this mischief, for it could easily pick the bait from the trap without entering entirely, and thus too it might easily escape." The rest all agreed that such must be the fact, which alarmed my master a good deal.

He now slept not near so soundly as before, and at every little noise, thinking it was the snake biting the chest, he would get up, and taking a cudgel which he kept at his bed's head for the purpose, began to belabour the poor chest with all his might, so that the noise might frighten the reptile from his unthrifty proceedings. He even awoke the neighbours with such prodigious clamour, and I could not get a single minute's rest. He turned me out of bed, and looked amongst the straw, and about the blanket, to see if the creature was concealed anywhere; for, as he observed, at night they seek warm places, and not unfrequently injure people by biting them in bed. When he came, I always pretended to be very heavy with sleep, and he would say to me in the morning, "Did you hear nothing last night, boy? The snake was about, and I think I heard him at your bed, for they are very cold creatures, and love warmth." "I hope to God he will not

bite me," returned I, "for I am very much afraid." He was so watchful at night, that, by my faith, the snake could not continue his operations as usual, but in the morning, when the priest was at church, he resumed them pretty steadily as usual.

Looking with dismay at the damage done to his store, and the little redress he was likely to have for it, the poor priest became quite uneasy from fretting, and wandered about all night like a hobgoblin. I began very much to fear that, during one of these fits of watchfulness, he might discover my key, which I placed for security under the straw of my bed. I therefore, with a caution peculiar to my nature, determined in future to keep this treasure by night safe in my mouth; and this was an ancient custom of mine, for during the time I lived with the blind man, my mouth was my purse, in which I could retain ten or twelve maravedics in farthings, without the slightest inconvenience in any way. Indeed, had I not possessed this faculty, I should never have had a single farthing of my own, for I had neither pocket nor bag that the old man did not continually search. Every night I slept with the key in my mouth without fear of discovery; but, alas! when misfortune is our lot, ingenuity can be of little avail.

It was decreed, by my evil destiny, or rather, I ought to say, as a punishment for my evil doings, that one night, when I was fast asleep, my mouth being somewhat open, the key became placed in such a position therein, that my breath came in contact with the hollow of the key, and caused—the worst luck for me!—a loud whistling noise. On this my watchful master pricked up his ears, and thought it must be the hissing of the snake which had done him all the damage, and certainly he was not altogether wrong in his conjectures. He arose very quietly, with his club in his hand, and stealing towards the place whence the hissing sound proceeded, thinking at once to put an end to his enemy, he lifted his club, and with all his force discharged such a blow on my unfortunate head, that it needed not another to deprive me of all sense and motion. The moment the blow was delivered, he felt it was no snake that had received it; and guessing what he had done, called out to me in a loud voice, endeavouring to recall me to my senses. Then touching me with his hands, he felt the blood, which was by this time in great profusion about my face, and ran quickly to procure a light. On his return, he found me moaning, yet still holding the key in my mouth, and partly visible, being in the same situation which caused the whistling noise he had mistaken for the snake. Without thinking much of me, the attention of the slayer of snakes was attracted by the appearance of the key, and drawing it from my mouth, he soon discovered what it was, for of course the wards were precisely similar to his own. He ran to prove it, and with that, at once, found out the extent of my ingenuity.

"Thank God," exclaimed this cruel snake hunter, "that the rats

and the snakes which have so long made war upon me, and devoured my substance, are both at last discovered."

Of what passed for three days afterwards, I can give no account; but that which I have related, I heard my master recount to those who came there to see me. At the end, however, of the third day, I began to have some consciousness of what was passing around me, and found myself extended on my straw, my head bound up, and covered with ointment and plaisters.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I cried, in extreme alarm. The heartless priest replied, "I have only been hunting the rats and the snakes, which have almost ruined me." Seeing the condition in which I was, I then guessed what had happened to me. At this time an old nurse entered, with some of the neighbours, who dressed the wounds on my head, which had assumed a favourable appearance; and as they found my senses were restored to me, they anticipated but little danger, and began to amuse themselves with my exploits, while I, unhappy sinner, could only deplore their effects.

With all this, however, they gave me something to eat, for I was almost dying with hunger; and at the end of fourteen or fifteen days I was able to rise from my bed without danger, though not even then without hunger, and only half cured. The day after I got up, my worthy and truly respectable master took my hand, and opening the door, put me into the street, saying, "Lazaro, from this day look out for yourself; seek another master, and fare you well. No one will ever doubt that you have served a blind man; but for me, I do not require so diligent nor so clever a servant." Then shaking me off, as though I was in league with the Evil One, he went back into his house and shut the door.

HOW LAZARO BECAME THE SERVANT OF AN ESQUIRE, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM IN THAT SERVICE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the weak state to which I was reduced, I was obliged to take heart, and with the assistance of some kind people, I gradually made my way to the famous city of Toledo, where by the mercy of God I was shortly cured of my wounds.

While I laboured under sickness there were always some well-disposed persons who were willing to give me alms; but no sooner was I recovered, than they said, "Why do you stay idling here? why don't you seek a master?" On which the reply would rise to my lips, "It is very easy to talk, but it is hard to find one."

In this manner I went on, seeking my living from door to door, and a mighty poor living it was, for charity has left us mortals here to take a flight to heaven long since. But one day I accidentally encountered a certain esquire in the street; he was of a good appearance, well dressed, and walked with an air of ease and consequence. As I cast my eyes upon him, he fortunately took notice of me, and said, "Are you seeking a master, my boy?" I replied that I was. "Then follow me," said he; "you have reason to thank your stars for this meeting:—doubtless you have said your prayers with a better grace than usual this morning." I followed him, returning thanks to Providence for this singular good turn of fortune, for, if one might judge from appearances, here was exactly the situation which I had so long desired. It was early in the morning when I was engaged by this kind master, and I continued to follow him, as he desired, till we made the tour of a great part of the city. As we passed the market, I hoped that he would give me a load to carry home, as it was then about the hour that people usually made their purchases of that nature; but he passed by without taking the slightest notice. "Peradventure," quoth I to myself, "these commodities are not exactly to his taste; we shall be more fortunate in some other quarter."

It was now eleven o'clock, and my master went into the cathedral to hear prayers, where I likewise followed him. Here we stayed until the whole service was finished and the congregation were departed; and then my master left, and proceeded towards one of the back streets of the city. Never was anybody more delighted than I, to find my master had not condescended to trouble himself about supplying his table, concluding, of course, that he was a gentleman whose means enabled him to consign to others such inferior domestic cares, and that on our arrival at home we should find everything in order,—an anticipation of great delight to me, and, in fact, by this time almost a matter of necessity. The clock had struck one, when we arrived at a house before which my master stopped, and throwing his cloak open, he drew from his sleeve a key with which he opened the door.

I followed my master into the house, the entrance of which was extremely dark and dismal, so much so, as to create a sensation of fear in the mind of a stranger; and when within found it contained a small courtyard and tolerably-sized chambers. The moment he entered, he took off his cloak, and enquiring whether I had clean hands, assisted me to fold it, and then, carefully wiping the dust from a seat, laid it thereon. He next very composedly seated himself, and began to ask me a variety of questions, as to who I was, where I came from, and how I came to that city; to all which I gave a more particular account than exactly suited me at that time, for I thought it would have been much more to the purpose had he desired me to

place the table and serve up the soup, than ask me the questions he then did.

With all this, however, I contrived to give him a very satisfactory account of myself, dwelling on my good qualities, and concealing those which were not suitable to my present auditory. But I began now to grow very uneasy, for two o'clock arrived, and still no signs of dinner appeared, and I began to recollect that ever since we had been in the house I had not heard the foot of a human being, either above or below. All I had seen were bare walls, without even a chair or a table,—not so much as an old chest like that I had such good occasion to remember. In fact, it seemed to me like a house labouring under the influence of enchantment.

"Boy, hast thou eaten anything to-day?" asked my master at last. "No, Sir," I replied, "seeing that it was scarcely eight o'clock when I had the good fortune to meet your honour."

"Early as it was," returned my master, "I had already breakfasted, and it is never my custom to eat again till the evening; manage as you can till then; you will have the better appetite for supper."

It may be easily supposed, that, on hearing this, my newly-raised hopes vanished as rapidly as they had risen; it was not hunger alone that caused me to despond, but the certainty that Fortune had not yet exhausted her full store of malice against me. Already I saw in perspective my troubles renewed, and I turned to weep over my unhappy anticipation. The consideration which prevented my taking an abrupt departure from the priest, arose to my remembrance—that of falling from bad to worse, and I beheld it, as I feared, realized. I could not but weep over the incidents of my past unfortunate career, and anticipate its rapidly approaching close; yet withal, concealing my emotion as well as possible, I said, "Thank God! Sir, I am not a boy that troubles himself much about eating and drinking; and for this quality I have been praised even to this very day by all the masters whom I have ever served." "Abstinence is a great virtue," returned my master, "and for this I shall esteem thee still more; gormandizing is only for swine, men of understanding require little to allay their appetite." "I can understand that sentiment right well," quoth I to myself; "my masters have all advised the same course; though the devil a bit do *they* find the virtues of starvation so very pleasant, by all that I have seen."

Seating myself near the door, I now began to eat some crusts of bread which I had about me; they were part of some scraps I had collected in my career of charity. "Come here, boy," said my master, "what are you eating?" I went to him, and showed him the bread. He selected from the three pieces which I had, the best and largest, and said, "Upon my life, but this seems exceedingly nice bread." "Yes, Sir," I replied, "it is very good." "It really is," he continued,

"where did you get it? was it made with clean hands, I wonder?" "That I can't answer for," I replied, "but the flavour of it does not come amiss to me."

"Nor to me either, please God!" said my poor devil of a master; and, having finished his scrutiny, he raised the bread to his mouth, and commenced as fierce an attack on it, as I quickly did on the other.

"By heavens! but this bread is beautiful!" exclaimed he; and I, beginning to see how matters stood with him, redoubled my haste with the remainder, being well assured that if he finished first, he would have little hesitation in assisting me; but luckily we finished together. He then carefully picked up the crumbs which had fallen, and entering a small chamber adjoining, brought out an old jar with a broken mouth. Having drank therefrom he handed it to me, but to support my character of abstemiousness, I excused myself, saying, "No, Sir, I thank you; I never drink wine."

"The contents of the jar will not hurt you," he said; "it is only water!" I took the jar, but a very small draught satisfied me, for thirst was one of the few things from which I suffered no inconvenience.

Thus we remained till night, I anticipating my supper, and my master asking me many questions, to all of which I answered in the best manner I was able. Then he took me into the chamber whence he had brought the jar of water, and said, "Stay here, my boy, and see how to make this bed, as from henceforth you will have this duty." We then placed ourselves on each side of this bed, if such it can be called, to make it; though little enough there was to make. On some benches was extended a sort of platform of reeds, on which were placed the clothes, which, from want of washing, were not the whitest in the world. The deuce of anything was there in the shape of feather-bed or mattrass, but the canes shewed like the ribs of a lean hog, through an old covering which served to lie upon, and the colour of which one could not exactly praise.

It was night when the bed was made, and my master said, "Lazaro! it is rather late now, and the market is distant; likewise the city abounds with rogues; we had better therefore pass the night as we can, and to-morrow morning we will fare better. Being a single man, you see, I don't care much for these things, but we will arrange better in future."

"Sir, as to myself," I replied, "I beg you will on no account distress yourself. I can pass a night without food with no inconvenience, or even more indeed, if it were necessary." "Your health will be all the better for it, he said, "for take my word for it, as I said to-day, nothing in the world will insure length of life so much as eating little."

"If life is to be purchased on such terms," said I to myself, "I shall never die, for hitherto I have been obliged to keep this rule, whether I will or no; and, God help me, I fear I shall keep it all my long life."

My master then went to bed, putting his clothes under his head, instead of a pillow, and ordered me to seek my rest at his feet; which I accordingly did, though the situation precluded all hope of sleep. The canes, of which the bedstead was composed, and my bones, which were equally prominent, were, throughout the night, engaged in a continual and most unpleasant intimacy; for considering my illness, and the privations which I had endured, to say nothing of my present starving condition, I do not believe I had a single pound of flesh on my whole body. Throughout that day I had eaten nothing but a crust of bread, and was actually mad with hunger, which is in itself a bitter enemy to repose. A thousand times did I curse myself and my unhappy fortunes—the Lord forgive my impiety; and what was a sore addition to my misery, I dared not to move, nor vent my grief in audible expressions, for fear of waking my master; many times during this night did I pray to God to finish my existence!

As the morning appeared, we arose, and I set about cleaning my master's clothes, and putting them in order; and helped him to dress, very much to his satisfaction. As he placed his sword in his belt, he said, "Do you know the value of this weapon, my boy? The gold was never coined that should buy this treasure of me. Of all the blades Antonio ever forged, he never yet made its fellow." And then drawing it from the scabbard and trying the edge with his fingers, he added, "with this blade I would engage to sever a bale of wool"—"and I would do more than that with my teeth," said I to myself, "for though they are not made of steel, I would engage to sever a four pound loaf and devour it afterwards."

He then sheathed his sword and girded it round him, and with an easy, gentlemanlike carriage, bearing himself erect, and throwing the corner of his cloak over his shoulder, or over his arm, placing his right hand on his side, he sallied forth, saying: "Lazaro, see to the house while I go to hear mass, and make the bed during my absence; the vessel for water wants filling, which you can do at the river which runs close by; though take care to lock the door when you go, lest we should be robbed, and put the key on this hinge, in case I return before you, that I may let myself in."

He then walked up the street with such an air of gentility, that a stranger would have taken him for a near relation of the Count of Arcos, or, at least, for his *valet de chambre*.

"Blessed be the Lord!" said I, "who, if he inflicts misfortunes, gives us the means of bearing them. Now who, on meeting my master, would dream but that he had supped well and slept well; and, although early in the morning, but that he had also breakfasted

well. There are many secrets, my good master, that you know, and that all the world is ignorant of. Who would not be deceived by that smiling face and that fine cloak? and who would believe that such a fine gentleman had passed the whole of yesterday without any other food than a morsel of bread, that his boy had carried in his breast for a day and a night? To-day washing his hands and face, and, for want of a towel, obliged to dry them with the lining of his garments—no one would ever suspect such things from the appearance before them. Alas! how many are there in this world who voluntarily suffer more for their false idea of honour, than they would undergo for their hopes of an hereafter!"

Thus I moralized at the door of our house, while my master paced slowly up the street; and then, returning within, I lost no time in making the tour of the house, which I did, though without making any fresh discovery whatever; or finding anything of a more consolatory nature than my own gloomy thoughts.

I quickly made our bed, such as it was, and taking the water jar, went with it to the river. There I saw my gay master in one of the gardens by the river side, in close conversation with two ladies, closely veiled, for there were many who were in the habit of resorting thus early in the morning to enjoy the fresh air, and to take breakfast with some of the gentlemen of the city, who likewise frequented the spot. There he stood between them, saying softer things than Ovid ever did; while they, seeing him apparently so enamoured, made no scruple of hinting their wish to breakfast. Unfortunately his purse was as empty as his heart was full, therefore this attack on his weaker position threw him somewhat suddenly into disorder, which became evident from his confusion of language, and the lame excuses of which he was obliged to avail himself. The ladies were too well experienced not to perceive, and that quickly, how matters stood; it was not long, therefore, before they exchanged him for a more entertaining gallant.

I was all this time slily munching some cabbage stalks, for want of a better breakfast, which I despatched with considerable alacrity, and then returned home, without being seen by my master, to await his orders respecting breakfast on his return.

I began to think seriously what I should do, still hoping, however, that, as the day advanced, my master might return with the means to provide, at least, for our dinner, but in vain. Two o'clock came, but no master; and, as my hunger now became insupportable, without further consideration I locked the door, and, placing the key where I was told, sallied out in search of food. With a humble subdued voice, my hands crossed upon my breast, and the name of the Lord upon my tongue, I went from house to house begging bread. The practice of this art, I may say, I imbibed with my mother's milk; or rather, that having studied it under the greatest master in all Spain,

it is no wonder that I was so great an adept in all its various branches.

Suffice it to say, that although in this city there is no more charity than would save a saint from starvation, yet such was my superiority in talent, that before four o'clock, I had stowed away nearly four pounds of bread in my empty stomach, and two pounds more in my sleeves, and in the inside of my jacket. Passing then by the tripe market, I begged of one of the women that keep the stalls, who gave me a good-sized piece of cow-heel, with some other pieces of boiled tripe. When I got home, I found my good gentleman already arrived, and having folded and brushed his cloak, he was walking about the court-yard. As I entered, he came up to me, as I thought, to chide me for my absence, but, thank God, it was far otherwise. He enquired where I had been, to which I replied, "Sir, I remained at home till two o'clock; but when I found that your honour did not return, I went out, and recommended myself so well to the notice of the good people of this city, that they have given me what you see." I then shewed him the bread and the tripe which I had collected. At the sight of these delicacies, his countenance brightened up. "Ah!" said he, "I waited dinner for you some time; but as it grew late I finished. You have nevertheless acted very properly in this matter; for it is much better to ask, for the love of God, than to steal. I only charge you on no account to say you live with me, as such proceedings would not exactly redound to my honour—although I hardly think there is any danger, seeing that I am known so little in this city. "Do not alarm yourself, Sir, on that head," said I, "for people thought as little of asking who was my master, as I of telling them." "Eat away, then, you young rogue," said he, "and with the blessing of God, we shall not long have need of such assistance, though I must say, since I have been in this house, good fortune has never visited me. There are houses, from some reason or other, so unlucky, that everyone who occupies them becomes infected with their ill fortune, and this is without doubt one of then; but I promise you that directly the month is up, I will leave, even if they should offer it to me for nothing." I seated myself on the end of the bench, and commenced my supper with the tripe and bread. My poor unhappy master all the time eyed me askance, and never once took his eyes from my skirts, which at that time served me instead of a dinner-service. Providence had that day so favoured me, that I resolved my master should partake of my abundance, for I could well understand his feelings, having experienced them of old, and to that very day, indeed, I was no stranger to them. I began to think whether it would exactly become me to invite him to my repast, but as he had unfortunately said he had dined, I feared lest he might take it amiss. However, I very much wished that the poor sinner might have the benefit of my labour, and break his fast as

he had done the day before, particularly as the food was better, and my hunger less. My good wishes towards him were speedily gratified, as they happened to jump with his own humour, for directly I commenced my meal, he began walking up and down the room, and approaching me rather closely—

"Lazaro," said he, "I really cannot help remarking the extreme grace with which you make your meal. I don't think I ever saw anyone eat with more natural elegance; certain it is, that an observer might benefit by your example."

"Doubtless, my good Sir," thought I, "it can only be to your extreme amiability, that I am indebted for this compliment." Then, in order to give him the opportunity which I knew he longed for, I said, "Good materials, Sir, require good workmen. This bread is most delicious, and this cow-heel is so well cooked and seasoned that the smell alone is sufficient to tempt anyone."

"Cow-heel, is it?" said he.

"It is, Sir," I replied.

"Ah," said he, "cow's heel is one of the most delicate morsels in the world; there is nothing I am so fond of."

"Then taste it, Sir," said I, "and try whether this is as good as you have eaten." He seated himself on the bench beside me, and laying hands on the cow-heel, with three or four pieces of the whitest bread, commenced in such good earnest, that one might easily see his rations were not disagreeable to him—grinding every bone as ravenously as a greyhound. "With a nice sauce of garlic," said he, "this would be capital eating."

"You eat it with a better sauce than that, my good Sir," thought I.

"By heavens," said he, "anybody would think, to see me eat, that I had not touched a morsel to-day."

"I wish I was as sure of good luck as I'm sure of that," said I to myself. He asked me for the water jug, and I gave it to him, which, by the way, was a sure proof he had eaten nothing, for it was as full as when I brought it from the river. After drinking, we went to bed in the same manner as on the night before, though it must be confessed in a much more contented mood.

Not to dwell too much on this part of my story, I shall only say, that in this manner we passed eight or ten days, my worthy master taking the air every day, in the most frequented parts, with the most perfect ease of a man of fashion, and returning home to feast on the contributions of the charitable, levied by poor Lazaro.

Many times did the reflection suggest itself, that, when with former masters I prayed so heartily to be released from such miserable service, my desire was certainly gratified, though with this difference, that not only did my present one decline feeding me, but expected that I should maintain him.

With all this, however, I liked him very much, seeing he had not the ability to do more,—in fact, I was much more sorry for his unfortunate condition than angry at the situation in which his deficiencies placed me; and many times I have been reduced to short commons myself, that I might bring home a certain share for my unlucky master. But he was poor, and nobody can give what he has not got,—an excuse which I cannot make for the old scoundrels I served before,—though as God is my witness, to this very day I never see a gentleman, like my master, strutting along as though the street was hardly wide enough for him, without marking the singular way in which Fortune apportions her favours. I pitied him from my heart, to think, that with all his apparent greatness he might at that moment suffer privations equally hard to endure. But with all his poverty, I found greater satisfaction in serving him than either of the others, for the reasons I have stated. All that I blamed him for, was the extravagance of his pride, which, I thought, might have been somewhat abated towards one who, like myself, knew his circumstances so intimately. It seems to me, however, that the poorest gentlefolk are always the most proud; but there is consolation in the thought that death knows no distinction, but at length most generally places the commoner in higher ground than it does the peer. I lived for some time in the manner I have related, when it pleased my miserable fortune, which seemed never tired with persecuting me, to envy me even my present precarious and unhappy condition.

It appeared that the season in that country had been unfavourable to corn; therefore it was ordained by the magistracy, that all strangers who subsisted by alms should quit the city, or risk the punishment of the whip. This law was enforced so rigidly, that only four days after its promulgation, I beheld a procession of miserable wretches who were suffering the penalty through the streets of the city; a sight which so alarmed me, that I did not dare for the future to avail myself of my accustomed means of subsistence. It can hardly be possible to imagine the extreme necessity to which our house was reduced, or the mournful silence of those who were expiring within; for two or three days we neither spoke a word, nor had we a mouthful to eat. With regard to myself, there were some young women who earned their living by cotton-spinning, and making caps, and with whom, being near neighbours of ours, I had made some slight acquaintanceship; out of their pittance these poor girls gave me a morsel, which just served to keep life within me.

I did not, however, feel my own situation so keenly as I did that of my poor master, who, during the space of eight days, to the best of my knowledge, never touched a mouthful; at least, I can say, the deuce a morsel ever entered our door. Whether he ever got anything to eat when he went out, I cannot determine; but I know well, that he

sallied out every day with a waist as fine as a greyhound of the best breed; and the better, as he thought to evade suspicion, he would take a straw from the mattrass, which could even ill spare the loss, and go swaggering out of the house, sticking it in his mouth for a toothpick! He continued to attribute all his ill-fortune to the unlucky house in which we were lodged. "The evils we have to bear," he would say, "are all owing to this unfortunate dwelling—as you see, it is indeed sad, dark, and dismal: nevertheless, here we are, and, I fear, must continue awhile to suffer; I only wish the month was past, that we might well be quit of it."

It happened one day, suffering, as I have described, this afflicting persecution of hunger, that, by some extraordinary chance, I know not what, nor did I think it dutiful to inquire, there fell into my poor master's poverty-stricken possession the large sum of one rial, with which he came home as consequentially as though he had brought the treasure of Venice, saying to me with an air of extreme satisfaction and contentment, "Here, Lazaro, my boy, take this—Providence is at last beginning to smile on us—go to the market, and purchase bread, meat, and wine; we will no longer take things as we have done. I have other good news, likewise. I have taken another lodging; so that there will be no occasion to remain in this wretched place longer than the end of the month. Curse the place, and he who laid the first brick; by the Lord, since I've been here, not a drop of wine have I drunk, nor have I tasted a morsel of meat, neither have I enjoyed the smallest comfort whatsoever; but everything has been, as you see, miserable and dismal to the last degree. However, go, and quickly, for to-day we will feast like lords."

I took my rial and jar, and without another word set out on my errand with the utmost speed, making towards the market-place in the most joyous and light-hearted mood imaginable. But, alas! what enjoyment could I expect, when my adverse fortune so preponderated that the slightest gleam of sunshine in my career was sure to be overtaken by a storm? I was making my way, as I said, in extremely good spirits, revolving in my mind in what manner I should lay out my money to the best advantage, and returning heartfelt thanks to Providence for favouring my master with this unexpected stroke of fortune, when I saw a great crowd at the other end of the street, among whom were many priests; and I soon found to my horror that they were accompanying a corpse. I stood up against the wall to give them room; and as the body passed I beheld one, who, as I supposed, from the mourning she wore, was the widow of the deceased, surrounded by friends. She was weeping bitterly, and uttering in a loud voice the most piteous exclamations. "Alas!" she cried, "my dear husband and lord! whither are they taking you? To that miserable and unhappy dwelling! To that dark and dismal habita-

tion! To the house where there is neither eating nor drinking!" Good heavens! never shall I forget the moment when I heard those words; it seemed in my fright as though heaven and earth were coming together. "Miserable and unhappy wretch that I am," I exclaimed in an agony of mind, "it is to our house then that they are bearing this body!"

I rushed from the place where I stood, through the crowd, forgetting in my fright the object of my errand, and made with all speed towards home. The instant I arrived, I closed the door, barred and bolted it, and cried out to my master with the utmost earnestness of manner to help me to defend the entrance. He, greatly alarmed, and with the impression that it was something else, called to me, "What is the matter, boy? Why do you slam the door with such fury?"

"Oh, 'master," said I, "come here and assist me, for they are bringing a dead body here! I met them in the street above, and I heard the widow of the dead man crying out, 'Alas! husband and master, whither do they take you? To the dark and dismal house; —to the house of misery and misfortune;—to the house where they neither eat nor drink.' To what other house then can they be bringing him than this?" Directly my master heard these words, albeit in no merry humour, he burst out into such a fit of laughing, that it was some time before he could utter a word.

During this time, I was holding fast the door, placing my shoulder against it, for better security. The crowd passed with the body; though still I could not persuade myself but that they intended to bring it in. When my master was more satiated with mirth than with food, he said to me in a good-tempered manner, "It is very just, Lazaro; according to what the widow said, you were right in thinking as you did; but as they have thought better of it, and passed on, open the door, and go on your errand." "Stop a little longer, Sir," said I; "let them pass the end of the street, that we may be sure;" but he would not wait, and coming to the street door, he opened it, and forced me away, for I hardly knew what I did, with fright, and so he dispatched me again to the market.

We dined well that day, though my appetite was but indifferent; and it was some time before I recovered from the effect of that misadventure, though it was an excellent source of mirth to my master whenever it was brought to his recollection.

In this manner I lived some little time with my third and poorest master, the Esquire; having great curiosity to know what could possibly have induced him to come to that part of the world, for I knew he was a stranger on the first day I lived with him, from the fact of his not knowing a single soul in the city. At last my wish was gratified; for one day, when we had feasted pretty well, and were consequently in good humour, he told me a little of his history. He was a native of

Old Castile, and had quitted his country, because he had refused to salute a neighbouring gentleman of consequence, by taking off his hat first, which, according to punctilio, was construed into an insulting mark of disrespect. My honourable master wished to convince me, that, being a gentleman, the other, though superior, had an equal right to doff his bonnet to him; "For," said he, "though I am, as you see, but an Esquire, I vow to God, if the Count himself were to meet me in the street, and did not take off his hat to me, aye, and entirely off, the next time we met I would turn into some shop, pretending business, rather than pay him the least mark of respect. And though you see me here but poorly off, yet in my own country I have an estate in houses in good condition, and well rented, only sixteen leagues from the place where I was born, worth at least two hundred thousand maravedis; so you see that they must be of good size and in good repair. I have likewise a dovecot, which if it were taken care of, which it is not, would furnish upwards of two hundred young birds annually; and many other things I possess, which I have relinquished solely because I would not have the slightest imputation cast upon my honour, by yielding precedence to one who was in fact no better than myself; and I came to this city hoping to obtain some honourable employment, though I have not succeeded so well as I could have wished."

In this manner my master was going on with his narrative, giving me an account of the honourable proceedings by which he had suffered, when he was interrupted by the appearance of an old man and woman; the former came to demand the rent of the house, and the latter that of the bed. They brought the account, and claimed for two months more than he could raise in a year; I think it was about twelve or thirteen rials. He answered them very courteously, that he was then going out to change a piece of gold, and should return in the evening. But he made his exit this time for good; and when the good people came for their money, I was obliged to tell them that he had not yet returned. The night came, but without my master, and being fearful of remaining in the house by myself, I went to our neighbours, to whom I related the circumstance, and they allowed me to remain with them.

Early in the morning, the creditors returned, and enquired of the neighbours. The women replied, that his boy was there, and the key of the door ready for them. They then asked me about my master, and I told them that I knew not where he was, and that I had not seen him since he went out to change the piece of gold; but that I thought it was most likely he was gone off with the change.

On hearing this news, they sent for a lawyer and a constable, and called on me and others to witness their taking possession of my master's effects in payment of their demands. They went all over the

house, and found just as much furniture as I have recounted before, when they demanded of me, "What has become of your master's property? where are his trunks? and where is his household furniture?" "I'm sure I don't know," I replied. "Doubtless," said they, "the property has been removed during the night. Señor Alguazil, take that boy into custody; he knows whither it has been taken." On this up came the Alguazil, and seizing me by the collar, said, "Boy, thou art my prisoner, if thou reveal not where thy master hath hid his effects." I, as if quite new to this sort of thing, expressed the utmost surprise and terror, and promised to state everything I knew, which seemed a little to disarm his anger. "That is right," exclaimed all, "tell all you know, and fear nothing." The man of law seated himself at a desk, and desired me to begin. "Gentlemen," I continued, "my master is in possession of a good stock of houses and an old dovecot." "So far well," was the reply; "however little worth, it will meet the debt he owes us; in what part of the city do they lie?" "On his own estate, to be sure," was my answer. "That is all the better," they exclaimed; "and where is his estate?" "In Old Castille," I replied, "as he told me." Both Alguazil and notary laughed out at hearing this, exclaiming, "Quite enough—quite enough to cover your claim, though it were even greater." The neighbours who had gathered round us, now said: "Gentlemen, this here is a very honest boy; he has not been long in the 'squire's service, and knows no more of him than does your worship; the poor little sinner came knocking at our doors, and for charity's sake we gave him something to eat; after which he has gone to sleep at his master's."

Seeing that I was innocent, they let me go free; but the notary and the Alguazil now came on the owners for the taxes, which gave rise to no very friendly discussion, and a most hideous din; the man and woman maintained very stoutly that they had neither the will nor the means to pay them. The others declared they had other business in view of more importance; but I left them without stopping to see the issue of the affair, though I believe the unfortunate owner had to pay all, and he well deserved to do it, for when he ought to have taken his ease and pleasure, after a life of labour, he still went on hiring out houses to increase his gains.

It was in this way that my third and poorest master took leave of me, by which it seems I put the seal to my bad fortune, which, while exercising its utmost rigour against me, had this singularity in it, that though most domestics are known to run away from their masters, it was not thus in my case, inasmuch as my master had fairly run away from me.

HOW LAZARO SERVED A FRIAR OF LA MERCED, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

I HAD now to seek a fourth master; and this turned out to be a holy friar, to whom I was conducted by the ladies before alluded to, and who were related to him. He was a great enemy to psalm-singing, and of the usual convent fare; fond of roaming out, and eager indeed in the pursuit of every kind of secular business and amusement. In fact, he wore out more shoes than all the rest of the convent put together. It was he who gave me the first pair of shoes I ever had given me in my life; and they did not last me much above a week, so constantly did he keep me on the trot. In short, I could not endure it; and for this and other reasons, not worth stating, I took my leave of him, without asking leave.

HOW LAZARO SERVED A BULERO, AND WHAT TOOK PLACE.

THE fifth master that fortune threw in my way, was a Bulero, or a dealer in papal indulgences—one of the most impudent and barefaced, yet cleverest rogues, that I have ever seen, or ever shall see. He practised all manner of deceit, and resorted to the most subtle inventions to gain his end. On his arrival at any place to present his credentials and open his traffic, the first thing he did, was to send small presents of no great value to the clergy, by which means he would gain a civil reception—and perhaps assistance in his negotiations. He made himself acquainted with the character of these persons; when to some he would say, that he never spoke in Latin, but always preferred a chaste and elegant diction in his native tongue. To others again, he would talk Latin for two hours; at least so it would seem to those who heard him, although perhaps it was not half that time. When he found that no great success attended his usual endeavours, he would have recourse to artifice; but as a regular account of them would fill a volume, I will only recount one little manœuvre, which will give you some idea of his genius and invention.

He had preached two or three days, at a place near Toledo, and had not neglected his usual offerings; but he found his indulgences go off but slowly, with very little appearance of improvement, for which he very heartily wished the good people at the devil. Being at his wit's end what to do, he invited all the people to the church the next morn-

ing, to take his farewell. After supper that evening, he and the Alguazil sat down to enjoy themselves, and in the course of their entertainment, some dispute arose, which increased to very high words. He called the Alguazil thief, which the other retorted by calling him impostor. On this, the Bulero caught up a weapon lying near, and the Alguazil drew his sword to defend himself. The noise was so great, that the neighbours ran in to enquire into the cause, and with some difficulty separated the enraged combatants. They continued, however, to revile each other with words, although, by reason of the house being filled with people, they could not vent their rage with blows; the Alguazil continually calling out that my master was an impostor, and that his indulgences were forged. The neighbours seeing that peace could not be restored, took away the Alguazil to another inn, to prevent mischief; and after some time, the uproar subsiding, we went to bed.

In the morning my master went to the church to preach his farewell sermon. The people were all there, murmuring about the authenticity of the bull, saying that the Alguazil had discovered it to them; and if they were indisposed towards the indulgences before, they were now little likely to purchase them. The reverend commissary ascended the pulpit, and commenced his sermon. He expatiated on the merits of the Pope's holy commission, and of the infallible virtues of the indulgences which the bull guaranteed. The sermon was proceeding in this manner when the Alguazil entered the church, and taking advantage of an opportunity, rose, and with a loud voice but discreet manner he addressed the congregation :—"My good people; hear me but one word, and listen to whomsoever you please afterwards. I came here with yonder cheat who is now preaching to you, and, seduced by him, I promised to favour his deception and divide the gains. But as my conscience is uneasy at thus assisting to rob you of your money, I take this opportunity of declaring before you all that the bull is forged, and that the indulgences are false. And after this confession I beg you to bear witness, if at any future time this rogue meet with punishment as an impostor, that I am not implicated therein, but have done all in my power to expose him and warn you."

Many respectable people, to prevent the scandal of the thing proceeding further, wished to turn the Alguazil out of the church, but the reverend preacher would by no means permit such violence; and thus the Alguazil had the liberty of saying all he wished. When he was silent, my master rose and asked him if he wished to say more? on which he replied, "I could say plenty more concerning your rogueries, but for the present what I have said is sufficient."

The devout commissary of his holiness then threw himself on his knees in the pulpit, and casting his arms and eyes towards heaven, he exclaimed,—"Oh! Lord, to whom nothing is hidden, thou knowest

the truth, and how cruelly I am calumniated. I forgive all that personally concerns me, but to that which relates to my holy calling I cannot be indifferent; inasmuch as many here may be induced to give credit to what has been falsely spoken, to the injury of their own souls and of my holy mission. I therefore pray thee, Oh, Lord, to vouchsafe by a miracle to shew the whole truth as to this matter. If I deal in falsehood and iniquity, may the pulpit on which I now kneel sink with me seven fathoms below the earth, so that I may never be heard of again,—and if what is said be false, and prompted by the devil to deprive these good people here of the comforts of which I am the bearer, let the author of the calumny be punished, so that all present may be convinced of his malice."

Hardly had my pious master finished his prayer, when the Alguazil fell from the place where he was standing, and with such a noise that the whole church resounded with the fall. His countenance became distorted, and he began to foam at the mouth, uttering frightful curses, and rolling about in the utmost apparent agony. At this wonderful interposition of Providence, the clamour became so great that no one could hear himself speak. Some were frightened, and cried, "Lord, Lord, have mercy on the sinner;" while others said, "It served him right for his false testimony—let him kick and go to the devil!"

Finally, however, some individuals went to his assistance, though not without evident fear, and tried to hold his arms and legs; but he gave them such fierce salutes, dealing his favours so vigorously and dexterously, that many were much hurt, and it required at least seventeen men to hold him down.

While this was proceeding, my sainted master was on his knees in the pulpit, his hands and eyes turned towards heaven, apparently filled with the divine essence, and utterly unconscious of the noises and disturbance around him, so completely was he wrapt in his heavenly meditations. Some approached him, and begged him, "for the love of God, to succour the poor wretch who was dying; and that, doubtless, at his intercession, the Lord would not prolong his sufferings."

The devout commissary, as though disturbed from a sweet vision, looked around him, first at the suppliants and then at the delinquent. "My good friends," said he slowly, "you ought not to ask a favour for him whom God has so signally chastised. But as he has commanded that we should return good for evil, we may with more confidence implore his pardon for the poor wretch who had dared to place an obstacle in the way of his holy commission." Then, descending from the pulpit, he desired them all to pray for the sinner, and that the devil with which he was possessed might be cast out. The congregation with one accord threw themselves on their knees, and commenced in a low voice to repeat the litany; while my master, before

he approached the possessed sinner with the cross and holy water, turning his eyes to heaven till the whites could only be seen, delivered a pious oration, which drew tears from the eyes of the hearers. This being finished, he commanded the holy bull to be brought and placed on the head of the possessed, and immediately the sinner of an Alguazil began by degrees to recover himself. Directly he was restored to consciousness, he threw himself at the feet of the holy commissary, and implored his pardon. He confessed that what he did was by the commandment of the Devil, who was excessively annoyed at the appearance of the holy man, and was fearful that he should lose his dominion over the people if they were to purchase his indulgences. My master, in the most benevolent manner, pardoned him, and interchanged kindnesses with him, giving him advice very much to his comfort and advantage. Great now was the demand for indulgences amongst the bystanders, and not an individual would go from church without one, neither man, woman nor child.

The news soon spread, and people came flocking from all parts, so that no sermons were necessary in the church to convince them of the benefits likely to result to the purchasers. The inn where we resided was crowded with applicants, and wherever we went in that district, thousands of indulgences were sold without a single sermon being preached. I must confess that I, amongst many others, was deceived at the time, and thought my master a miracle of sanctity; but hearing the merriment which it afforded to the holy commissary and the Alguazil, I began to suspect that it originated in the peculiarly fertile invention of my master, and although young, from that moment I ceased to be a child of grace; for I argued within myself, "If I, being an eye-witness to such an imposition, could almost believe it, how many more, amongst this poor innocent people, must be imposed on by these robbers."

I quitted my fifth master at the end of four months, during which I experienced some very fatiguing and unpleasant adventures.

HOW LAZARO AGREED TO SERVE A CHAPLAIN, AND HOW HE FARED.

I NEXT entered into arrangements with a certain chaplain whom I met in the great church, and who seeing in me a well-grown and conditioned youth, took me forthwith into his service, and put under my care a fine ass, and four narrow-necked pitchers, along with a whip, with all which I commenced to cry one of the four elements, namely, pure water, through the city.

This was the first step which I had yet made towards attaining an easy life, for I had here a mouthful at will. Every day I delivered to my master thirty maravedis, and on the Sabbaths I gained what I could for myself, amounting, with what I made in the week, to at least thirty more. Such was my success in this new office, that at the end of four years, by the use of some caution and address, I began to cut a very gentlemanlike appearance out of my master's wardrobe, by the sale of which I was enabled to buy a doublet of old fustian, a large coat with trimmed sleeves, and a cloak lined with silk, besides one of the old famous swords of Cuellar. I had no sooner beheld myself thus arrayed like a man of some note, than I requested of my master to take care of the ass himself, for that I had done with that particular office.

HOW LAZARO AGREED TO SERVE AN ALGUAZIL, AND OF WHAT ENSUED.

HAVING bidden the chaplain farewell, I joined the train of justice, and entered the service of an Alguazil. I did not, however, remain in it long, inasmuch as I found it a dangerous employment, and particularly on one night, when a party we were conducting set on and stoned us, treating my master, whom they killed, exceedingly ill, but fortunately stopping short of that with myself.

With this I threw up the trade, and considering in what mode I should next live with a little more safety and ease, as well as profit, to supply my old age, it pleased Heaven to enlighten and put me into a much better way, insomuch that I forgot all my past anxieties and pains in the favour of those friends and gentlemen who procured me —an office under the royal government; for I saw that no one so well thrived as he who held such a situation. This also I yet keep, and flourish in it, with the permission of God, and of every good customer. In fact, my charge is that of making public proclamation of the wine which is sold in these places, and at auctions, &c.; of bearing those company who suffer persecution for justice' sake, and publishing to the world with a loud voice, their faults.

I have succeeded in the office so well, and with so much ease, that almost all matters relating to it are known to go through my hands, insomuch, that the man who has got wine or other thing to sell, begins to think it is a losing concern if Lazaro de Tormes has not something to do with it.

About this time, perceiving my ability and my style of life, the arch-

priest of Salvador, to whom I was introduced, and who was under obligation to me for crying his wine, shewed his sense of it by uniting me with one of his own domestics.

I conceived that nothing but a favourable influence and patronage would accrue from this step, and from that hour I have never repented it; for besides being a good creature, diligent and useful, my wife has preserved the countenance of my lord arch-priest, and on holydays and festivals, he is sure to make her some solid present, either from his larder or his wardrobe, which really serves to keep us in good plight; and as to house rent, he engaged for us, and we live within a short distance of him. Many a good day, in fact, we celebrate at his own table; but evil tongues will be busy, and give out all kinds of reports, as to all this being done more out of compliment to my wife, than to myself. God give the world more grace to tell the truth; not that my wife disturbs herself for the wagging of a few tongues, and a little barking where they cannot bite. Our good priest, moreover, came one day, and thus addressed me: "Lazaro, my friend, whoever pays attention to the envious remarks of others, will never thrive. I say it, lest you should heed what they say respecting your wife's visits to see her old master: it is all kindly meant; and your honour is safe, that I can promise you. Dream not of honour then, but stick to profit, and conduct thyself like a wise man."

"My lord," I replied, "it is true, that some of my friends have touched upon this subject, and even dared to assert, that, before my marriage with your maid, she had already been brought to bed three times, speaking with all reverence, by means of your lordship; such is the power of calumny in ill-disposed minds."

Upon hearing this, my wife, who was present, began to cross herself and appeal to all the saints, so that I feared the house would open under our feet; after this she burst into a loud weeping, and rapped out a thousand maledictions upon the head of him who had first joined her in wedlock with Lazaro de Tormes—my humble self. "Would," she said, "I had died, ere that fatal word had issued from these lips." But I on one side, and my lord on the other, soon succeeded in drying her tears, vowing, as I did, never to allude, in the slightest manner, to that delicate subject more, assuring her that such was my confidence, that I would be glad to see her going at all hours, either by night or day, into my good patron's house. In this way we all three soon became reconciled to ourselves and to each other. Never to this day has a hint escaped me relative to the matter; and if I hear anyone so much as approach the most distant confines of it, I seize him by the button, and exclaim, "If you be a friend of mine, do not utter what you know will give me pain; for I do not hold him a true one who wishes to excite mischief, and more especially between me and my wife—the object to whom I am most attached in life, and who, by the

grace of God, confers on me greater benefit than I can ever deserve. I would swear to you, by the Holy Host, she is as good a wife as lives within the walls of Toledo; and let my worst enemy say no, and I will fight him on that theme to the death."

All this happened the same year that our victorious Emperor Charles made his entry into this celebrated city of Toledo, and there held his court, bringing with him a season of feast and jubilee, of which all must have heard.

LAZARO'S ACCOUNT OF THE FRIENDSHIP HE FORMED IN TOLEDO WITH SOME GERMANS, AND OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THEM.

AT this time I had reached my most prosperous "and palmy state." I was at the top of the ladder, and enjoyed all kind of good fortune. Wherever I went I was accompanied by a good assortment of fruits and other rarities, such as are produced and cried in this our favoured land, samples of all which I displayed to view; and thus obtained such a connection, both among natives and foreigners, that I found open house wheresoever I chose to direct my steps. I was, in short, such a favourite, that, I believe, had I wished to kill a man out of mere whim, or chanced to fall into any horrible scrape, I should have found everybody upon my side, and got clear off by means of noble friends and connections in high life. I never left them empty-handed; they always took from me some of the most choice articles in the city—a city in which we spent so glorious a life. When in their company, they never permitted us to put our hands into our pockets or expend the least item, declaring that, both on my wife's account and my own, they should take it as an affront. I could not find words to express the pleasure I felt in their society; and not only this—but they crowded our table with every delicacy of the season; so that every day we had a store by us enough to last a whole family for a wrek. In this land of plenty I often recalled to mind my days of fast and penance, and gave thanks to the Lord that things, both in general and in particular, went so well.

But as the old proverb has it:—

"Quien bien te hará,
Ó se te irá ó se morirá."

So indeed it happened to me, for the grand court changed its residence; and though my great friends wished me to go along with them, and promised me fine things, I bethought me again of the old saying, that a "bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and

so we took leave of them with many expressions of sorrow and regret.

Of a truth, had I not been married I could have gone along with them,—so much was their society agreeable to my taste, and their life, moreover, being one every way worthy of imitation; abounding in all that is good and pleasing, and suffering none within its happy sphere to feel any wish unsatisfied.

But the love of my wife and of my country prevailed; and I remained in this city, although well known to its inhabitants, apart from the pleasures of a court and the society of such friends. My satisfaction was shortly afterwards increased by the birth of a daughter; a little beauty, which my wife declared by all the saints she believed to be my own. This happy state I now conceived would continue; but fortune soon began to shew another aspect, and a fresh series of miseries and difficulties of every kind followed her altered looks, which ended in death, and which it would be too cruel and severe a task for me to pretend to recount.

Mateo Aleman.

MATEO ALEMAN.

MATEO ALEMAN was a writer of considerable eminence in the reign of Philip II., although the particulars of his life are few. We learn from Nicholas Antonio, that he was a native of Seville, and was employed under the government; but having a distaste for such occupation, he threw up his situation, and crossed the sea to Mexico, in which city he was some time a resident, and published there, in the year 1609, his "*Ortografia Castellana;*" likewise a life of San Antonio de Padua, with an eulogium on the life of that saint, written in very good Latin. He was also the author of a Latin dialogue called "*Prometheus,*" in imitation of Lucian.

But the work which has gained for him the title of novelist, and classed him amongst that school, so humorously and happily conceived and brought into popular regard by Mendoza,—is his "*Vita del Picaro Guzman d'Alfarache;*" of which that honoured plagiarist, *Le Sage*, knew so well how to avail himself in after times, accommodating his literary larceny to the habits and taste of his own countrymen.

The work has been translated into every European language; and a book well deserves the honour which has, since the year 1599, six years before Cervantes gained immortal renown by his Don Quixote, preserved its national popularity unimpaired, and which pourtrays with the most vivid exactitude, the most pure morality, chastened and correct language, and an easy and natural style, the manners of the Spanish *serviles*, the wretched and destitute, an important class in a nation so subjected to the privileged orders. He has moreover mixed and contrasted the picture with that of the more exclusive orders which influenced European society at that period.

That corruption of literary taste which originated in excessive refinement, had not then shewn itself; but the work is not free from other defects, which may be attributed to the nature of the composition, and the age in which it was written.

Desirous of pourtraying the actual state of things, the author sometimes represents them worse than they were; and aiming at the familiar and colloquial, he sometimes quits a graceful irony for low satire and buffoonery.

But, with all these defects, it ranks higher than any works of the class which had been previously written ; and infinitely superior to that which appeared from the pen of his imitator, *Lopez de Ubeda*, called "*La Picara Justina*," a book richly deserving the contempt with which it is treated by the critical curate who passes judgment on Don Quixote's library.

GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE'S ADVENTURE

WITH

AN INNKEEPER AT CANTILLANA.

WHEN we arrived at Cantillana, our companions, whose conversation had helped to beguile our time on the road, left us to seek their respective places of entertainment: and I then enquired of my friend the carrier, where he intended that we should pass the night? "O," said he, "never fear; I know a capital inn, where we shall be well treated." He then took me to a house, which I afterwards found to belong to one of the greatest knaves in the district, where there was as little appearance of good cheer as of amusement; and which, in comparison with the place I had left, was at much about the same rate of exchange as "leaping from the frying-pan into the fire."

There is an inviolable law in Andalusia, which forbids the breeding of mules under the heaviest penalties. Now it happened, that our innkeeper had a little mare, which proved to be with foal; a result which had been undutifully effected without the knowledge or consent of her master. When the time arrived, as though bent on her owner's ruin, the mare brought forth a mule; which circumstance however was fortunately only known to the innkeeper himself, who had placed her in a stable by herself, and had taken the earliest opportunity of ascertaining the result. Frightened to death at the first sight of the little animal which seemed born to ruin him, he vowed its instant destruction; but like a provident person of his class, he reflected, that if not known the occurrence might yet be turned to his advantage. At night, therefore, when everyone was asleep, he arose and slaughtered the little beast; but instead of carefully burying the carcase, he determined on a more advantageous disposal of it; so he cut it up and put it into pickle.

It was at this period we arrived at the inn: the evening was not far advanced; so that our host had plenty of time to arrange our beds and supper. My companion immediately began to count his gains; but I, worn out with fatigue, threw myself at full length on the floor, and was some time before I could stir. My legs and thighs were quite

sore, and my feet swollen with riding so far without stirrups; my buttocks were completely scarified; my sides aching with pain; my whole person, in fact, was more or less injured, and, to crown all, I was ravenously hungry.

When my companion had finished his calculation, turning to me, "Well, friend," said he, "what think you of supper?" I replied, "that I thought it quite time we should have it; for that it would be necessary to rise early in the morning if we wished to get to Caculla in good time to make our bargains." We then called the landlord, and asked him if he had anything for supper?

"Aye, that I have," said he, "and of the best too, I'll warrant ye." He seemed to be a bustling, sharp, clever sort of person, and moreover such a specious talker, that the knave completely imposed on me. I took what he said in good part, and returned a thousand thanks to Providence, that, after such labour and fatigue, and after all my past affliction, I was at last fixed in a place, where I should at least be sure of good treatment. I am not sure whether I have ever related a story of a certain labouring man whom I knew at Olias, a village near Toledo. I do not repeat it with any irreverent notion, for I believe I am as good a Christian as most people;—but this labourer was playing at a game of cards called *primera*, with some others of his acquaintance,—"Thanks be to God for this game," cried the rejoiced bumpkin with whom he was playing, "for he has given me *primera*." "You have not so much occasion to thank him this turn," returned the other, laughing at his own better luck, "for, praised be his holy name, he has given me a *flush*." And so it happened with me, as I shall presently recount.

"Pray what have you for supper?" asked my companion, of our host. The rogue replied, "Yesterday I killed a beautiful calf; for not having good pasture for the cow, who was getting out of flesh, I was obliged to kill the calf at eight days old. The veal is all ready and untouched, therefore you may choose what part you like best." On hearing this piece of good fortune we threw up our caps in the air, and, forgetting our fatigue, performed a thousand antic tricks for joy, which having subsided a little, we returned to the subject of the veal, the bare mention of which made my mouth water. We left it to the host to choose for us, trusting to his good taste for our satisfaction; and presently we saw a clean cloth laid,—some bread, better than I had been accustomed to,—very good wine, and a dish of fresh salad. This, however, was of little moment to a stomach possessing such space as mine, and therefore I reserved my force for the veal; but as appearances often deceive the best judges, there is no great marvel if a hungry man should for once be mistaken.

The Tuscan reasons well, when he warns you never to place confidence in the promises of women, travellers, or innkeepers, and, least

of all, those who praise themselves; for the greater part of all those, he says, are but little scrupulous about the truth. After the salad, were brought two small plates, on each of which was placed a small piece of roast meat. I say small piece, for the cunning rogue was aware that abundance would speedily satisfy our appetites, and that with a full belly the cheat would be easily detected. As it was, we ate with relish what was set before us; and finding ourselves still hungry, desired something more. In regard to my companion, it was not to be wondered at, seeing that he was born amongst savages, of parents little better than brutes, and eating everything, as it were, with a garlic tooth, for these low people have but little taste to distinguish good from bad. There are few of them in whom the senses arrive at any perfection. Although they see, yet they are blind to what they ought to see; and if they hear, they can never hear rightly. They are like dogs, that devour the meat without tasting; or like the ostrich, that can swallow a red-hot horse-shoe. Indeed, we might go a little further, and say, that a double-soled boot which had seen the service of three winters in Madrid, would not come amiss to them; for I swear to you, that I have actually seen one of these fellows, in a fit of hunger, pluck a cap from the head of a page, and devour it entire!

But even I, brought up amongst genteel and well-bred people, did not discover the cheat, so great was my hunger. This fact must alone plead my excuse, for my appetite was large, too large, for my eyes to see clearly what I was about. The treacherous landlord gave his meat sparingly; it is not surprising, therefore, that, with such slender opportunities of judging, the quality of the feast contented me. Have you never heard, that no bread comes amiss to a hungry man? Then I repeat, that I found it delicious, and left it unwillingly. I enquired of the host whether he had anything more. He asked whether we should like some of the brains fried in butter; and we no sooner signified our assent, than they were dressed without loss of time. In the interim we were furnished with a little dish of tripe, which, not appearing to me to smell very savoury, I left to my companion, who despatched it without further ceremony. I rather rejoiced at the avidity with which my companion devoured the tripe, thinking that I should have a better share of the brains; but in this I deceived myself; it did not in the slighest degree impair his capabilities for further execution, for on their appearance he set to work again with as much good will as though he had not touched a morsel the whole day. When they placed the eggs and brains on the table, at the sight of the omelet my companion burst out into a violent fit of laughter, at which I was not a little amazed, thinking that he intended to spare my appetite by recalling to memory my late adventure. The landlord, who had been watching us both very narrowly, and was doubtless

on thorns to hear what we had to say, hearing this exuberance of mirth, which appeared to him so strange and unseasonable, he began to be disturbed thinking we suspected his cheat. Not giving himself time to consider whether anything else was capable of provoking our mirth, and as the guilty man is always afraid of his own shadow, supposing every movement is against him, and that the very wind will make known his delinquency; so this poor scoundrel, although hardened in roguery, was this time trembling with apprehension.

In fact, rogues of all descriptions are generally cowards; like thieving dogs, if you only look at them they run away. Our landlord was frightened enough, I can tell you, as it was but natural he should be, in common with all those who live by similar means. He lost his stirrups without knowing how to regain them, saying, "I swear to you it is nothing else but veal; there is no occasion to laugh; I could give you a hundred proofs if necessary." In saying these words his countenance became as red as fire; the blood seemed ready to start from his cheeks, and sparks to flash from his eyes. My friend, the carrier, looking up very coolly at this ebullition of the host—"And pray what is the matter with you, my friend?" said he, "no one asked you how old you were. Is there any law in this inn to prevent anybody from laughing without asking your leave? Or is there anything to pay for such a liberty? Just leave people to laugh or cry as they please, and attend to your own business. For my part, if I could find anything to amuse me at your expense, I am just the sort of man to laugh most heartily. As to these eggs, they remind me of some which my companion ate at an inn three leagues from this place." He then recounted the story of my mishap, during which recital, our landlord, relieved from his alarm, did not fail to bless himself heartily, exclaiming against the villany of the world, apostrophizing the sacred name a thousand times, and lifting up his eyes to heaven with a most pious fervour, he exclaimed, "Our lady bless and save us; did anyone ever hear the like? Bad luck to those who perform their office badly, say I;" and I believe he verily meant what he said, the malediction in no way applying to him; for although a professed rogue, he was as expert at his office as anyone who ever took to the trade. He seemed to be quite uneasy at the recital of such scandalous conduct in an innkeeper, exclaiming with the utmost apparent indignation, "Why is such a vile inn allowed to continue? How can such an infamous woman pass without the chastisement of Providence? A barefaced hag, to practise such infamy and the earth not to swallow her up! All innkeepers ought to rise against her, for it is such people that bring an honest calling into disrepute. It always seems strange how rogues can go on from day to day, and practise the same iniquity with impunity, or what the Alguazils can be about to permit it; but I suppose that they will not see what is not convenient, as the proverb

says, 'One man may steal a horse, while another may not look over the hedge.' For my part, I am of opinion, as the proverb says, 'That every little makes mickle,' and therefore, would rather lay by an honest penny now and then, trusting to the future for a little competency, than get rich in a hurry by roguery."

I was about to reply to this honest effusion of the host, but he was warm and eloquent on the subject of honesty, and only having stopped to take breath, proceeded: "'Evil to him who acts evilly,' as the saying is, is my motto. No, my masters, thanks be to the Virgin Mary, that with all my poverty, no one shall be dissatisfied with his treatment in my house. Everything here is sold for what it really is,—no cat for hare, no old ewe for young mutton. Honesty of conscience is what I desire, and a clear countenance before all the world." Here his breath failing, he was obliged to cease, and being tired himself, thought he would give us as little labour as possible, by bringing us, for our dessert after supper, a few walnuts and olives, about as big as nuts. We desired our host to let us have, in the morning, a little more of the meat for breakfast, which he promised; and looking out for the softest part of the floor, we spread our mattresses, and composed ourselves to sleep.

When I awoke in the morning, if I had placed myself in the middle of the Square at Seville, or at the door of my own mother, I question whether I should have been recognized, so covered was I with fleas, who appeared to be indemnifying themselves for a year of abstinence, on my unfortunate carcass. I arose just as though I had the measles, so completely was my body covered with the marks of these little vermin. But fortune was favourable to me in this particular, for what with the fatigue of my journey the day before, and having drank a little more wine than ordinary, my bed was a perfect paradise, from which I should not have risen, had not my companion roused me, by suggesting the propriety of having early mass, and reminded me that we had seven good leagues to travel to our journey's end.

It was but just daylight when we were dressed and ready for our breakfast, which was speedily brought us by that paragon of honest innkeepers, our landlord. My companion attacked it with his accustomed appetite; every mouthful seemed to him as tender as the breast of a turkey, and he praised the meat, as though he had never eaten anything so good in his life. For my part I was obliged to take its excellency solely on his word, and falsely transferred the original sin of its parental ass to my want of good taste. But to speak seriously, it was bad, and told plainly of itself it was not veal. It tasted hard and unsavoury, and the little I ate at supper, remained still on my stomach. Although with some degree of apprehension and reproval from my comrade, yet I could not avoid complaining to the host. "This meat is so tough, and of such little relish, that I declare I can

hardly get my teeth into it," said I. "Don't you see," he replied, "that it is fresh, and has not yet taken the salt?" "It not only wants the salt," remarked the carrier to the host, "but this gentleman has been reared on sweetmeats and fresh eggs; therefore, all you could bring him he would think hard and unsavoury." At this reproof I shrugged my shoulders and held my tongue, although I was but ill satisfied, yet without exactly knowing why. Then I began to recollect the prodigious taking of our host the night before, when he swore the meat was really veal. This seemed strange; and, solely because he swore to the truth of what he avowed, I thought he lied; because, in common cases, there is no necessity to *swear* to the truth. I can hardly say whether I actually suspected evil; but, to say the least, my opinion of our host was now none of the best.

I called for the account; but my companion insisted on paying it: therefore, not wishing to disoblige him, conceiving it to be an act of pure friendship, I left it to him. I could not help rejoicing inwardly at the good feeling of the carrier towards me, paying for everything on the road, and allowing me to go free, and hoped from my heart that I might continue to meet with such obliging persons, who would have a like consideration for my youth and slender equipment. And because the carrier should not say with respect to me that the infernal abode was choked with ingrates, seeing that he paid for me, I began to think how I could best assist him, and set to work to water his asses, untying them from the manger, that they might finish their corn while they were loading, and rubbing their ears and heads.

While I was engaged in this employment, I placed my cloak in a recess of the wall, when, in the twinkling of an eye, it disappeared, without my knowing where or by what means. I immediately suspected that the host or my companion had secreted it for a joke; however, it became past a joke when they declared seriously that they knew nothing of it. I was very much astonished; for, on looking towards the door, I saw that it had not been opened, and I knew that the host and our two selves were the only occupants of the place. Thinking that I must have made a mistake and have left it somewhere else, without saying a word more, I began to search the house. As I passed from room to room, I happened to look by chance into a small back-yard, and there I saw a great quantity of blood on the ground; and, looking further, I beheld the skin of a young mule stretched out, and near it the head, which only wanted the tongue and brains. This point confirmed my doubts; and, while the host was busy, I called my companion, and showed him from what larder we had been indebted for our breakfast and supper.

"Now, my friend," said I, "it appears to me that one does not always feed on sweetmeats and fresh eggs. This is the veal which you praised with so much gravity, and this the inn where you promised

such fine entertainment. What do you think of your landlord now? and of the supper and breakfast he has given you? The honest man who never gives cat for hare, or old ewe for young mutton? The worthy whose utmost desire it is to have a clear countenance before the whole world?"

Although I suffered from the discovery, as may easily be imagined by anyone who has by chance encountered a similar misfortune, yet I could hardly repress a certain feeling of merriment which the scene excited, and which served in some measure to subdue the unpleasantness of the recollection.

Thinking that, possessing the secret, I could make my host produce my cloak, I took courage and began to call lustily about me. I plainly challenged him with the theft, and he as resolutely denied it. I threatened to bring the justice to his house, though without saying a word of what I had seen; but he, seeing that I was a poor boy, treated me with the utmost contempt, threatened me with the whip, and made use of language peculiar to cowards when they impose on persons weaker than themselves. But as the weakest thing will turn when trodden on, so, with my slender strength, on a repetition of the insult, did I seize on a brick, and hurled it at him with such force, that, had he not avoided the blow, I should have had little occasion for further justice. But he escaped me; and, running quickly into his room, sallied from thence with a naked sword. He came against me; and I, already beginning to quake for my life, took up two large pebble stones with which the floor was paved, and stood on my defence; which, when the rascal saw, his courage seemed to be checked.

During this scene, the uproar became so great, that the people of the place grew alarmed, and the neighbours came rushing towards us, together with the justice and lawyers. Two alcaldes arrived together, for the purpose of accommodating both parties; and the lawyers instantly proceeded to business, by endeavouring all in their power to incense one party against the other.

In answer to their enquiries into the matter, I told them frankly all that had passed with respect to the cloak; but, taking the magistrates aside, I made them acquainted with the circumstance of our finding the mule, and the manner in which we had been treated. These worthies wished first to assure themselves of this fact; but, thinking they had time for all things, commenced by ordering the innkeeper to prison, who, under the supposition that the charge against him related entirely to the cloak, and knowing the little evidence I had respecting it, behaved with the utmost effrontery, making it all a matter of jest, and disputing with the carrier whether I had ever had one.

His vaunting was, however, but of short duration; for, seeing his pickle-tubs brought out by my direction, and, after that, the skin and

refuse of the mule, he seemed actually petrified with fear; so much so, that, falling on his knees, he confessed his delinquency, without attempting to conceal a single circumstance; thus proving, as I before said, that the greatest rogues are always the greatest cowards.

Fearful of being put to the torture, he then confessed his numerous villanies, which, it appeared, were not limited to the plunder of passengers at his inn, but occasionally on the highway. I lent an attentive ear to his confession, hoping that some light might have been thrown on the disappearance of my cloak; but in vain—he owed me too much good will to let me be a gainer by his downfall.

Our honest friend was then sent to prison, and we were detained some time to give our evidence against him, after which we were allowed to pursue our journey. We rejoined our companion of the night before, with whom we made merry with our adventure. Coming away so quickly, we forgot to attend mass, which I lamented much, and it struck me then, as I found it afterwards, that a bad beginning has generally an indifferent close.

OF THE PLEASANT LIFE WHICH GUZMAN LED AMONG HIS BRETHREN; AND AN ACCOUNT OF HIS JOURNEY TO GAETA; WITH THE HISTORY OF A CELEBRATED MENDICANT WHO DIED AT FLORENCE.

In spite of the article contained in the tenth statute of the common law promulgated concerning the state of mendicity, I considered it would be imprudent to make open avowal of the secret I had learnt from Corduan for the benefit of all. We nevertheless lived in perfect harmony together. In the evenings we used to assemble, some ten or twelve of us, and amused ourselves with discussing the different kind of new exclamations we had hit upon, to rouse public sympathy in our behalf. Such was the skill of a few, that they had invented forms of benediction from which they derived considerable profit by the sale of them to other less ingenious heads than their own; so great was their novelty and efficacy with all classes.

On every festival we went early in the morning to church, where plenary indulgence was always granted us. We placed ourselves in the most convenient stations; we continued there the whole morning; and towards evening we issued forth into the neighbouring villages, calling at the country seats and farmhouses on our road. From these we usually brought away some slices of bacon, bread and cheese, eggs, and sometimes old clothes and other articles; so successfully did we

work upon the charity of the good people. Did a person above the common rank happen to make his appearance, we instantly united in setting up a loud lamentation, even at a distance, giving him time to put his hand into his pocket, and vociferating louder and louder the nearer he came, so as to compel him in a manner to be charitable.

If we met a number of good citizens together, and had leisure to prepare to accost them in due form, each played his own part,—one the *blind*, another the *halt*, a third the *dumb*, a fourth the *paralytic*, a fifth the *idiotic*, and some with crutches, making altogether a complication of human misery and distortion, which, with the most able at our head, was sure to penetrate into the pockets even of the callous. Could you but have heard the concord of sweet sounds we made at the crisis that decided the balance in our favour. We beseeched the Lord to bless them with lovely children,—to return their bounty a hundred fold,—and long to preserve their precious health. Not a party of pleasure could be got up, not a single festival pass but we had some share in it; so that however much others expended we gained by them; and so acute was our scent that we could smell the preparation for them at an enormous distance.

In the same way, the mansions of the cardinals, the bishops, and ambassadors, with all kind of open houses, were successfully besieged and occupied by us. Thus we might truly be said to possess all, levying as we did a tax upon all, though really having nothing. I know not how my comrades felt inclined on receiving charity from the hands of a pretty lady; but, for my part, miserable sinner, when I accosted a young creature, enchanting both in face and figure, I looked her steadily in the face while I asked with my eyes fixed upon hers. If she gave me anything, I caught her hand, pressed it affectionately, and imprinted upon it a kiss in the fervour of my gratitude, before she had time to withdraw it. Yet so respectfully, or rather, hypocritically was this done, that the lady, not being previously alarmed, took the whole in good part, as a transport of grateful joy.

What are called the pleasures of life,—erroneously supposed to be monopolized by the great and the wealthy of this best of worlds,—are, in fact, the chief property of us mendicants, who feel no drawback, but taste their flavour with a double relish, without a tithe of their anxiety and trouble to obtain them. Had the happy fellows no other privilege than that of asking freely, and receiving without the least touch of shame or pain, it is such a one as the rest of mankind cannot boast; if we only except monarchs and their royal families, who, without a blush, can demand what they please from their good people, while the sole difference between them and other beggars is, that they always wring out silver and gold even from the poorest people, while we require nothing but a mere trifle from the most proud and wealthy. There is no condition, therefore, more happy and respectable than

that of the mendicant, but all do not know their own happiness :—"beati si sua bona norint."

The most part of us,—wholly sunk in the enjoyment of mere animal life; insensible of the true pleasure of living independently, free from strife, from all speculative losses, all intrigues of state, eternal business; in short, from the infernal embarrassment in which the great are involved,—to the day of their death have the folly to envy what they ought to avoid. The first man who embraced our kind of life, must, from his very nature, have been much better than the great—I mean a great philosopher.

I had been led to think that this noble fraternity was safe from the usual shocks of fortune, but the malicious goddess made them occasionally feel the effects of her ire,—throwing little stumbling-blocks in their way, much like the one I broke my shins over, when on a visit at Gaeta, whither I had gone out of curiosity, and in the idea that a man, already able in the profession, would only need to enter the town to feel a revivifying shower of alms poured upon him from all sides. No sooner was I there, than, having assumed a new complexion, I placed myself at the entrance into a church. As luck would have it, the governor of the place was then passing, and after looking at me very earnestly for a few moments, he gave me alms. A number of the natives immediately followed his example, and it acted as a continued benediction for me during more than a week; but there is a medium in all things, and I did not observe the golden rule. On the next festival, my complexion appearing no longer ingenious enough, I changed it for a huge ulcer on my leg, and for this purpose, I put in practice one of the choicest secrets given me by Corduan.

After having put my leg into this elegant case, I took an advantageous station at the entrance to a well-frequented church. There, setting up a sorrowful howl, caused by the new pain I felt from the ulcer, I caught the eye of almost everyone that passed. I thought I excited the compassion of all who looked on me, but unluckily my rubicond complexion, which I had neglected to sicken over with white, seemed to give the lie to my lamentations, and might well excite suspicion; but good people are not over suspicious, and I heard the golden shower dropping sweetly and plentifully, as they went into the house of prayer. In short, I got more than all the rest of my brethren put together, and they wished me at the devil, with my ulcer, that brought the capital into one bank.

As the stars at last would have it, there came the governor to hear mass at this very church,—surely for my sins,—and he recognized my voice in a moment, surveying me intently from head to foot. Yes, it was my voice, for elsewhere I was impenetrable; my whole person being disguised in the most effectual manner, with a huge napkin round my head, reaching down to my nose. Alas! he was a man of

strong natural penetration, and suspicious as the devil; for, as he fixed me with his eyes, he seemed to be saying within himself, "For these several days past, I have heard, I have seen, this odd-looking fish; is it possible he has got so dreadful an ulcer—all at once! Let us examine a little farther." "Friend," he observed, "you seem in a sad plight; your case truly deserves compassion; come, follow me, I will at least give you a shirt to your back."

I had the indiscretion to obey, for I suspected nothing. Had I so done, spite of all the people at his heels, I vow I would have given him the slip, and saved my unfortunate carcase. He had no sooner got me safely housed than he assumed a cold and severe aspect, from which I augured nothing pleasant. He then asked me sharply if I were not the person he had seen at the door of a church, with a complexion as pale as death? I grew pale enough indeed, at this, and lost all presence of mind; I could not deny it: and when he asked me how I had got so speedily cured of my scalded head, and other infirmities, I was still more puzzled than before. "Besides," he continued, "I cannot comprehend how, with that ruddy complexion of thine, thou hast got such a terrible ulcer in the leg." "My Lord," replied I, quite disconcerted, and trembling every limb, "I know not how it is, except that it is the will of God."

But what was my anxiety, when I heard the governor direct one of his messengers to go and call in a surgeon. I saw what was coming, and would have made an attempt to save myself, had not the doors been already closed upon me. Not a chance was left me; the dreaded surgeon came, he examined my leg; but with all his ability and experience, he would, perhaps, have been deceived, had not the cruel governor privately communicated the reasons he had to believe me an impostor. Of course, he had little merit after that, of probing the thing to the bottom; he unbundled it all anew, and putting on a knowing face: "I verily believe," he said, "the rogue has nothing amiss with his leg, any more than I have with my eyes; I see through it; bring me some warm water;" which being done, he proceeded to restore it to its natural form and colour. I had not a word to say in my defence, and held my tongue.

The governor then ordered me to be presented with a shirt, as he had promised, and this was nothing but a most severe flagellation, administered by a stout fellow, who laid on at the governor's special order with right good will on my bare carcase. After thirty lashes he stopped; I was dressed by the same surgeon, and told to take myself off, spite of my smarting, at double quick time, under a more terrible penalty were I again found in the same territories. This advice was quite superfluous. I hastened from the accursed spot, shrugging up my shoulders, and marched as quickly as possible to reach the milder government of the Pope. I uttered a thousand benedictions at the

sight of my well-loved Rome once more ; I wept for joy as I entered it, and wished that I had arms long enough to embrace it with the devoted love of some returning prodigal son, or happy pilgrim.

I rejoined my comrades, and took care not to say a word of the new marks of honour I had brought back with me : there would have been no end to their raillery, and I should never have heard the last of it. I merely said I had been making a little excursion to the adjacent villages, but, with the exception of Rome, there was no place on which our profession could fairly rely, either for profit or safety. I had, indeed, been a great ass to leave such a city at all. Our plan now was, when we had got some money together, to convert it into gold, which we sewed up in our clothes ; and which, old as they were, covered wherewithal to buy many a costly suit. It might fairly be said of us, indeed, that we were edged with gold. A few of the more experienced veterans among us were like treasure ships, escorted by a convoy of other less valuable but not less formidable vessels, armed well with cudgels instead of guns. The poor are always avaricious and cruel, and they possess these two qualities in a supreme degree. I can give a very singular and satisfactory example in the history of one of the profession whom I knew ; it is really altogether too curious to omit. He was of Genoa, named Pantoloni Castelleto, married at Florence, and had a son, whom he proposed to provide for without the usual difficulty of labour, or giving the *quid pro quo*. The villain, knowing the suppleness of an infant's joints, actually broke and distorted them in a manner to make a perfect object of the poor little wretch ; though you will say, perhaps, this is not very extraordinary in a beggar. To be sure, the members of that profession in all nations are subjected to this treatment, for the purpose of exciting compassion ; but as a Genoese, our Pantoloon had an ambition to excel all his generation therein ; he disfigured his own child in so horrible a way, as to reverse his whole system, if we except his tongue and his arms. He was borne about the streets in a kind of cage, fixed on the back of an ass, which the little hunchback guided well enough with his hands.

If his body, however, were deprived of human shape, his intellect seemed proportionably to have grown keener. His wit improved as he grew older. In this way, his hits were so hard, and his replies so comical and caustic, that he levied upon everyone he met ; his humour being seconded by his appearance. This satire upon nature and mankind survived withal to his seventy-second year, at which period he fell sick, and, feeling his latter end approach, he became more serious, sent for a confessor, a clever fellow whom he knew, and, having conversed with him upon his affairs, both spiritual and temporal, he made him call a notary, and dictated his will in the following terms :—" 1stly, I commit my soul to God who created it—my body to the earth—and wish to be buried in my own parish. 2ndly, I

order that my ass shall be sold and the proceeds be applied to defray my funeral expenses. As to my pack-saddle, I leave it, as by right, to my lord, the grand duke, whom I name also for my executor and residuary heir."

The old mendicant died a few days afterwards, and his will being made public, became the general topic of Florence. Having very generally possessed the reputation of a sarcastic and eccentric genius, it was thought that this last trait of burlesque had been thrown out to make us laugh after he was gone; but the duke thought different: he had heard of his habits, and he suspected there was some mystery hung about the will.

To ascertain this, he ordered the pack-saddle which had been left him to be brought into his palace, and examined in presence of all his court. Not a little to their surprise, there tumbled out a lot of gold pieces, which continued to shower down till they reached the sum of three thousand six hundred crowns, each of the value of four hundred maravedis. It afterwards appeared that it was by the advice of the confessor that he had thus disposed of his fortune; a gift of which the grand duke made a most pious use, inasmuch as he applied the whole to a charitable foundation—that of saying masses, in perpetuity, for the benefit of the testator's soul.

HOW GUZMAN EXCITED THE COMPASSION OF MY LORD CARDINAL, AND WHAT ENSUED.

HAVING roused myself early one fine morning, according to custom, I went and seated myself at the door of a cardinal, concerning whom I had heard an excellent character, being one of the most charitably disposed in Rome. I had taken the trouble of getting one of my legs swelled, on which, notwithstanding what had passed, was to be seen a new ulcer, one that might set at defiance the most penetrating eye or probe of a surgeon. I had not this time omitted to have my face as pale as death; and thus, filling the air with horrible lamentations while I was asking alms, I moved the souls of the different domestics who came in and out to take pity upon me; they gave me something; but I was yet only beating up for game—it was their master I wanted. He at length made his appearance—I redoubled my cries and groans—I writhed in anguish;—and I then accosted him in these terms:—"Oh! most noble Christian; thou friend of Christ and his afflicted ones! have pity upon me, a poor wretched sinner. Behold me cut

down in the flower of my days;—may your excellency be touched with my extreme misery, for the sake of the sufferings of our dear Redeemer." The cardinal, who was really a pious man, stopped; and, after looking at me earnestly, turned to his attendants. "In the name of Christ, take this unhappy being, and bear him into my own apartments! let the rags that cover him be exchanged for fine linen; put him into a good bed—nay into my own—and I will go into another room. I will tend on him; for in him do I verily see what must have been the sufferings of our Saviour." He was obeyed; and, oh charity! how didst thou shame those lordly prelates who think Heaven in debt to them, if they do but look down on some poor wretch: while my good cardinal, not content with what he had done, ordered two surgeons to attend, recommending them to do all in their power to ease my agony, and to examine and cure my leg; after which they should be well recompensed. He then, bidding me be of good cheer, left me, to pursue his affairs; and the surgeons, to make the best of my case. They declared at once that it was useless, and that gangrene had already commenced. So seriously did they pronounce this, that, though I knew the effect was solely produced by staining my leg with a certain herb, I almost felt alarmed for the consequence. They then took out their case of instruments, called for a cauldron of hot water, for some fine linen, and a poultice. While these were in preparation, they questioned me as to the origin of my disease, how long I had had it, &c., &c.?—moreover, whether I drank wine, and what was my usual diet? To these, and to a hundred such interrogatories, I replied not a word; so great was my alarm at the terrific processes that appeared to be going on, in order to restore me to my pristine health and soundness. I was infinitely perplexed, not knowing to what saint to have recourse; for I was apprehensive there might not be a single one in heaven inclined to interfere in behalf of so thorough-paced a rascal. I recalled to mind the lesson I had so lately been taught at Gaeta, and had my misgivings that I might not escape even on such good terms as I had done there. The surgeons ranked high in their profession; and, after having curiously turned round my leg about twenty times, retired into another room to discuss the result of their observations. I remained in a state of horror not to be described; for it had got into my head that they would decide upon amputation; to learn which I crept softly towards the door to listen, fully resolved to reveal the imposture in so dreadful an alternative. "Sir," said one, "we may consult here for ever, to little purport; he has got St. Anthony's fire." "No such thing," replied the other, "he has no more fire in his leg than I have in my hand: we might easily remove it in a couple of days." "You cannot be serious," said the first speaker. "By St. Comus, I know something of ulcers; and here, I maintain it, we have a gangrene." "No, no, friend," replied the second, "we have no ulcer—we have a

rogue to deal with—nothing is the matter with him. I know the whole history of his ulcer, and how it was made. It is by no means very rare; for I know the herbs with which the impostor has prepared it, and the ingenious method in which they have been applied." The other seemed quite confounded at this assertion; but, ashamed of owning himself a dupe, he persisted in his former opinion: on which a pretty warm colloquy would have ensued, had not the more ingenious of the two had the sense to recommend first to examine the leg, and to end the dispute afterwards. "Look a little deeper into the matter," said he, "and you will see the fellow's knavery." "With all my heart. I will confess you are right, when I see there is no ulcer, or rather gangrene." "That is not enough," replied his colleague. "In acknowledging your error, you must also admit I am entitled to at least a third more fees than yourself." "By no means," retorted the other. "I have eyes to detect imposture as well as you; and I am of opinion we ought to divide the good cardinal's fees fairly between us." The dispute now waxed warm, and rather than give up his point, each declared that he would make the cardinal acquainted with the whole business.

In this dilemma I did not hesitate a moment—there was no time to lose—escape was impossible. I rushed into the presence of the faculty, and threw myself at their feet. With well-dissembled grief I thus addressed them:—"Alas! my dear sirs, take pity upon an unfortunate fellow creature. Think, gentlemen, 'homo sum; nihil humani,' &c.: I am mortal like yourselves—you know the hard-heartedness of the great, and how the poor and forlorn are compelled to assume the most horrible shapes in order to soften their hardness; and in doing this what risks and sufferings do we not encounter, and all for so small a remuneration. Besides, what advantage will you get by exposing such a poor miserable sinner? You will certainly lose your fees, which you need not do if you will let us understand each other. You may rely on my discretion; the fear of consequences will keep me silent, and we may each benefit in our respective professions."

Upon this the men of physic again consulted, and at length came to the resolution of pocketing their fees, "secundum artem." Being all of one mind, we now begged to be ushered into the presence of the cardinal, and the surgeons then ordered me to be placed upon a couch, at the side of which they made an immense display of chirurgical instruments, dressings, &c.—again consulted, and after wrapping my leg in a great number of bandages, they desired that I might be put into a warm bed. His excellency, meanwhile, was full of anxiety to learn the state of my health, and whether there were any hopes of recovery? "My lord," replied one of the surgeons, "the patient is in a deplorable situation, gangrene has already begun; still, with time and care, there is a chance that he might recover, please God, but it will

be a long affair." "And he is fortunate," said his coadjutor, "in having fallen into our hands; another day, and he was lost for ever; but no doubt Providence must have directed him to the door of your excellency."

This account seemed to please the cardinal; it gave him occasion to display the truest Christian charity, and he desired that neither time nor skill might be spared in the endeavour to restore me to health. He also directed that I should be supplied with everything; and the surgeons on their part pledged themselves to do all that art could effect, and each of them to pay me a visit at least twice in the day; it being necessary to detect the slightest change that might occur in my present condition. They then withdrew, not a little to my consolation; for I could not but regard them while present, in the light of two executioners, who might fall upon me at any moment, or publish my imposition to the world. So far from this, however, they made me keep my apartment for three months, which to me seemed like so many ages, so difficult is it to give up the habit of gambling—or begging, with the tone of freedom they seem to include. In vain was I daintily lodged and fed, like his excellency himself; the *ennui* I felt was intolerable. I was incessantly beseeching the doctors to take pity on me, and bring the farce to a close, until they were at length compelled to yield to my importunity.

They left off dressing my leg, and, on its being reduced to its natural size, they acquainted the good cardinal with the fact, who was in raptures at the performance, under his auspices, of so great a cure. He rewarded them handsomely, and came to congratulate me on the miraculous event; and having acquitted myself well in his frequent visits to me, in regard both to my opinions and my principles, he imbibed a real kindness for me; and to give me a farther proof of it, he gave me the situation of one of his confidential attendants—a species of honour I was too deeply sensible of to be able to refuse.

HE BECOMES PAGE TO THE LORD CARDINAL, AND PLAYS OFF SOME CURIOUS JOKES.

BEHOLD me at once in the character assigned me, of favourite page to his eminence, an enormous step in life for me; though from that of rogue to private domestic, with the exception of the livery, there is not so great a distance as might be supposed. But to turn me from habits of idleness, and living by my wits, was something like trying to make a fish live out of water, for such was my element. The tavern

was my province,—the primum mobile,—the centre on which I moved. But here everything seemed to go by clock-work; order and sobriety were general rules; and I was either employed in showing people up and down stairs, or placed sentinel in an ante-room, standing like a long-necked heron in a fish-pond, upon one melancholy leg. In short, I was at everybody's beck and call; sometimes behind my master's chair, at others behind his carriage; and always expected to be in twenty different places at once, without any respite from the first of January to the last day of December. "Wretched slave that I am," I exclaimed, "what boots it to put up with this unhappy life from week to week, and year to year. Alas! it will kill me, I must fly for it; once I was lacquey to all the world, and now my genius pines under a single master. I wear his livery; and what are my perquisites but candles' ends! Here, too, I run risk; unhappy Guzman! should I be detected, assuredly I should not escape under fifty lashes!" And in this way I went on bemoaning my unfortunate condition. Besides the candles' ends, we used occasionally to help ourselves to any of the delicacies of the season; but this required more address than many of my companions could lay claim to; and one day I remember there occurred a disagreeable affair in consequence. A fool of a waiter, happening to be fond of sweets, laid hands upon some fine honey-comb, which he thought he had cunningly hidden in his pocket handkerchief. The weather was excessively hot; and the honey was soon running down the white stockings of the thief. As his fate would have it, the cardinal's eye came in contact with the phenomenon, and, suspecting what was the case, he burst into a violent fit of laughing. "See, my good fellow," he cried, "the blood is running down your leg, you have wounded yourself, what is it?" At this inquiry the attention of the whole company was directed the same way; his fellow-servants stared; and the wretched culprit stood before them with all the evidence of detected guilt glowing in his face. Yet too happy had he got rid of the affair with this exposure, for he paid far more dear for his whistle, so as to make it the bitterest honey he ever tasted.

The greater part of his companions were as little experienced in the light-fingered art as himself, while I, agreeably to my old custom, undertook to instruct them, by laying my hands on everything belonging to them, that came in my way. His eminence, in an adjoining cabinet, kept a large box of dried sweets, confectionary, and fruit of all kind, to which he was extremely partial. Among other articles, he had a choice store of Bergamot pears, Genoese plums, Granada melons, Seville lemons, oranges from Placentia, lemons from Murcia, cucumbers from Valencia, love-apples from Toledo, peaches from Aragon, and raisins from Malaga; indeed, everything most exquisite and alluring were to be found in this fragrant chest. My mouth watered every time I went near it; and much more, when the cardinal

ordered me to take the key and bring him a dish, after he had dined. But I longed in vain, for, as if suspecting my object, his eminence took care to be present, while I opened the precious deposit;—a want of confidence which sounded to me like a challenge of skill, and made me resolve, if possible, to outwit him, and taste "the forbidden fruit," in spite of him. I now thought of nothing but how to accomplish my favourite scheme. The box was an ell and a half broad, two and a half long, and had a good lock in the middle. Yet to work I went; and first, I took a flat stick, which I introduced in a corner of the chest, and used as a lever. After this, I took more of the same kind, so as gradually to raise the top till I could introduce my little hand, and filch what came nearest to me; but lest this should appear, I got a little hook to draw the fruit from the other side, so as to make an even surface. By this plan I became master of this sweet little store-house, without keeping a key.

Unluckily, however, I made such frequent applications to the same treasury, that the deficiency became apparent. The cardinal saw enough to make him think—the dilapidations were terrible—and, one day, taking a fancy to a beautiful lemon which he remarked the evening before, it was found to be no longer *in esse*. Greatly astonished, the dignitary called his chief attendants: he wished to know who of all had the impertinence to open his sweet-box without his permission. He charged his major-domo, a priest of a severe, forbidding countenance, to make minute inquiry, and let him know the author of so bold and wicked an attack. The surly priest fixed his eye upon the pages: he commanded us all instantly to appear in the great hall, and to undergo a strict search; but examinations and threats were alike useless—he was just as wise as before—the fruit was already eaten.

The affair blew over; nothing more was said, but his eminence had not forgotten it. On my side, too, I was on my guard: for three days I did not so much as look at the box, though I felt such forbearance extremely painful to me. I was only reserving my ingenuity for an occasion of indulging it with a greater degree of impunity. It presented itself, I thought, one day after dinner, when my master was engaged in play with some other dignitaries. While thus occupied, I concluded I should have full leisure to return to the charge. I glided, with my genius all on the alert, into the secret cabinet; no one had seen me; I was already in the act of drawing forth some precious specimens, when I heard a foot approaching quickly; in my hurry to get my hand out, one of my levers gave way, the lid closed, and I remained fairly caught, like a rat in a trap; when, on looking round, I beheld the cardinal at the door, with an expression of malicious triumph in his countenance. "Ah, ah, my friend Guzman," he exclaimed, "it is you, is it, to whom I am indebted for the loss of my

sweetest fruit?" I could not reply; but the horrible grimaces I made, and my excessive vexation at being thus surprised, gave me so ludicrous an appearance, that his eminence could not avoid laughing. He then called his visitors to enjoy the sight, pointing me out as the little delinquent he had long been in search of; and the whole of them appeared to be infinitely amused at my expense, the cardinal declaring, that, as it would be long ere I appeared in a similar situation, he must make the best of a bad example. He next called his steward, the man with the hard, gloomy countenance, and, pointing me out, ordered me to receive five and twenty lashes of the sharpest and severest he could give. The cardinal's guests upon this ventured to interfere in my behalf; but all they could do was to get the sentence commuted for half the number of lashes, which they agreed I had well merited. What was worse, Domine Niccolo, my mortal enemy, was the arm fixed upon to inflict the horrible stripes, in his own apartments, and acquitted himself so well of the charge intrusted to him, that I felt the effects of it for more than a month afterwards.

But, if he here indulged his ill-will, I was determined not to be behind-hand with him, and I accomplished my vengeance in the following manner. It was then the season for gnats, which could bite as well as Master Niccolo, and showed as little respect to his stewardship as to other people. He complained bitterly of their disturbing his rest. "Sir," said I, "you may be rid of them whenever you please; in Spain we have an admirable secret for keeping them at a distance, and I will communicate it to you if you wish it." "You will do me a favour," returned the major-domo, "if you can tell me how to keep these vile beasts away." "Then you have only to hang at the head of your bed a large bunch of parsley well steeped in vinegar; the gnats will no sooner smell it, than they will all settle upon it, and, the next moment, fall down dead. This has always succeeded." He believed me, and was resolved so try the experiment even on the ensuing night; but he never repeated it; for, instead of killing the vicious little devils, it made them ten times more vigorous and alert, and they assaulted the unfortunate Messer Niccolo more cruelly than ever; they nearly bit his eyes out, and his nose swelled to the size of a pumpkin. In his attempts to keep them off, he smote himself as many blows, and almost as hard as he had hit upon my rear quarters; so that, considering the much greater time and torture to which he was subjected, I found that I had been well avenged. In the morning I went early to his bed side; his eyes were closed and swelled, his face, hands, and neck so well peppered with bites and red blotches, that few of his best acquaintance could have recognized him. He assured me in a hoarse voice, for his throat seemed sore also, that my receipt was of no value whatever. "Then that was owing," I replied, "to your not steeping the parsley long enough in vinegar, or perhaps the

vinegar was not good; for it is a fact, that I have tried the same means these many nights, and never once knew it to fail." The simple steward thought this was all gospel, and prepared fresh bunches, which he allowed to steep in new vinegar for upwards of six hours. The next night he strewed his whole chamber as well as his bed with the preparation; the consequence of which was, that the gnats of all the vicinity swarmed into the apartment, and he was nearly eaten up alive.

The ensuing day he looked more like a leper than a human being; and such were his sufferings and his rage, that he would assuredly have immolated me to the manes of his departed peace had he encountered me alone.

I was, in fact, compelled to throw myself upon the consideration of the cardinal, who called us both into his presence, and after giving me a severe rebuke, cautioned Messer Niccolo, with a smile against proceeding to extremities; and insisted, like an excellent Christian, upon our keeping the peace. "Yet why, Guzman," he concluded, "have you played off such a wicked trick upon this good man; what demon instigated you?" "The demon of twelve lashes, my Lord," replied I, "and not only of twelve, as he had orders from you to do, but of more than twenty, which he gave me out of his own good will. I have only returned him what he lent with interest." In this way did the affair blow over. However, I was no longer a page of the chamber; I was degraded from my rank, and driven to serve among the menials of the establishment. Still I did not despair: the chamberlain was a man of honour, and could see to reward merit, though a little over scrupulous, and even visionary in his notions. He had some poor relatives, whom he used to assist with at least half of his salary; and sometimes he went to dine or sup with them; a circumstance which afforded the old major-domo a subject of mirth and raillery before the other officers of the household, and even in the presence of his eminence.

One evening, the chamberlain, having returned from a visit to his relations, rather indisposed, went to repose himself in his own room. The cardinal, seeing him absent at supper, made inquiries respecting him; in answer to which, he was informed that the good chamberlain was indisposed. "What is the matter with him; go instantly and bring me back word," said the cardinal; "he must not be neglected." The messenger soon returned with an answer, that the patient's complaint was so trivial as only to require a little rest to restore him to health. All was so far well, had it not been for the malice borne the poor man by Messer Niccolo, who, having learnt the next morning that he found himself much better, yet failed to make his appearance, was resolved to rouse him. With this view he disguised one of the pages, who was in his confidence, in women's clothes, and directed

him to conceal himself in a recess of the chamberlain's apartments; in which he succeeded without the occupant's knowledge. Meanwhile, the cardinal inquired after the health of his chamberlain, to which Messer Niccolo replied, "My Lord, I am informed that he has had but a poor night, but that he is now better." The cardinal, who was truly attached to all who surrounded him, said he would go and make a visit to the patient, and the major-domo forthwith ordered him to be awakened, and made acquainted with the honour which his excellency had in store for him.

The cardinal accordingly entered the chamber, and took his station by the side of the patient's bed; but in the same moment, what was his surprise, to behold a lady issue from her place of concealment, and, with evident marks of embarrassment, run across the room, as if eager to avoid the dignitary's presence. "I am lost! I am ruined!" she exclaimed, as she made her escape. "What will his excellency think of me?" Not in the least prepared for such a scene, and believing his chamberlain to be little worse than a saint, the good cardinal was at a loss to express his horror and astonishment; while the patient, as if he had set eyes on some terrific vision, cried out to all the saints to protect him, for that the great devil, as in the case of St. Anthony, had assuredly cast out his snare for him. Such was his agitation, that he had nearly leaped out of bed in presence of the good cardinal, in order to effect his escape from the polluted spot. The rest of the domestics had, by this time, gathered round, and being in possession of the secret, could not conceal their extreme mirth on the occasion, which led to the discovery of the plot; for his excellency, taking compassion on the unhappy man, charged the parties present with an attempt to bring him into disrepute; and assuring him that he saw through the whole scheme, bade him good cheer; and with a smile he could not conceal, took his leave of us.

This occurred just at the moment I was returning from the discharge of a commission, with which I had been entrusted early in the morning. I found the good chamberlain still looking dejected and unhappy, on which I entreated him to acquaint me with the cause of his trouble. He told me all; at the same time more than insinuating his conjecture of the author—no other than Messer Niccolo himself. "It is so, my dear Guzman," he replied, to my condolence; "and I would give either my last eye, or my tooth, to bring it home to him, and avenge myself on his extreme duplicity and baseness. To do this, I am in need of your advice: a master of the art, like you, will enable me, after what you have done, to give him a good Roland for his Oliver." "Why truly," replied I, "if I were in your place, I would not sit down quietly under the insult; he should never get absolution for such a piece of indecent wickedness as that; no, he should do penance for it to the last day he had to live. He is my

superior, I know; and I have no business to meddle in the affairs of those above me. To be sure, I was pardoned for taking vengeance on the same gentleman, because it is natural for even the least animals to turn and sting the foot that tramples on them; and he had, moreover, treated me in the most brutal and shocking manner. But here I dare not interfere."

It was in vain, however, I represented my inability and disinclination to enter into the question; his repeated intreaties, and the friendship I felt for him, added to my dislike of Messer Niccolo, to say nothing of my natural love of mischief, had too powerful a hold upon me; and I gave him my hand. "Rely upon me," I observed; "I will put my best foot foremost in this affair, and redeem the good opinion you seem to entertain of me. But you must be most cautious not to let him suspect anything; be on the same friendly footing with him as before,—he must not know we are acquainted with the author of the bitter jest, for that would spoil all." He promised compliance; and, in fact, played his part so well, that not a single soul of the establishment imagined what was going forward. Everybody thought, from his easy manner, that he had ceased even to remember the occurrence at all.

Meanwhile, the scheme I had in view was secretly approaching to maturity. I bought the ingredients I wanted; namely, powdered rosin, mastic, and incense. I mixed it all together, and put it, wrapped in a paper, in my pocket, to be ready at any moment. Nor was it long before an opportunity offered. One day, as the post was on the point of setting out for Spain, and the cardinal's head man mightily engaged, I entered early in the morning into his quarters, and found his valet waiting in his dressing-room. "Friend Giacomo," I observed, "I am going to breakfast; I have got a nice ham, bread, honey, &c., all I want to add is a bottle of wine; if you can provide one and come and partake, well; if not, I must seek one who will." "Go no farther," replied my friend, "you have found your man,—I will get a bottle of excellent wine,—stop where you are; I will be with you in a moment." He went; and looking about for what I wanted,—being left master of the wardrobe,—I saw a pair of inexpressibles, in which he was accustomed to wait on state occasions. Turning them inside out, I gave them a good sprinkling with the powder I had brought with me, after which I carefully replaced them in the same spot. Giacomo returned with the wine; but we had hardly begun breakfast, when his master called him to dress, and kept him so long in assisting him, that I was obliged to empty the whole bottle by myself, in patient expectation, at the same time, of hearing something of the operation of my powder.

It produced its effect during a dinner, to which a great number of guests had been invited. It was in the middle of summer; the heat

was frightful, and Messer Niccolo was busy in the hall superintending the other domestics. I observed by his gestures that he was far from being quite at his ease, though for the life of him he dare not give expression to the extreme irritation he suffered. He knew not how to move, or how to look; and, as fate would have it, the more he stirred the greater became his torment.

The tenacious powder, coming to still closer contact, at last irritated him to such a degree, that he stood like some wretch under a severe bastinado of nettle-rods, or whips tipped with the points of needles. Nor was this all; the cardinal beckoned him, and speaking to him softly in the ear, he all at once caught a whiff of the fragrant powder, which made him put his hand to his nose, and enquire what kind of new incense he bore about him. The major-domo's face grew all colours, and he took himself to a greater distance, while a long smothered laugh among the rest of the domestics, led all to direct their eyes towards the unhappy Niccolo, and then with a look of suspicion upon me. I stood close to him, enjoying my triumph, but with a serious countenance, listening to all his ejaculations, and secret complaints. "Guzman, my friend," he observed, "what means the tittering of yon idle rogues?" "It is all," I replied aloud, "because our worthy major-domo has thought proper to take a dose of Spanish flies, to produce a gentle motion." The cardinal burst into a loud laugh, and the whole of his guests followed his example. Niccolo saw at once he had been made the martyr of some mad freak, and unable to stand out against the redoubled peals that resounded on every side, he fairly ran for it, followed by the inhuman jeers of us all. He was no sooner gone, than his excellency, addressing himself to the chamberlain, enquired into the merits of the case, and was informed of everything relative to it. This put the seal to my character, both as a very deep and a very dangerous man to have any business with except upon an amicable footing.

In short, ere two months, I was restored to my situation of page, and resumed my usual functions. I conducted myself just as if nothing derogatory to me had occurred; having once lost the sense of shame, my self-possession and presumption were really extraordinary. If ever, I was only ashamed of being taken in the fact. Such indeed, was my predilection for mischief, that to serve some roguish end, I believe I should have taken a leap from the top of St. Angelo, to seize on my prey.

The good cardinal being extremely fond also of preserves, he was never without some jars brought from the choicest places in the world. As the jars were emptied, they became the property of the first valet who laid his hands on them. I had got one in this way, in which I preserved my cards, dice, and silk handkerchiefs, with similar kind of property belonging to a poor page. His excellency was one day

told that twelve little barrels were just arrived at a merchant's for him; and the major-domo was forthwith dispatched to procure them. I said to myself, "it will be strange if I cannot get possession of a single barrel;" and I retired to my chamber, to think over the best means of obtaining my object. At last I hit upon this plan:—I emptied the little barrel of my perquisites, and then, having filled it with earth and straw, closed it carefully up, so as to make it appear newly arrived. After this I went to wait the arrival of the others that were about to appear under the escort of our major-domo, who commanded us to carry them forthwith into the cardinal's private cabinet appropriated for the purpose.

Each of my fellow servants took one; I modestly pretended to be the last, for which I had my own reasons, for we all passed by my chamber, and following the others, I had a good opportunity of slipping in without being perceived, and quickly exchanging the boxes, I carried that filled with earth and boldly laid it down along with the rest in the presence of the cardinal himself. Being all safely deposited in a row, the cardinal, with an air of complacency, addressed me as I came in last: "Well, Guzman? what think you of these? methinks it would be difficult to get a hand in here, or to force open the lids." "There are many ways, please your excellency," I replied, "for arriving at the same end." "But here I defy you, friend Guzman; all is made fast here." "May I request of your excellency not to say too much," said I, with an appealing look, "for the devil is very busy, and he might suggest something to deceive you." "He is very welcome, then, boy; let him help you to steal from one of these boxes if he can; I give you a full week to prepare your plans. If you succeed, I will not only give you what you catch, but more; it being always understood, that, in case of failure, you pay the penalty in person; for your ingenuity, I suspect, will be no match here for the difficulty of the enterprise." "That is but fair," replied I; "and with your excellency's permission, I will gladly venture on the stake. What is more, I will submit to as many lashes as Master Niccolo in his wisdom may think proper to inflict, if I fail to effect in the next twenty-four hours the little object for which you have given me a full week; and you may judge, after what has passed between Master Niccolo and myself, whether I am impartial or not in selecting him for my judge." The good cardinal smiled, and it was finally arranged between us, that the ensuing day should witness either my triumph or my most painful disgrace.

What a variety of precautions did not the excellent prelate put into practice to keep my fingers from coming into contact with his precious sweets! Not relying only on the power of key and lock, he placed sentinels at the entrance, selected from among those domestics in whom he had the greatest confidence; with what success we shall show.

The next day at dinner, observing me somewhat thoughtful, my excellent master addressed me with a good-natured smile: "Guzman, my poor boy, I guess well the subject of your reverie; you seem already to feel the heavy hand of Master Niccolo applied, as it soon will be, to the patience and fortitude of your disposition." "I am thinking very little about that," retorted I, "inasmuch as I have the sweetmeats already safe in my hands."

Aware that no one could possibly have penetrated through so many precautions as he had adopted, the good prelate seemed perfectly astounded at the impudent confidence of my reply. He rallied me more than before on the severity of the discipline he said I was about to receive, and on the satisfaction he should derive from the exhibition —so justly my due. I let him run on in this strain, but when the dessert appeared, I stole quietly out of the room, and betook myself to my own chamber. There I took from my own stock a quantity of the finest fruit, with which I covered a splendid plate I had brought with me, and returning, placed it with a most respectful air before his excellency, who could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. Beckoning to his chamberlain, he gave him the keys, and bade him go examine, and bring an account of the number of barrels in his cabinet, as it was too evident there must be one or other missing. He did as he was ordered, and soon returned to say, that the whole were there in perfect safety.

"Ah," exclaimed the prelate, "I see through your trick, Master Guzman; not being able to reach my fruit, you have purchased some at a high price as like mine as possible. No, no; this will not do; you must contrive to overreach me, or submit to be flagellated at Master Niccolo's good pleasure. Seize him, and give it him smartly, as long as you please." "I am ready," returned I, "if you will only first let me show you one of the twelve barrels which came yesterday, and which I have now safe in my room." "Take care what you say, young sir," observed the chamberlain in a grave voice; "for I have just counted twelve in his excellency's cabinet." "That is very probable," I replied, "but did you never see a sheep-skin without the sheep?" The prelate laughed, declaring he would respite me till a full examination had been made; and with that view he invited his noble guests to go along with him, to see, he said, that we had both fair play. To judge by the confident air I had assumed, few there conceived that the thing could possibly fall out to my discomfiture and pain. The good cardinal himself examined the barrels, each separately, and finding them all right in number, he enquired what I had to say. "They are all there, my Lord," returned I, "but does it follow that they are all full of what you think?" Losing all patience, he was about to turn them inside out, when I declared that I would spare him the trouble; at the same time taking the one which I had filled with

earth and straw, and strewing the contents upon the floor. After doing this, I ran to my own chamber, and brought back with me the real box, about half emptied of its contents, and gave a true account as to how it had fallen into my hands. Everyone present began to applaud my ingenuity, though at the expense of my character, and laughed heartily indeed at the adventure. His excellency, in fulfilment of the promise given, ordered me to be presented with one of the barrels, which I generously gave up to my less distinguished fellow-pages, as if to show that what I had performed was done simply for the diversion of my good master. At length, however, his excellency, not quite satisfied with other proofs of my dexterity, and the general example held up to his household, would assuredly have rid himself of my services, had not his humanity been aware that it would be exposing me to run my neck straight into a halter, such being my inveterate love of living by my wits.

For this reason he still retained me near him, spite of all the little specks in my character, in order that I might, thus well situated, have no motive for committing any great or grievous crimes.

GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE.

EPISODE.

IN the celebrated city of Seville, the capital of Andalusia, resided a foreign merchant named Micer Jacobo. He was of an excellent family, possessed of considerable wealth, and highly respected in his profession. He had been married in early life to a lady of a noble family in Seville, who died a few years after their marriage, leaving him the parent of three children. The two elder were boys, and were educated with all the care which became their rank in life; the youngest, being a girl, was brought up in a convent of nuns, where she was taught everything that was deemed in those days necessary to form an accomplished female.

The favours of fortune are held by a most uncertain tenure; and no class of persons experience her mutability more than merchants, whose possessions are estimated by the size of their purses, and the nature of the times, and who seldom know the medium between abundance and poverty.

It happened that the two sons of the merchant, who had been on a voyage to the Indies, were on their return with the produce of their negotiation, amounting to a large sum in gold and silver. They were already within sight of the bar of San Lucar; almost, as it were, on the threshold of their home, when a violent tempest arose, which drove them from the port; and the vessel, becoming unmanageable, foundered upon a reef of rocks, and everybody on board perished.

The unfortunate father, overwhelmed with the afflicting intelligence of the death of his children, and the total wreck of his fortunes, was not able to bear up against the calamity, and survived his misfortunes but a few days, leaving his orphan child destitute on the world.

At the period of this terrible bereavement, Dorothea (such was her name) was still under the maternal protection of the nuns. She found herself in so short a space of time deprived of friends and fortune; and was doomed thus early in life to experience all the vicissitudes attendant on affluence and poverty. Seeing herself so utterly destitute, the first idea that suggested itself to her was, to embrace a religious life. Those employments which had hitherto

been followed as amusement, were now to be considered as necessary occupation; and the little elegancies which she had fabricated as presents, were in future to be the only means by which she could gain an honourable subsistence.

The good nuns with whom she had so long resided, conceiving a great regard for her, and pitying her forlorn condition, were anxious that she should still continue with them; but as their will was regulated by their Superior, it was ordered otherwise; for in a few days the poor girl received intimation, that she must either pay a certain sum to be admitted amongst the sisterhood, or quit the convent. Not having the means of complying with the former, she took the latter course, and in company with some young persons of respectability, though almost in an equally destitute condition with herself, she engaged some humble apartment, with the resolution of gaining a subsistence by labour. She was dexterous with her needle, and her talent was so excellent in embroidery, that her work had already gained her some reputation in the city.

Her extreme beauty and misfortunes—her virtue and amiability, were likewise so well known, that there was but little doubt of her finding sufficient employment. Her patience under misfortune, and the cheerfulness with which she passed from a life of ease to that of labour, were considered as a rare example to all young persons of her time.

The Archbishop, having occasion to order some work in embroidery, and finding that none could do it so well as Dorothea, employed her, and promised that she should be well recompensed. It was necessary, in consequence of the extreme fineness of the work, that the gold of which it was partly constructed, should be of a better quality than any she possessed; she was therefore obliged to go among the shops in the city, though accompanied by some of her companions, to choose some for her purpose.

They were recommended to the shop of a young man who had not long been in business, but who had already contrived, by the fairness of his dealings and the quality of his merchandise, to establish a good reputation. Dorothea wished to purchase enough to finish the work, to save time and the inconvenience of going from home, but finding that the money paid to her in advance would not be sufficient to pay for the gold she required, she intimated to the dealer her intention of returning for the remainder when her work should be in a state of forwardness.

The young man, however, struck with the beauty and manner of his fair customer, and seeing that want of money alone prevented her from completing the purchase, would on no account allow her to be disappointed by any such consideration. "My dear young lady," he said, "if the gold is such as suits your purpose, I beg you will take as

much as is necessary without troubling yourself about immediate payment: I am in the habit of giving credit for sums of much greater consequence, and without half the satisfaction that this would afford me." They were all charmed with such unexpected courtesy; and Dorothea, taking the quantity she originally intended, paid what money she had brought, and left her name and address with the young man as security for the remainder.

Dorothea, in taking away the young man's gold, had, though without the slightest design on her part, likewise deprived him of his heart; and after the departure of his fair customer, poor Bonifacio discovered, to his cost, that the return of his merchandise would hardly repay his loss. His mind was so engrossed by the charming image he had beheld, that he could think of nothing else; and considering from what he could judge of her circumstances, that an offer of marriage from a respectable man would not be treated lightly, he determined to make enquiries respecting her.

He found no difficulty in making himself acquainted with all the particulars of her misfortune and of her present situation, with which he remained exceedingly afflicted, seeing, as he thought, an insurmountable objection in the inferiority of his own condition in life. It was true that she was poor; but she might, nevertheless, be imbued with all the prejudices of birth, and consider an alliance with him, although in superior circumstances to herself, to be incompatible with her former ideas of situation and rank. When he thought of her beauty, her good qualities, and the reputation she enjoyed throughout the city, he could not but consider her as a treasure too far removed from him to hope to gain; and he despaired, when reflecting on his own unworthiness and slender pretentions, of creating a sufficiently favourable impression to counterbalance his deficiencies.

But, as true love is not easily disheartened by difficulties, Bonifacio, relying on the correctness of his intentions, determined to neglect no means which opportunity might afford him of acquiring the esteem of his mistress. He found no difficulty, from the pretexts which his business afforded him, of introducing himself to the little *coterie* of which Dorothea was a member; and as his conversation was always marked by cheerfulness and good humour, he soon became a welcome visitor. He proceeded with great caution; and by a variety of little attentions, without bearing the appearance of officiousness, he ingratiated himself into the good opinion of all.

Amongst the companions of Dorothea was one, who, from her greater age and experience, was entrusted with the direction of their little establishment, and she was treated by them with the greatest respect. It was to her that Bonifacio more particularly directed his attention; and having gradually and with great prudence made known to her his intentions, he solicited her assistance in his behalf. The

good old lady, having a high opinion of Bonifacio, readily promised to assist his views with her young friend; and choosing a favourable opportunity, communicated to her the young man's proposal, respecting which she now urged her favourable consideration.

Her companions, likewise, with whom Bonifacio was a great favourite, praised his good qualities, and did all in their power to forward his suit. Dorothea listened to the reasons by which the old lady supported her opinion, and in the end committed herself entirely to her guidance. Great was the joy of Bonifacio when he heard of the successful commencement of his hopes; and in fine, to cut matters short, the marriage was celebrated amidst the general congratulation of their friends. They lived happy and contented in their new condition, to which they were still more endeared by the affectionate regard they entertained for each other, founded on their mutual virtues and good qualities.

The evil one, though he sometimes closes his eyes, never sleeps, and is more especially on the watch to interrupt the peace and harmony which is generally expected from the union of well-regulated minds. He invokes every power of which he is master to his aid; and uses so much more secrecy and diligence in the accomplishment of this evil intention than is ever employed in good purposes, that he not unfrequently succeeds. This poor young lady, therefore, did not escape his treacherous wiles; and even though her virtue seemed proof against his machinations, he did not on that account relax in his endeavours. He assailed her when visiting her friends, at church, and during the most solemn ordinances; even at the communion, he caused her inquietude by presenting her continually with the most nefarious instruments of his wickedness, disguised under the appearance of young men, handsome, noble, generous, and gallant; who whenever she made her appearance, never failed to testify their admiration and solicit her regard.

But little advantage did they gain from these importunities; the virtue and good conduct of Dorothea was proof against such ineffectual attacks; and she determined in future to expose herself as little as possible to such inconvenience by remaining more closely at home. When this resolution became known by her continued absence, the street in which she lived became a favourite resort, each seeking by any means an opportunity of seeing her, though without effect.

Amongst the gallants who sought to attract her attention, and who were all of the principal families of the city, was the Lieutenant thereof, a young man, unmarried and wealthy. He lived in the house opposite to that of Dorothea, in the upper and principal stories, so that he could at any time overlook the more humble habitation of his neighbours, from his windows and balconies; indeed, in so complete a manner, that Dorothea and her husband could hardly retire at night, or rise in the morning, without being observed.

With this advantage, the Lieutenant made his advances with great facility, though without having any result to boast over his more fortunate rivals,—Dorothea still remained without reproach, and even without suspicion.

Amongst the number who composed this goodly brotherhood, thus seeking to undermine the virtue of an humble, but innocent female, was a cavalier of Burgos, who was remarkable for his handsome appearance, was of good family, and possessed a handsome estate; qualifications which, favoured by a certain frankness and liberality of disposition, were considered sufficient to make an impression on the most obdurate heart.

But the virtuous resolution of Dorothea was so well grounded, that she might have laughed at all the little contrivances made use of to win her from her duty, had not the wary fowler, seeing the inefficacy of common art, resorted to the most subtle deceit, though in the most innocent guise, to entrap the simple dove.

This cavalier, who was called Claudio, had in his possession a white female slave, who, though born in Spain, was of Moorish parentage. She was remarkably graceful in her person, and was moreover exceedingly clever, and of good address. Claudio sent for her one day, and having told her how he was situated with regard to Dorothea, asked her advice how he should proceed. The slave, having made herself acquainted with all the circumstances, replied to her master, laughing all the while, "What, my dear Señor—what mountain do you wish to remove, what sea to agitate, or what dead person to reanimate, that you should thus afflict yourself, and make so little of me?

"The difficulties which seem to discourage you, do not dishearten me—with a little trouble and patience I will conquer them. Do not despond, therefore, and trust me, that within a few days I will deliver the pretty bird into your hands, or my name is not Sabina." From that moment she took the negotiation in hand, and commenced her play with as much circumspection and ability, as one who begins a game of chess with the determination to give check-mate. She collected a quantity of the choicest flowers that could be procured, and weaving them with great care and ability into a chain garland, she went to Bonifacio's shop, where she stated herself to be the servant to a lady abbess of a convent of nuns, who, having occasion for some gold of a superior quality to finish some ornament for the day of Saint John, and hearing the good repute of the article manufactured by Bonifacio, requested two pounds of the very best he could procure, and sent him the nosegay as a present. She likewise hinted to the trader, that she took the present quantity merely to prove it, and that she should return every week for a supply, if the quality answered their purpose.

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Bonifacio was delighted with such a liberal customer, and was no less pleased with his present, from the choice flowers with which it was composed, and the taste with which it was fabricated.

Immediately when the girl was gone with the gold, Bonifacio flew to his wife with the beautiful nosegay, which was received by her with as much delight as was evinced by her husband in presenting it. When she was informed, too, whence it came, it gave her still greater pleasure; for she recollected the happy days of her childhood, when her time was employed in occupations of a similar nature, amongst those of the same class, whom she still loved and respected. She requested of her husband, that when the servant should again visit his shop, he would invite her within, as she had a great desire to converse with her of the convent.

On the following week, Sabina again visited the trader, and said that the gold was so good that she required the same quantity as before, and had brought another present from her lady to him, together with a little image of the Virgin and a rosary, so exquisitely worked, that it was quite a curiosity. When Bonifacio saw it, he declared that his wife would not accept it, unless presented by the bearer; to which Sabina gladly consented, and congratulated herself that her plot had succeeded so well, at the same time feigning extreme surprise to find that he was a married man.

"Ah! you wag," she cried, "you are joking: it was but the other day that my lady was saying, that she knew a young person that would just suit you for a wife; very handsome and rich." "Many thanks," returned Bonifacio; "but if you will do me the favour to go up stairs, you will find that my wife is both handsome and rich; and, moreover, that we live as happily as possible."

"If I thought you were not deceiving me," said Sabina, "I would go."

"Of that you may rest perfectly assured," replied Bonifacio; "come, let me lead the way."

Sabina, pretending no longer to doubt his assertion, followed him to his wife's apartments, where she no sooner beheld her, than, changing her surprise into admiration, she praised her beauty with such grace, and offered her services and friendship so warmly, that anyone who heard might have supposed her language to be dictated by the most sincere and kindly feeling. The embroidery, and the different works with which Dorothea was employed, excited her attention, and elicited her praise. "Oh! how beautiful are these works," she exclaimed; "how sorry I am that my mistress is not here to admire them; I foresee that it would require but little to make you friends: when I relate to her what I have seen, how she will envy me! I declare it will be quite a sin not to make you acquainted. However, now I know you, I shall come and see you very often." With these words,

and other expressions of good will, she took leave of Dorothea ; and, paying Bonifacio for his gold, she departed.

From that time forth she continued every day to repeat her visits : sometimes she called for gold, and at others saying to Bonifacio that it would be a sin to pass his door without calling to see his beautiful wife. Occasionally she called with some present, and artfully endeavoured to excite in Dorothea a wish to visit the convent of her assumed mistress.

When, at length, it appeared to Sabina that the time had arrived when she might venture to realize her plans, she arose early one morning, and taking two small baskets, she filled one with sweetmeats, and the other with fruit of the earliest and choicest description she could procure. With these she repaired to the house of Bonifacio, and presenting them to Dorothea, told her they were the earliest gathered fruits of the season, and that the Abbess, her mistress, thought they could not be more worthily offered than to her.

After receiving the thanks of Dorothea, she added, "that her mistress was desirous that she should oblige her in two things,—the first and principal was, that the following Monday, eight days from that time, was the feast of the blessed St. John the Baptist, and that on the Sunday evening, his holy vesper, she should go to the convent and do penance, and pass a day or two with the nuns, who would, on that occasion, amuse themselves in a variety of ways, which could not fail to be agreeable to her."

She further informed the wife of Bonifacio, "That several female relations of the nuns were about to visit the convent at the same time, to join their innocent festivities ; and that they would call for her and conduct her thither in their company." The second request was merely "That she should give, as an offering to the saint, two pounds of gold thread to work on an ornament for the altar."

"As to the gold," replied Dorothea, "I will give it with all my heart ; and, indeed, I should be happy to comply with the wish of my lady the Abbess, if I were my own mistress. You know, Sabina, that there is another whose will must be consulted before I can pronounce YES or NO."

"And I promise him," returned Sabina, playfully, "that it will be an unlucky word if he should say NO ; I would not stir hence for these eight days that are wanting to the feast, without taking you with me. Indeed, my mistress will take no refusal ; and it would be hard to deny her first request, particularly when her expectation has been so much raised by the accounts I have given of your beauty and understanding."

"Nonsense, Sabina," said Dorothea, "how could you say so much of an elderly dame like me?"

"Old, do you say," said Sabina, laughing ; "you had better tell me

that spring is the end of the year, or that May is December; I should be just as likely to believe you. Ah! you wicked thing, you have not lost your vanity yet, I see." Bonifacio and his wife both laughed at her pleasantry; and the good-natured husband, without suspecting there was a snake in the grass, immediately gave his consent.

"On my life, Sabina," said he, "you have pleaded irresistibly; and as our lady the Abbess has done us the honour to request my wife's company, I cannot think of refusing her. Should the ladies of whom you spoke pass this way, and will call for her, they can go to the convent together."

Sabina was almost beside herself with joy at these words, as much from the secret pleasure she took in mischief, as from the gratification of having successfully achieved her undertaking. She lost no time in returning home, and hastily throwing off her mantle, ran to inform her master of the success of her negotiation. Claudio was obliged to guess at the meaning of her incoherent declarations; for so rejoiced was she, that her exclamations were more those of an insane person than of one celebrated for acuteness of understanding. Claudio was no less delighted to think that the stratagem had succeeded, and for the whole week could only speak of his anticipations; while his confidant, Sabina, was never weary of discussing an affair which redounded so much to the credit of her own talent and dexterity.

Sunday at last arrived, the day on which they had appointed to put their notable scheme into execution.

Sabina had engaged a few females subservient to her master's interest to assist her in the plot, and dressing some as married women, and others as duennas, she set off for Bonifacio's house. On their arrival, he answered the door himself, and seeing such an apparently respectable company, after paying his compliments, called down his wife, who was already waiting for them. She came gaily down to meet them, quite delighted at the anticipation of the amusement promised her, and at the pleasure of making so many amiable acquaintances.

After accosting them with much good nature and affability, she took leave of her husband, and, encircled by her new friends, departed for the convent.

When they were at some distance from the house, proceeding, as Dorothea supposed, to visit the worthy Abbess, and amusing themselves by the way with lively and innocent conversation, one of the ladies suddenly stopped, and exclaimed with evident chagrin, "Mercy on me, how came we to forget Doña Beatrice, whom we invited, and who, I dare say, is now waiting at home expecting us!"

"God bless me," cried another, with well affected surprise, "how could we be so negligent! I vow by the bones of my mother, that I

no more recollected her than I do the first dress in which I ever appeared. However, we cannot go without her, and so, if we turn down this street, we shall not lose much time in calling for her."

With that, one of the ladies who was the most in advance, and who, with amply folded petticoats, and a rosary of a most portentous appearance suspended from her neck, seemed the most devout and matronlike of the party, immediately led the way directed, and was followed by the rest.

As it may be supposed, the house of Doña Beatrice was no other than that of Claudio, at the door of which they knocked for admittance. The summons was answered by a servant, who, opening a window, demanded their business, and whom they wanted. The elderly and respectable matron immediately replied, "Go and tell thy mistress that she must hasten and descend quickly, for her friends are waiting." The servant retired, as though to give the message, and shortly returning, opened the door and said, "My mistress hopes you will excuse her for detaining you a little longer; but requests you will take seats in the parlour, and she will be with you as quickly as possible."

The ladies then entered a very elegant room, and seated themselves to await the arrival of Doña Beatrice, but the two who accompanied Dorothea passed with her into an adjoining apartment. It was very splendidly furnished; the hangings were of blue and silver; and in a recess was an elegant bed, very richly ornamented. There was a smaller chamber or boudoir adjoining, in which the three ladies seated themselves; and Dorothea was sufficiently amused with the objects of art and costly workmanship which surrounded her, not to notice any strangeness in the proceedings.

They had been there but a short time, when one of the ladies rising, exclaimed, "This is more than mortal patience can endure. I'd bet a trifle Doña Beatrice is not yet out of bed; let us go and see what she is about, sister," and taking her feigned sister by the arm, the pair hurried out of the apartment, leaving Dorothea alone.

The wife of Bonifacio having satisfied her curiosity, now finding herself alone, and in a house of which she did not even know the owner, began to feel rather uneasy; but her fear increased with her astonishment, when, on the door opening, she saw Claudio enter, to whose person and pretensions she was by no means a stranger. He advanced towards her with an easy air, and smiling demeanour, and saluted her respectfully, yet not without a certain air of tenderness and confidence, that spoke a certainty to her heart, that her fears were far from groundless. Claudio, thinking it useless to conceal what he intended so soon to make her understand, at once told her of his love, and pleaded forgiveness for the daring measures he had taken to secure an interview with the object of his adoration.

It would be vain to describe the scene that followed; the protestations on one side; the prayers and reproaches on the other. Suffice it to say, that Claudio, after exhausting all the eloquence of which he was so perfect a master, left his fair captive an opportunity of revolving in her own mind the circumstances of her untoward situation. From the female slave who attended she could gain nothing but praises of her master's generosity, and every other source of information or escape was denied her.

In this manner the day passed, and the hour of supper arrived. The twilight of a beautiful day was succeeded by as calm and delicious an evening as ever graced the happy climate of Andalusia. The window of the apartment opened on a terrace overlooking a garden, from which the odour of the orange, plum, and jessamine, was wafted on the cool, refreshing air of evening, and the plash of the streaming fountains was heard, as the waters fell into their marble basins with a tinkling, silvery sound. Claudio drew a chair for Dorothea on the terrace, and taking his guitar, sang one of those tender and pathetic sequidillas which never fail to rouse the emotions of the heart. Everything around reminded Dorothea of the elegance of her former life; and the air she had just heard was one of those to which she had formerly listened, when among the number of the noble and the gay. But never before had she heard it so exquisitely sung—never, even in her father's costly home, had she seen greater elegance and refinement of taste than were conspicuous in the mansion of which she was then a tenant. The whole delight of her former life, her lost family and happy home, rushed back on her memory, and she burst into tears. Claudio did not let the moment pass unimproved: he knew the chord which was awakened in her heart, and, before supper was announced, his tender and endearing consolation had almost reconciled her to his deceit.

The room in which their meal was served was illumined with a splendour which left the light of day little to be regretted; yet the glare of the lamps was exhausted by glasses of a pale rose colour, which, without detracting from the brilliancy, cast a subdued and voluptuous tinge on every object around. The supper consisted of the most delicate viands, and the wines and liquors of the choicest and most costly description; the coronetted plate glittered upon her eyes as gorgeous and costly as in her early days of magnificence; why then shall we blame her, if comparisons unwittingly forced themselves on her imagination, between her present humble lot, and the time when such a display as she now beheld she could herself command? Let us not be too harsh on poor Dorothea, if, as her recollection glanced at the utter hopelessness of her present situation with regard to Claudio,—in a house surrounded by his own people, of whom indeed none knew her predicament besides Sabina and the attendant,

—she should contemplate her own feeble means of resistance,—a resistance which, if sufficiently successful to raise an alarm, of which however she saw no probability, could only end in the certain ruin of her reputation. Her husband was reconciled to her absence for two days, after which time she could return without suspicion; in compassion therefore to his feelings, she was inclined to be silent in the affair; and if we add to these reflections the scene around her, the impassioned love of the most handsome and accomplished nobleman in Seville, the feeling still lingering in her heart for the elegancies of nobility and wealth, the early associations of which her short time of probation could not wholly subdue, why shall we wonder that Claudio was spared the sin of increasing his already flagrant transgression.

By this time the brilliancy of Claudio's mansion waxed fainter and fainter; the individuals of his household had caroused to their satisfaction, and it was not long before everything seemed to be hushed in repose. But it so happened that their rest this night was destined to be but of short duration, for under no circumstances does the devil ever give a feast without devouring the greater part himself, and in this instance he did not depart from his universal rule.

It is a very common custom with him to construct a sort of tent or pavilion, wherein he invites a number of his particular friends. Here, by means of opportunity, temptation, and specious suggestion, which he is never at a loss to invent, he succeeds in throwing them completely off their guard; and having lulled them into complete security, he suddenly draws aside the covering, and exhibits them to the public gaze in all the deformity of the vicious career into which they have been seduced. Not satisfied with this partial exposure, he takes his drum and trumpet, and raises such a disturbance, that everybody, far and near, be they never so little gifted with curiosity, immediately repair to the scene to ascertain the cause of such an outcry.

It just happened thus to those of whom we have related this little history—and yet, who could have foreseen that any disastrous consequences could have terminated a scheme so well laid, and apparently so well secured?—but who ought to feel surprised when we recollect who it was planned the entertainment, and who paid the cost?

During that day, as may be supposed, very little order was kept in Claudio's house. The servants, while the master was so completely entranced, felt they had a right to act as they pleased, and were restrained by no consideration; so that when night came, Claudio's cellars had been so thoroughly searched, that very few were in a condition to assist themselves. The consequence was, the fires were badly extinguished, and some combustible matter lying in the kitchen, was kindled by a spark from the chimney, which, extending to some

pieces of furniture, shortly spread with uncontrolled and alarming fury, to other parts of the building. The fire continued to gain ground in the inner part of the house, without anyone being aware of the danger; for, overcome by the wine they had drunk, they were quite insensible to the peril that awaited them.

The flames had now forced their way through the casements, and it so happened that the Lieutenant of the city, of whom we had heretofore occasion to speak, was making his circuit of the place, and seeing an unusual glare at a distance, instantly rode to the spot, and found Claudio's house in flames. The alarm was instantly given—crowds of the police and neighbours rushed to the spot; no answer being returned to their thundering salutations, the gate was forced, and a confused mob rushed in, some to save the inhabitants, others to assist in extinguishing the fire, and not a few to appropriate to themselves what little the flames would relinquish.

Claudio and Dorothea, who were at some distance from the household, received the first intimation of their danger by hearing the doors of the ante-chamber forced open, and the confused sound of voices approaching. Claudio, suspecting the house was beset by thieves, instantly threw a cloak round him, and seizing his rapier, started forth to meet the aggressors; and Dorothea, alarmed beyond measure, hastily threw some garments over her; but before either could reach the door, it was thrown open, and the Lieutenant himself entered, bearing a blazing torch, and followed by a crowd of soldiery.

To paint the horror of Dorothea and the astonishment of the Lieutenant is impossible; surprise and fear prevented her from using any caution in concealing her countenance until it was too late. The Lieutenant's surprise, however, was quickly changed into the most violent anger; to think that his long suit had been treated with contempt and indifference, and that one of such late pretensions should have succeeded as his rival, apparently with her own consent, and doubtless with the knowledge of her husband, was more than he could endure: and without heeding the consequences to himself, in the anticipation of revenge, he ordered them both to prison, that a public exposure might ensue on the morrow.

In vain Claudio threatened the direst retribution--in vain he pleaded his nobility, and protested against the outrage; the Lieutenant was inexorable; and the soldiers, not knowing the person of either, obeyed the command of their officer.

Covered with cloaks to avoid the recognition of the crowd, Claudio and the terrified Dorothea were conducted by the guard through the burning house, and conveyed to prison. The fire was with difficulty extinguished; the Lieutenant retired to his house, not to sleep, but to think of his revenge in the exposure which the morning would not fail to produce. He even endeavoured to contrive some manner of im-

plicating Bonifacio, who he did not doubt had consented to the absence of his wife, for some consideration.

However, leaving the worthy officer to gratify his motive by anticipation, we must return to our friends, whom we left in a pitiable plight on their way to prison. Sabina, who slept in an adjoining apartment to that of her master, seeing how matters went, immediately invented a plan to defeat the intentions of the Lieutenant, who, she was well aware, intended nothing less than the destruction of Dorothea's reputation. It is said, and very justly, that the ready wit of women is more available in critical junctures, than all the wisdom and foresight of the wisest. Without further hesitation, therefore, she provided herself with the remains of a roasted capon, some nice ham, and a flask of wine; then taking a small mattrass and coverlid on her head, and a few reals in her purse, she betook herself to the guard house, where her master and Dorothea were detained. She told the porter, that a servant of her master had been sent there by the Lieutenant, for not being sufficiently prompt in supplying the necessary vessels to obtain water to check the fire, and that with his leave she had brought her a bed and supper.

The trifling nature of the fault and the efficacious nature of a few reals, quickly opened the door; and Dorothea, who was more dead than alive, quickly exchanged her garments for those of Sabina, whose face being concealed by the mattrass, was not known to the porter. Immediately this was effected, Dorothea called to the functionary, and told him that her friend refused to have any supper, and begged his acceptance of it, for which the man seemed very grateful, and accompanied her to the door with every mark of respect, leaving Sabina in her place with Claudio.

Dorothea, following the instruction of Sabina, flew to the house of one of Claudio's relations, who had been an actor in the scene of the day previous, and relating the circumstance to her, remained there the rest of the night; and early on the following morning, accompanied by her and another female, returned to her husband, saying, that as she did not feel quite well, the Abbess advised her to go home.

Bonifacio was much pleased to find his wife return earlier than he expected, and was profuse in his acknowledgments to the ladies who had done him and his wife so much honour. Meanwhile the Lieutentant, delighting in the prospect before him, dispatched one of his assistants to his friend the mayor, giving him an account of the case, and begging that he would repair to the council chamber as quickly as possible, with as many friends as he could collect, in order that the case might be made as public as possible.

He then went over to Bonifacio for the purpose of upbraiding him, and commanding his attendance at the council chamber. Dorothea, who expected some visit of the kind, no sooner heard the voice of the

Lieutenant, and speaking of herself in the most opprobrious terms, than she ran down stairs in the morning dress she usually wore, and confronted the gallant officer before he could enter into particulars. Her appearance was like the effect of an apparition on the Lieutenant, who seemed utterly confounded, as though doubting the evidence of his senses. His evident confusion aroused the wrath of Bonifacio, who thinking that what he had said proceeded from an ill feeling, the cause of which he conjectured, and which the appearance of his wife had caused him to be ashamed of—forgetting the respect due to his superior, and only alive to his insulted honour, with the assistance of his men, he thrust the gallant officer with his myrmidons out of doors. He then returned, happy and delighted, to his wife, to whom he repeatedly expressed his pleasure at her returning even earlier than he had expected.

DORIDO AND CLORINIA.

EPISODE.

I MUST not here omit to give you an account of a singular and appalling event, which took place at Rome, on the eve of my departure from that city, although in no way connected with my own adventures. The ambassador had just finished supper, when a Neapolitan gentleman, who often came to that hotel, suddenly entered our room. He had all the appearance of a man who had met with some unpleasant occurrence, and addressing his excellency—"I am come, my Lord, to acquaint you with a very extraordinary incident, which I have only just heard, and which, as you may see, has really affected me not a little." "I am anxious to hear what it can be," replied my master; "hand the gentleman a chair, Guzman:" and the Neapolitan, being seated, began the narrative as follows:—

A gentleman, a native of this city,—as high-born and accomplished as he is brave and handsome, and of whom, I dare say, you have heard, named Dorido, fell in love with a lady, the fair Clorinia, not more than sixteen or seventeen—beautiful, virtuous, and also of a good family. She received an excellent education, and her charms, both of person and of mind, shone with redoubled lustre, by the extreme care and polish bestowed upon her manners and her attainments of every kind. Her surpassing beauty, which none could gaze on with impunity, made her parents cautious how they permitted her to appear in public, lest some quarrel might arise among those eager to win her regard; for which reason either her father or brother was seldom seen absent from her side.

Already, for some months, had young Dorido seen and loved her; and such was the passion he entertained for her, as wholly to absorb his mind, and lead him, by seeking every occasion for looks and signs—all by which he was permitted to address her—to convince her of its reality. These soft and voiceless witnesses of his love were not always fortunate enough to be regarded; but when they were, they seemed to produce a favourable effect upon the object of them. Clorinia took pleasure in secretly observing him—far more than she let

it appear that she did; but soon, without knowing exactly why, she felt equally interested in attracting his regard, till, by degrees returning his silent advances, she caught the sweet contagion she had before communicated to him, and, for the first time, felt the young emotions of love and jealousy, as he had done.

It was impossible Dorido could be long ignorant of the conquest he had meditated, and for a period he gave himself up to the delighted assurance of being beloved. But soon sighing for more substantial proofs of his success, he sought for the means; he contracted an acquaintance with her brother, Valerio, and so far won his confidence as seldom to be seen out of his company. They continually visited each other, and Dorido had now ample opportunity to contemplate the charms he so much admired, and even to speak to and to hear her speak. Still he could not declare his feelings; and their eyes were the sole interpreters of their secret wishes.

Things, however, did not long remain in this position. Clorinia could not conceal her love from her favourite maid, a girl of some experience, and one who wished to show her devotion to her young mistress. With this view she went of her own accord to find the lover, and said to him: "Señor Dorido, you are very handsome, and it would be foolish in me to conceal what it would be still more foolish in you to conceal from me. I see into your heart; you are in love with Clorinia, and you are not the only one that loves. You are both dying to be left alone together, and I truly pity your case. I shall have no rest till I invent some expedient to give you this happiness." The lover, enraptured to hear these words, thanked the kind creature from the bottom of his heart, declaring that if she succeeded in what she promised, she would find him anything but ungrateful for the boon. He then sat down, wrote an impassioned letter, full of love and gratitude, which he conjured her to deliver safe into the hands of her fair mistress.

Scintilla returned home, and holding the billet in her hand, told her lady the object of her embassy; for which, though she received a sharp chiding, she was soon, with no great difficulty pardoned. How and where the lovers were to meet became the next question. The young lady, declaring it to be impossible, wished to give up the idea; but her ingenious maid hit upon a method which she could not but agree was extremely deserving of a trial. Scintilla was in the habit of occupying a little low apartment, adjoining another set apart chiefly for the lumber of the house, and which received light only through a small grated window, through which a person was barely able to insert his hand. It opened upon a very lonely unfrequented quarter, which seemed to have been made expressly for the rendezvous of two lovers on some quiet night.

When the duenna found her young lady inclined to put her new

theory into practice by means of this little grated window, she went and acquainted the gentle lover, who, that very same evening, about eleven o'clock, found himself close to the place. He saw the window, he saw the good duenna, and she preached patience to him—at least, till the rest of the domestics should have retired. Yet he did not sigh there long; the delightful moment was at hand; Clorinia appeared in all her beauty, though trembling in every accent and every nerve. Her lover, too, could not utter a word. They came to tell their love, and the excess of their joy prevented it; but love has more than one language; the lady's hand was extended through the envious bars, was grasped, and instantly covered with a thousand kisses.

By degrees they recovered the power of speech; they gave full vent to the emotions by which they were governed—the delight of hearing each other speak, and being together. The morning would thus have found, without interrupting them, had not the watchful guardian of their love informed them of the lapse of time. Before bidding adieu, Dorido conjured his mistress to permit him to return on the ensuing evening, at the same hour, to the same spot; and this she had not either the courage or inclination to refuse him.

Both were equally enraptured with their meeting, and sighed with equal ardour to repeat it. Dorido was in a state of impatience and agitation which would not permit him a moment's repose; and he counted each minute until the promised one arrived that was to restore his Clorinia to his sight. The lady was equally true to it, and this night, with less timidity and alarm, their mutual joy seemed to be more intense. A lively conversation ensued, in which each, as eager to display the superior charm of a well adorned and accomplished mind as well as of person, exerted themselves to the utmost, and not a few were the sprightly and happy allusions, and more delicate compliments they made and returned each other. The interview continued more than three hours, and you may suppose was not unmingled with vows and innocent caresses. Such was the charm of this meeting as to render it again imperative on the prudent attendant to remind them of the hour; and it was some time before she succeeded in rousing them to a sense of their danger, and tearing them from each other's sight.

The only other person acquainted with Dorido's passion was a Roman gentleman, named Horazio, who, unknown to his friend, was extremely attached to the same lady. Perceiving, however, that he made no progress in her affections, he conjectured that there was somewhere a rival, perhaps more fortunate than himself; and it was not long before his suspicions were directed towards Dorido, from the circumstance of his being seen so frequently in the company of the brother. To ascertain at once how far he was correct in his supposition, Horazio went directly to Dorido, with whom he was in daily

habit of intercourse, and addressed him in these terms :—"I am come, my dear friend, to ask you a particular favour, such as I trust you will not refuse, for my peace of mind depends upon it. I see you continually with Valerio,—you are very often at his house,—and I suspect that you are smitten with the beauty of his lovely sister. Let me appeal to your candour and kindness,—if it be as I think, reveal the fact, for you are too worthy and noble for me to dispute with you the affections of this enchanting and accomplished girl."

"You are then yourself in love with Clorinia?" inquired Dorido, with an anxious air.

"I am most certainly charmed with her," replied Horazio; "but I am just and sensible enough to allow that you better deserve to obtain her regard."

"In that I should feel myself especially honoured," said Dorido; "but, all flattery apart, I will tell you candidly that it is not my intention to solicit the hand of the fair Clorinia."

"Is that possible!" exclaimed Horazio, quickly; "is it not your object to become the husband of Valerio's sister? Ah, my friend, how different do we feel then,—how I long to unite my fate for ever with hers! And, indeed, if such are your ideas, I think you ought to resign any other views or intentions you may have formed, in favour of my more lasting—more honourable claims. As my friend, you will do as much, I know."

"And as the friend of your Clorinia's family, you might have added," rejoined Dorido; "in that point of view I assuredly ought. Yes, I will leave the field open to you; and if Valerio's sister consent to bestow her hand upon you, I, for one, will not oppose your success. Nay, I will do more, I will speak to her in your favour; and as far as it may depend on me, my embassy shall not be a bootless one."

So delighted was Horazio with this frank and generous conduct on the part of his friend, that he was at a loss for words to express his gratitude; not reflecting that the promise given was conditional, and made to depend upon the lady's own choice. In short, such was the illusion of his joy, that he repeatedly pressed his friend to urge his cause as if it were his own; and with so much earnestness and tenderness of manner, as really to interest the feelings and pique the generosity of his more favoured rival. He felt the power of virtuous love; and, doing justice to the purer motives of his friend, Dorido resolved to sacrifice his more licentious passion, to accomplish the lasting happiness not only of Horazio, but of the lady's family and of herself.

In pursuance of this object, on their next interview, Dorido thus addressed the lady to whom he had before made so many professions of unalterable love :—"You are doubtless not ignorant, Madam, that you rank in your long list of conquests, a gentleman named Horazio;

but I am very doubtful if you are aware to what an extreme degree of is captivated with you. He actually idolises you, and the bare idea of ever becoming your husband is the sole and sweetest dream of his existence; without which, he declares that life has for him no charm."

"I am delighted at what you tell me," replied Clorinia, "for now I shall have an opportunity of shewing you what little regard I pay to the adoration of all the lovers in the world—except—except one."

"I feel," replied Dorido, "all the value of such an acknowledgment, every way so noble; but at the same time, I should be undeserving of this exceeding goodness, were I not in a manner to take up arms against myself, in defence of one of the best, and most amiable and generous of friends. Horazio's merit is great, and when you come to appreciate it rightly, you would probably not much regret it if your parents were desirous of bestowing you upon so excellent a man!"

"How then," exclaimed the beauty, with a look of extreme surprise, and even terror, "do you wish to yield—to destroy me? Can you be in earnest that you wish me to return Horazio's passion?"

"No, truly," replied Dorido, "that is not my idea; I only wished you to understand, that if you bore him any affection, and your parents had resolved to give him your hand, it would have been bootless in me to complain; I would then make a sacrifice to the happiness of my rival, in order to show how truly devoted I am to all your wishes;—do you comprehend me?"

"Do I?" replied the lady bitterly; "I know that I would not fall a victim so submissively as you appear to think; or, or your attachment has lost much of the fidelity—the ardour which I believed it to possess. But," she continued, "I wish not to put you to this proof. Dorido has been the first, and will be the last of the lovers I wish to have;—on that at least you may depend. Let Horazio persist or not, as he feels disposed in his pursuit of me—he will not gain any more in my esteem; and I wish you to understand that as my fixed determination. I was before aware of his views; and I have ever since conceived an aversion for him, amounting to absolute horror; and for which I can hardly account."

Dorido no longer ventured to say a word in his friend's favour; he saw that it was worse than useless to press the subject upon her attention. He changed the conversation, which took an interest of another kind, exhausting itself in the most tender and passionate exclamations on the side of Clorinia, which renewed all Dorido's ardour, and no fewer protestations on his. On the ensuing morning. Horazio called upon his friend: "You have seen Clorinia?" he exclaimed, "and spoken in my favour; and how did she receive it?" was the breathless inquiry he made.

"In very ill part," replied the other, "and you must not continue to

flatter yourself with the least hope. I said all I could to raise your merit in her eyes; your person, wealth, family—but all in vain. I described to her the excess of your attachment, greater, most likely, than it is; but the cruel creature stopped my mouth, vowing, that though you loved till the day of doom, you should never be united in marriage bands with her."

On hearing these words, Horazio grew deadly pale, and seemed lost in profound thought; while, struck with the extreme pain he appeared to suffer, Dorido, softening his tone, beseeched him to summon more resolution, and desist from a vain and fruitless pursuit; adding, that in Rome there were many as lovely girls as Clorinia, who would not require to be compelled to return his love. "Besides, my dear Horazio," he continued, "I am sure you have not the slightest cause to complain of me; I would have yielded her to you, I swear, had I seen the least probability of her indulging an inclination for you. I would have made this noble sacrifice to our friendship; and will you, on your part, refuse to relinquish an anxious, painful undertaking, and which, in the remote case of succeeding, must be at the expense of your best friend."

It was now for the first time Horazio broke silence, and fixing his eyes on his friend,—"I am very far," he said, "from reproaching you. You have rendered me a sad and useless service; you have spoken for me, and I thank you for it. It is only just, I agree, that I should renounce the pursuit of what I cannot obtain: her heart is yours,—and so let it be. Farewell! and I will try to attend to your advice about attaching myself to some other more attainable object."

With these words he left his friend Dorido in the persuasion, that, struck with the justice of what he had said, he would leave nothing untried to banish the thought of Clorinia from his mind. It was not so; he had set down his friend Dorido as a traitor, a false, malicious, selfish hypocrite, who had betrayed him; drawn a hateful portrait of him before the lady he adored; and he now resolved to take the matter into his own hands. "By heavens!" he exclaimed, "I will ask her; I will have her in marriage from her father; he will plead for me better than a rival." He proceeded forthwith to act upon this suggestion; he declared his wishes, and they were accepted and approved. He also obtained his own father's consent, and the two old gentlemen soon sat in council upon the business, the result of which was, that the marriage should take place, provided the inclination of the lady could be brought to accord with their own views.

On the first mention, however, of the affair, such was the extreme repugnance and even horror manifested by the beautiful Clorinia, that the design was as quickly abandoned as it had been formed, as a thing wholly impossible.

How lamentable the folly and weakness of man! to let a single

passion obtain mastery over his mind, until he becomes no longer the same being; and, yielding up the helm of reason, is borne, like a lost vessel, upon the rocks. Horazio imagined he saw his passion treated with scorn,—his rival happy and triumphant; and in an instant, the love which before animated his soul became changed into bitter hatred. He now regarded Clorinia as an object of horror, and brooded over thoughts of revenge. He next began to study the means, and how he could strike most surely and deeply at the hearts of both,—and at a single blow. He set a vigilant guard upon their proceedings, a wretch hired to dog their steps withersoever they went; and having thus discovered the place of their stolen interviews, with every circumstance attending them, there remained little else requisite to supply him with the most strange, cruel, and heartless method of revenge that ever entered into the human breast. Actuated by his infernal hatred, he one night, anticipating the arrival of Dorido, hastened to the place where they met, and approached the little window, at which he already beheld looking forth, the object in pursuit of which he had come. In the obscurity of the evening he knew that the sister of Valerio would easily mistake him for her lover; and, in fact, she addressed him in the most affectionate language—in words that made Horazio's blood boil within him, and impelled him to deep revenge.

In perfect silence the treacherous friend approached: he stretched out his hand, he clasped that of the lady eagerly meeting his, and holding it with a ferocious and gigantic grasp, he had the heart, with a sharp instrument prepared for the purpose, to separate the lovely limb from its arm. The act was momentary; vain were her shrieks; the villain had fled. He already sat in the gloom of his secret chamber, and in the deeper gloom of his soul madly exulting in the thought of his triumphant revenge.

But what were the horror-struck feelings of the family and friends of that fair girl, when, roused by her cries, they found her deprived of consciousness, and bathed in her blood. Her faithful attendant hung over her, still filling the house with her shrieks. On beholding the deed, her parents both fell unconscious at her side; while the unhappy brother and the servants were busily endeavouring to staunch the bleeding wound. It was no time to doubt, to inquire, or to accuse; the most eminent surgeons were summoned to the spot, to attempt, if possible to arrest the unhappy lady's fleeting b eath. The aged father, being meanwhile recovered, l esought his domestics, for the ends of justice, to reveal nothing without orders; while he sighed over the lost honour and happiness of his house. Her brother, Valerio, having armed himself, now issued into the street, attended by his valets; and what was his grief, at being enabled for some distance to track the murderous villain by the drops of his dear sister's blood; for the

wretch had borne along with him the bleeding hand as a trophy of his secret crime. While thus employed, he met his friend Dorido, who was hastening to his accustomed interview with an air of visible joy. In faltering accents Valerio called to him, "Alas! my dear friend, whither are you going? Help us, for God's sake help to find the murderer; for I see by your looks you know nothing of the horrid deed. Our poor Clorinia—my sister"—but words failed him, and he could not go on. "Gracious God!" cried Dorido, "what has happened—quick—answer me—what of Clorinia?" "That," replied Valerio, in a voice of solemn anguish, "that we ought to conceal from every human ear and eye, but to you it shall be told, because I know as my friend that you will unite with me in hunting down, withersoever he flee, the cruel assassin of my poor sister."

Pierced to the heart by these words, Dorido nearly sunk under sudden terror and surprise. Then, trembling and faint, he begged Valerio to explain everything, which he did; and Valerio would then have conducted him to the surgeon, had he not resolutely resisted, exclaiming, "It is no time now for aught but revenge. She will be lost to me! but I will drag forth the [illegible]rd-of villain to light—monster as he is!" "Leave me to deal with him, for I feel this visitation as bitterly as you can. It is impossible to think of it without shuddering: but, heavens! with what delight shall I inflict upon him a punishment, as near as may be commensurate with his fatal crime."

The two friends then separated, Dorido returning to his own house, in the resolution of taking some immediate step to avenge his outraged love and full of indignation against Horazio, whom he more than suspected to have committed the atrocious deed. He first shut himself up in his room, where he gave free vent to his feelings on so severe a loss; for he had now become more deeply attached to the fair Clorinia than before. "My lost, my beauteous one!" he exclaimed, "my envious, hated rival hath indeed succeeded! hath snatched thee from my arms for ever! Alas! you mistook him for your Dorido; and I —I am the sad cause of the calamity that has befallen you. But for me, you had been happy and beautiful as ever!—in all thy sweet innocence and tranquility of soul. Yes, it is I who have been thy assassin! Yet will I not long survive thee,—when once I shall have immolated thy wretched destroyer to thy dear sacred shade! Would only that thou mightest survive, to enjoy the only consolation left us now—to hear of the memorable doom to be inflicted by this right hand upon the body of the traitor!"

The next morning found him still absorbed in grief and tears; but then, rousing himself, he hastened to the house of Clorinia's father, where sorrow and consternation sat on every countenance. The father and the brother seemed to feel fresh grief on his appearance. The old man, as he welcomed him, observed, "Alas! Dorido, my friend, my

sweet girl is even now in the agonies of death. She has lost so much blood, that alone it is enough to forbid every hope. Was there ever a more unfortunate father! What can have been the motive, think you, for the commission of so accursed a deed. It was no man—it was a horrid monster,—and what punishment can be imagined adequate to reach it?"

"Sir," replied Dorido, "try to assuage your grief; and feel quite at rest on that head,—to avenge her is the object of us all. I have undertaken to chastise him;—he will perish. But ere that, give me a legal title to become her avenger; I love Clorinia as my own soul: unite our hands ere she breathe her last sigh. Thus, too, will her reputation not suffer; and you will not owe to a stranger that satisfaction to which you are entitled."

Without hesitation, the father as well as the son accepted the proposal; they extolled his honourable feeling, and expressed gratitude for the noble manner in which he had stepped forward to obviate all unpleasant remarks that might affect the poor girl's reputation. The old man, weeping, took his way to his daughter's bedside; and a delightful smile played over her countenance when she heard what was requested. She signified her assent amidst tears of mingled bitterness and joy. She declared that she should die contented as the wife of Dorido; she inquired eagerly if he were at the house, and if she might be permitted to see and speak to him. This, as the fever appeared to have left her, it was conceived might not prove injurious to her; he approached; but so great was the sudden joy she experienced on beholding him, that she fell into a swoon, from which it was some time before she recovered. The surgeon upon this gave strict injunctions that the lovers should not be permitted to speak to each other; but their looks sufficiently told what they felt and suffered. Observing that his presence appeared to afford her relief, he did not leave her during the remainder of the day. In the evening, a priest and a notary were called in, and the marriage ceremony was performed before the assembled and weeping family.

For the two ensuing days, feeble hopes were entertained of her life. She seemed to rally, and even the surgeon no longer despaired; but all were disappointed. On the third day, a fresh access of fever, of a more rapid and violent character, seized on the patient, and left not the remotest chance. As her last hour drew nigh, Dorido, perceiving that the event must occur, secretly withdrew, and set about the means of his premeditated revenge. He sought Horazio in every spot; and at length meeting with him, he took him cordially by the hand, and as if quite unsuspicious of any crime attaching to him, he carelessly asked if he would come and sup with him that evening, to which Horazio consented, conceiving that as he had heard no public notice made of the atrocious deed, the lady was either recovering, or his friend un-

acquainted with her misfortune. At the appointed hour, Horazio went, as he had been accustomed, to join his friend—and both were soon seated opposite each other at the table. Dorido had however taken care that the wine should be well drugged; and such was its potent effect, that in a very little time Horazio found himself overpowered, and fell into a deep slumber.

It was now that Dorido, assisted by his two valets wholly devoted to his interest, bound the sleeper both hand and foot; they next slipped a cord round his neck, and with this and another passed round his body they fastened him up to a pillar which stood in the apartment. Having before closed all the doors in the house, they now proceeded to administer antidotes to his lethargy, which speedily recalled the unhappy wretch to a sense of his situation.

The moment he found himself awake did the dreadful truth flash conviction and horror to the soul of the assassin,—he knew in a moment wherefore he was there, and what he had to expect. He did more—he confessed his heinous crime, while he implored compassion and mercy in accents of bitter sincerity, such as only the love of life even in a convict can inspire. But here they were all in vain; steeled to the heart's core, the lover and the husband,—bereaved so barbarously of his charming mistress,—listened to his prayers and cries with mockery; his imagination being still haunted with the picture of his dying wife. Bent upon inflicting retributive justice, he proceeded to sever with an axe the hands of the wretched Horazio; and while still in all the agonies of approaching dissolution, he commanded his valets to strangle him with the rope that bound him to the fatal pillar. Then having hung the two dissevered members round the neck of the corpse, he directed them to bear it to the exact spot where the fatal deed had been committed, and on the same fearful night, unable to support the idea of life in a place connected with so many horrors, he took his departure from Rome. Pursuit was vain,—it is not even known what route he took, to what country he has flown; but I have been assured that the unfortunate Clorinia breathed her last about three hours after he disappeared.

Here the Neapolitan gentleman paused;—no one spoke. A story altogether of so tragic a nature seemed to have made a deep impression upon the ambassador, no less than upon all present who had listened to it, and who most unfeignedly deplored the fate of the unhappy lady. They also blamed Dorido in no measured terms; while the whole agreed, on reflecting farther on the subject, that in the conduct of both these Spanish cavaliers there appeared a spirit of revenge, and a reckless daring,—a savage love of blood, in no way compatible with the character of the true knight or of the true Christian.

Cervantes.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

As relates to the life of this celebrated writer, there is, fortunately, no want of materials, and none of that uncertainty so observable in the literature of Spain, in connexion with the memoirs of some other of the most distinguished ornaments of that nation. After the very ample and numerous accounts that have been given to the world of the prince of Spanish wits and novel-writers, we shall not here attempt more than a short sketch of his illustrious career; but rest satisfied with referring the more curious reader to the writings of Mayano Rios, Navarrette, and other biographers of the author of Don Quixote, who, besides several English and foreign translators, are loud in the novelist's praise.

Confining ourselves, therefore, to the more striking and important features of his strange and chequered destiny, and the high rank he subsequently assumed in the literary annals of his country and the world, little more than a brief eulogy on his lofty genius and worth, a tribute of admiration to his greatness of mind and excellence of character, can be comprised in these pages.

Cervantes was born in the year 1547, at Alcala de Henares, of a respectable family. He completed his education at the university of his native city, ranking with the three most distinguished in the country—those of Salamanca, Valladolid, and Alcala. His early and decided inclination for literary pursuits deterred him from embracing any lucrative profession. The natural vigour and vivacity of his genius amply sufficed to raise him to the celebrity he attained: he failed to observe the usual academic rules and studies, or to reap the usual honours; it might be added, at the usual expense borne by the less wealthy sons of Apollo, at least in his country—namely, long poetic vigils, and short commons, with numbers of jealous rivals, and a bigoted and ferocious government, eager to entrap its prey. To these was added what must have been doubly galling to a lofty spirit like his—dependence on the bounty of some lordly patron; and he quickly sought refuge, from a sense of indignity, in the toils and perils of military life.

While thus engaged, and during the intervals of war, Cervantes

composed many of his immortal works, which he was compelled to dispose of for whatever pittance the booksellers, aware of his necessities, were disposed to give. Works like his must always confer reputation on the author during life; but the satisfaction he thence derived formed a trivial compensation for the injurious attacks of his enemies, and the persecution to which they gave rise. They cast reflections upon him, both as a man and a scholar, taking advantage, in the latter respect, of his having assumed no academic rank, and they more especially railed against the mediocrity of his genius in poetry; the wickedness of his satire was reprobated; and he was even reproached with the defects of his person.

In addition to this injustice, the celebrated *Lope de Vega* wrote some verses, which, as a poetical production, and for the grossness and vulgarity of manner in which he assailed Cervantes, must ever be considered a disgrace to his works. But posterity, which judges of character, uninfluenced by the vindicative feeling of party, or the circumstances of the times, has done ample justice to the exalted, yet modest merit of Cervantes, and cites him as an illustrious example against the overweening pride and monopoly of the schools. It recognised in his poetical essays the true mode on which to form the national taste, suited to the genius and spirit of the people. It still admires in his novels the efficacy of their instruction, the vivacity, the justice and perception of character, displayed throughout, the freedom with which self-love is attacked, and, above all, the perfect moral combined with the fine wit, by which the whole is distinguished,—a remarkable feature throughout the works of our author, and to which no other has so successfully directed his attention. His personal defects, on which his enemies did not fail to vent their malignant jests, consisted in the loss of a hand; but of which, far from entitling him to reproach, he might justly have been proud, for he was wounded whilst fighting bravely for his country against the Turks. But, if we throw into the balance the weight of his immortal Don Quixote, what advantage will his rivals then have to boast?

Posterity has compared Virgil with Homer—Cicero with Demosthenes—Horace with Pindar—Milton with Tasso—Shakspeare with Corneille; but to the author of Don Quixote was reserved the glory of having no rival of his work. Avellenada endeavoured to emulate him, and wrote a second part to Don Quixote, of such ability, that had not the first part been in existence, it was of itself of sufficient merit to obtain the palm for Spain in this species of composition; but Cervantes had already gained the triumph of setting his seal to his superiority.

This extraordinary man, who with equal justice and candour designated himself as *Regocijo de las Musas*, departed this world at Madrid, poor and in difficulties, but with serenity and a resigned

spirit, in the year 1616, after having passed a chequered existence in the various and laborious duties of servant, soldier, slave, and a public functionary, of the most unpleasant and precarious class in the service.

His works are too well known to need description. Independently of his inimitable Don Quixote, he was the author of numerous other productions, especially in prose, of sufficient respectability to establish his reputation in the republic of letters. Through the whole of them may be traced the masterly genius which gave them birth, and the talent with which he availed himself of the power and scope of his native tongue. But this latter ability he displayed more in his *Novelas Exemplares*, than in any other of his works.

These, indeed, are among the most excellent of their kind; and I have selected from them two specimens, one of the humorous and satiric, or, as it is termed, the *novela picaresca;* and the other of a more serious and pathetic cast. In the story more recently published, several freedoms have been taken in order to render it fit for an English public.

RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO.

ON the confines of Alcudia, between the provinces of Castille and Andalusia, might be seen a notable house of entertainment for travellers, called the *Little Windmill.* On one of the hottest days of summer, two boys were seen loitering about this place; one was about fourteen years of age, and the other might perhaps have attained his seventeenth year. They were both good looking, though in a sadly destitute condition; coats they had none; their trowsers were of coarse linen, and, for want of better stockings, they were obliged to be contented with their bare skin.

It is true that their feet were covered, those of one being carefully bound in straw or rushes, while the shoes of the other were of so peculiar a formation, that it would seem the utmost ingenuity of the wearer had been displayed, in rendering them more than usually accessible to the elements of air and water. The head of one was partly covered by a scanty cap; the other wore a hat, though without seeming to trouble himself about its deficiency of crown and brim. The scanty remains of a shirt of the colour of chamois leather partly adorned the neck and shoulders of the younger; while his companion had remedied the inconvenience of such a deficiency by the waistband of an old pair of trowsers, covered with grease and completely in tatters, which hung suspended from his neck on his breast, and appeared to conceal a small bundle. In this repository of valuables was concealed a pack of cards of a different shape to those generally used; for by reason of their long service, the corners were so much worn, that they began to assume a circular shape, which had been rendered still more distinct by the application of the scissors, it being found that the circular form was the most durable. Both the youths were much sun-burnt; their nails were begrimed with dirt, and their skin could hardly be called clean. One was armed with a broken sword, and the other with a yellow-handled knife, which completed their costume.

They sallied from the inn and seated themselves opposite each other, under a sort of covering which serves for a viranda in houses of

that description; and the elder, bowing very politely to the other addressed him with all the air of a man of *ton*. "If I might take the liberty of addressing a gentleman of your distinguished appearance without the ceremony of introduction, I should inquire what part of the country has the honour of claiming you as a resident, and whither you intend to travel?"

"Señor Caballero," returned the other, with equal ceremony and politeness, "with respect to your first question, I am sorry that I am unable to satisfy your curiosity, being utterly ignorant of it myself; and, as to the second, I lament that I can afford you as little information, for I really don't know."

"Why, truly, Sir," said he without the shirt, "if I might give an opinion, you certainly don't look as though you had dropped from heaven; and if you had, I should not think you would choose this place for your descent,—consequently you must be going somewhere."

"That is very just," replied the one with the hat; "and yet I have told you the truth, for my country is no longer mine, my father having turned me out: and as to the future, I must trust to chance, which I dare say will put something in my way by which I may get an honest livelihood."

"And pray, may I ask whether you belong to any profession?" said the original querist.

"No other," replied the other, or younger, "than running like a hare, leaping like a deer, or using a pair of scissors very delicately, will fit me for."

"That is all very good and useful," said his companion, "for on next Holy Thursday you will find good employment in cutting paper ornaments for the church." "Ah, but my abilities in cutting do not lie that way," said the younger gentleman. "My father, by the blessing of Providence, is a tailor and shoemaker, and he taught me to cut out *antiparas*, which, as I dare say you know, are buskins, used by men in harvest,—I obtained such a proficiency in the art, that I might have passed examination as a master, had not my bad fortune deprived me of my employment."

"That will happen to the best of us," remarked the elder cavalier, "and I have always heard that the best abilities have always the worst fortune. But I don't doubt a gentleman of your acquirements has some way of bettering his fortune; and, if my judgment don't deceive me, you possess some other accomplishments, which perhaps your modesty will not allow you to make public." "Why, that is very true," said he, of the shirt, laughing, "but, as you say, Sir, they are not exactly for the public."

"Well, then," said the other, at the instant, "although I consider myself as discreet as most youth, yet, to give you some confidence in

me, I will be open with you, and shall expect the same in return, for it is not without reason that fortune has thrown us together, and I am sure it will be to our loss if we do not become friends. You must know that my name is Pedro de Rincon, and I am a native of Fuenfrida, a place of some note, where my father is a minister of the church, that is to say, he sells the pope's indulgences, being, as the vulgar call him, the Bulero. As I assisted him in his traffic, I acquired such dexterity in making bargains, that few could obtain any advantage over me; but observing one day that I was fonder of the money I received, than of my business, he put a purse of dollars into my hand, and packed me off to Madrid to seek my fortune.

"Amongst the temptations of the city, the contents of my purse soon vanished, and I found myself at last possessed of more wit than fortune. I applied for assistance to those who had assisted *me* to spend my money, but it was perfectly astounding to see the want of recollection evinced by these wretches directly I made known my distress: some positively denied my acquaintance, while others dismissed me with their advice to be more cautious in future. I shrugged my shoulders' but suffered my lot patiently; and turned out to seek my fortune with such readiness, that I did not think of providing myself with any luxuries. I took what I thought most necessary, from the things which remained to me, and amongst others, these cards—at the same time drawing them from their concealment—from which I have managed to derive an honourable subsistence amongst the inns frequented by travellers. I always play at *Vingt-un*, which is a very excellent game for my purpose; and although you see the cards are somewhat the worse for wear, yet, I can assure you, they possess a marvellous virtue for those who understand them; indeed, they are become so familiar to me from long acquaintance, that I know them as well by the back as the front."

"Independently of these advantages, I learned of a certain ambassador a method of handling the cards, by which I am as much at home with their capabilities, as you are in the cutting of *antiparas*. So you see, my honourable Sir, that I am in no danger of starving, for let me be in what place I may, there are always persons to be found who are willing to divert themselves with an innocent game; and he who has the least experience, is generally the loser. Now, for example, let us look out for a pigeon amongst these carriers within; we will sit down and play as though in earnest, and if any one wishes to make a third, you will see that he will be the first to lay down his cash."

"With all my heart," returned the younger adventurer, "and I feel much indebted for your frankness, in return for which I can do no otherwise than relate, in a few words, what concerns myself. I am a native of that goodly country situated between Salamanca and Medina del Campo. My father is a tailor, and taught me such a good use of

the scissors, that, instead of cutting clothes, I learned to cut purses. My ambition, however, was not to be limited to the narrow precincts of a country village; and I was already disgusted with the treatment of a mother-in-law; leaving my home, therefore, I repaired to Toledo, where, giving a free scope to my abilities, I did wonders. There was no rosary, let it be hung ever so carefully, and no pocket however ingeniously contrived, that my fingers did not visit, or my scissors divide—even though they were guarded by the eyes of Argus. I can assure you, that, during the four months I resided in that city, I managed to escape all inconveniences. I was never caught between double doors; never taken off my guard; fell not into the hands of the constables, nor became the dupe of an informer.

"It is now, however, about eight days since, that a spy of the police gave notice of me to the corregidor, who, being a great admirer of people of talent, expressed an anxious desire to be acquainted with me; my extreme modesty, for which I am remarkable, prevented me that honour; for thinking myself neither by birth nor education qualified to move in such distinguished society, I was obliged to disappoint his worship, by withdrawing myself from Toledo. I effected my removal with such haste, that I actually did not allow myself time to procure a coach, to provide myself with linen, or indeed any of those conveniences with which gentlemen usually travel; and here I am as you see me."

"Really that was very amusing," said Rincon, grinning; "but now as we know each other, I think it is time to drop our gentility, and confess that we have not anything in the world but what we stand in."

"There is no use in mincing the matter," quoth Diego Cortado, for by such name he called himself, "it is even as you say; and since our friendship ought to be lasting, Señor Rincon, I think we should commence it by a proper manifestation of our feelings:" and then rising, both the gentlemen embraced each other with great apparent cordiality and good will. This little ceremony completing their good understanding, they sat down to play with the above-mentioned cards, having cleaned them from dust and straw, though not from grease, and certain deceitful signs; and in a few hands Cortado became as clever at the game as his master Rincon.

At this time one of the carriers came out, when seeing the two boys at play, he asked them whether they had any objection to a third, to which they goodnaturedly consented. Fortune favoured the boys so well, that in less than half an hour the carrier lost twelve reals, and twenty-two maravedis, which in paying cost him just as many twinges of regret. The loser, however, seeing his adversaries were only boys, thought he could take his money from them again with impunity; but the one drew his piece of a sword, and the other handled his knife so

formidably, that had not the carrier's companions come to his succour, it was likely to have gone ill with him.

At this time a troop of people passed on horseback, who, seeing the disturbance between the boys and the carrier, parted them, and told the former they were going to pass the night about a league further, whither, if they pleased, they might accompany them. "We will go with pleasure," said Rincon, "and anything we can do in return, we shall be most happy;" and, without further invitation, they jumped up on two of the mules and set forward with the party, leaving the carrier in no very enviable state of temper. The landlord could not help laughing at the dexterity of the young rogues; for he confessed he had overheard their conversation, and thus learnt that the cards were false. At this discovery, the carrier could hardly contain himself for rage. He swore the most formidable oaths, and declared his intention of following the young sharpers and reclaiming his lost pieces—not that he valued the money, as he said; but from pure shame to think that so great a man as he should be cheated by two such very little rogues. His companion, however, endeavoured to pacify him, saying, "It was much better to abide by the loss, than to get laughed at for his simplicity."

The two companions now congratulated themselves on their good fortune, and made themselves so useful to their fellow-travellers, that they were allowed to mount behind them the best part of the way; and although many opportunities occurred of exercising their professional abilities with advantage, yet they desisted, from the consideration that they might endanger their journey to Seville, whither they were going. However, on entering the city by the Aduana gate, Cortado was not able to resist the temptation of cutting open the portmanteau of a Frenchman, behind whom he was mounted. His knife was handy on all occasions, and he inflicted so grievous a wound on the valise, that he presently discovered its contents, and selected from them two shirts, a small sun-dial, and a memorandum book. These things, it is true, were of little value; but they served to replenish their purse, which was now exhausted, with twenty reals.

Having secured this, they went to view the city, of which they had heard so much; the cathedral excited their admiration, and they were astonished at the great concourse of people on the river. The galleys, likewise, did not escape their observation, and an involuntary sigh escaped from each, as his thoughts naturally anticipated the time when he might have a closer view of them.

They were surprised to see such a number of boys with baskets, plying for hire; and they took the opportunity of asking one the nature of his office—whether it was laborious—and what was the gain? It was an Asturian boy of whom he made the inquiry, and he replied, "That the business was easy enough—that they paid no duty

—and that on some days they gained five reals, and on others six, as it might happen—with which they lived the life of a king—free to seek any master that paid them well—and then they enjoyed themselves after their own fashion."

This account of the Asturian pleased the two friends mightily; for the anticipation of carrying the goods of others seemed highly favourable to their peculiar abilities, and they forthwith determined to purchase the necessary equipment for their new profession. The Asturian told them it would be necessary to buy some small bags, and three baskets, for fish, flesh, and fruit—the bags to be used solely for bread; and that when provided with these necessaries, they were to attend in the mornings at the flesh-market, in the square of St. Salvador—on fast-days at the fish-market—and in the evening they were to look for employment at the river side. This instruction the two friends committed to memory; and having purchased what was necessary with the spoils of the Frenchman, they planted themselves the next morning in the square of San Salvador. They had not been there long, before their new baskets attracted the attention of the other boys, who soon flocked round them, anxious to know whence they came, and everything concerning them; to all which the friends gave those answers which might have been expected from young persons of their talent and discretion.

At this time a soldier and a student came up, who liking the cleanliness of the baskets, the former called Rincon, and the student beckoned Cortado. Rincon, by way of commencing his office, bowed very humbly to his employer, and said, "I hope your honour will not forget that I am a beginner."

"Never fear," said the soldier, "your reward shall not be amiss, for I can afford to be liberal,—I am going to give a feast to-day to some friends of my mistress."

"Then pray load me as much as you please," returned the youth, "for I have both the will and the strength to carry the whole market; aye, and sugar to season it withal, if such be your honour's pleasure."

The soldier was so well pleased with the quickness of the youth, that he told him, if he desired to quit his present employment, he would take him into his service. Rincon replied with many thanks, saying,—"That as he was so newly entered on the office, he wished to see whether it would turn out well or ill; but, in case of failure, he should not have the honour of serving so respectable a gentleman, because he had given his word to a priest." The soldier laughed, and gave him a good load, directing him to the house of his mistress, and desiring him to remember it well, as he would have occasion to go there often; he then gave him three quartos, and dismissed him. Rincon returned with the utmost speed to the square, lest he should

lose an opportunity; for the Asturian had cautioned him to be diligent and trustworthy; although in carrying small fish, or such like commodity, there was no harm, he said, in taking a little from a quantity which could not be missed; but on no account to take it if there should be the least chance of detection, as credit was the soul of their trade.

Cortado returned just about the same time as Rincon, who, showing his companion the three quartos, asked him what luck he had met with? Cortado, putting his hand into his breast, drew out a purse which seemed to have been made in times past, but was nevertheless well stocked with money, and said,—"His reverence has done me the favour to pay me with this purse, and with these two quartos; but take the purse, Rincon, lest his worship may change his mind." Rincon had hardly secreted the purse, when back came the student, perspiring at every pore, and in the utmost agitation and perplexity; coming to Cortado, "My good boy," said he, "have you by chance seen a purse of such and such marks, containing fifteen crowns of gold, three reals, and so many maravedis in quartos, only wanting the few pieces with which I paid for the meat which you carried?"

Cortado replied, without moving a muscle of his countenance, "All I can say to your reverence is, that your purse would not have been lost had you taken better care of it."

"That is but too true, sinner that I am," returned the student, "for had I taken better care of it, some rascal could never have robbed me."

"That is exactly what I think," said Cortado; "but as your reverence knows there is a remedy for all things but death, now I should advise your reverence to avail yourself of the first and principal, which is patience, for it is recommended by God. One day follows another; and he that gives takes away; so in like manner the time may arrive, that he who has stolen your purse may repent and restore it, even in better condition than he found it."

"That I will excuse," interrupted the student.

"For my part," continued Cortado, "I would not be the stealer of the purse for a trifle; for as your reverence is in sacred orders, it is neither more nor less than sacrilege."

"You say right," said the afflicted student, "for though I am no priest, but only the sacristan of a convent, the money I have lost is the third of a chaplain's salary, which is left in my charge, and therefore it is blessed and holy coin."

"As you have made your bread so must you eat it," said Cortado, in a condoling manner; "but the day of judgment will arrive, and then we shall see the rogue who was hardened enough to steal the chaplain's salary. And pray what might the situation of your friend be worth per annum, with regard to salary, Señor Sacristan?" asked Cortado, innocently.

"Salary of the devil," returned the sacristan, incensed beyond measure at what appeared to be trifling with him. "Is this a time to talk about salary? Tell me, my friend, do you know anything of the purse? if so, say; if not, God be with you; for I must go and have it cried."

"That is the best thing you can do," said Cortado, "and remember," he added, calling after him, "that you are very particular about the description of the purse, and the exact sum contained therein, for if you make the mistake of a single farthing, you will never see your purse again in this world; I only say this, Sir, by way of advice."

"There is no fear of that, my friend," returned the sacristan, "I have it so truly in my memory that I shall not mistake a single thread." Saying this, he drew from his pocket a handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from his countenance; a moment not lost on Cortado, who immediately seemed to take a more vivid interest in the poor man's loss, and suggested several expedients for its recovery. The advice of Cortado was given in so vague a manner, that the sacristan was tempted to ask a repetition; during which, Cortado, taking advantage of the sacristan's anxiety, contrived to beguile him of his handkerchief, when, with many expressions of condolence, he took his leave, recommending him to use all diligence in the recovery of his property; and then returned to Rincon.

"What have you been so busy about with the student?" inquired his companion.

"Why I have been listening to the poor gentleman's distress, which I protest has so affected me, that I was under the necessity of borrowing his handkerchief," replied the young wag, at the same time producing it, and applying it to his eyes.

The two young rogues then indulged in some merriment at the expense of the poor sacristan; but Cortado had not effected the latter transfer so secretly as to escape the observation of a lad who had been watching him. "Pray, gentlemen," said he, advancing towards them, "may I ask of what profession you call yourselves?" "We don't understand you, sir," replied Rincon. "I ask you, gentlemen, whether you are from Murcia," repeated the youth. "Neither from Murcia nor from Thebes," responded Cortado, "and if you have nothing further to say, I wish you a good morning."

"You don't choose to understand me, eh! my masters?" said the querist, "but I think I could soon make you understand—aye, and teach you to eat pap out of a spoon. What I wish to ask of you, gentlemen, is merely whether your honours are thieves, or no? although it is a useless question, because I already see that you are; but I must inquire with more reason, whether you have paid your footing to the Señor Monipodio?"

"Do thieves pay taxes in this country, my fair sir?" asked Rincon. "If they do not actually pay, at least they are registered by the Señor Monipodio, who is their father and their master; therefore I should counsel you to come with me for that purpose, or perhaps you will have cause to repent it."

"I always thought," said Cortado, "that thieving was a free trade, without any duty or impost; and if the professors paid at all, it was only at the stocks, or over the back and shoulders. But as every country has its own peculiar regulations, so we shall be happy to conform to yours, if we might make bold to ask a gentleman of your respectable appearance, to guide us to the abode of the worthy cavalier of whom you speak, where we will prove our proficiency in the science."

"That is well," said the other, "and you will see how well qualified our master is for his situation. Why! during the four years he has had charge of us, not more than four have suffered the capital punishment. But come along, and on the road I will explain to you a little of our vocabulary, which it will be necessary for you to know." During this walk, which was not very short, their new acquaintance instructed them in the language of the craft, very much to the edification of the novice. "And pray, sir," asked Rincon, "may I venture to inquire whether you are a thief yourself?" "Yes, sir; that is to say, by the blessing of God and the prayers of good people, I hope I shall be, although I am not yet out of my noviciate."

"Well," said Cortado, "you will excuse me for the remark; but although I have seen and heard a good deal, I never yet heard of thieving by the grace of God and the prayers of good people."

"Sir," replied the guide, "I am no theologian, and therefore cannot argue on the subject; but this I know, that everybody ought to praise God in the vocation to which Providence has been pleased to call him; and the more so as our master Monipodio has expressly ordered it."

"Doubtless that gentleman must be of a very religious turn," said Rincon, "since he makes his thieves praise God."

"He is the most exemplary man of our profession," returned the youth; "he orders that a part of everything which is stolen shall be set apart to buy oil for the lamp of an image in the city, which is possessed of marvellous virtue. Indeed, we have all seen the good effects of it; for it was but the other day, when a friend of ours was condemned to punishment for stealing two asses, and he bore it without a single cry, as though it was nothing, which can only be attributed to our regular devotion. And you must know that some of our club are so particular that they will not steal on a Friday, nor hold conversation with any woman on a Sabbath whose name is Mary."

"Indeed! this is most exemplary conduct," said Cortado; "but

pray do not the priests sometimes order these religious persons to make restitution or penance?"

"No," returned the other, "because they never go to confession; and if letters of excommunication are taken out against them, they are not likely to know it, because they never go to church during the time they are read; excepting, indeed, at the great holiday, when the crowd of people gathered there makes it a matter of business."

"Pious rogues!" ejaculated Rincon. "And what is the harm of it?" cried the other. "Is it not much worse to be a heretic? or to murder your father and mother?" "Why, that certainly is very bad," said Rincon; "but as fortune is so kind as to allow us to be of this respectable fraternity, I must beg you, sir, to quicken your pace, for I am dying to see our respectable friend Monipodio, of whose virtues you have said so much." "Your praiseworthy impatience shall soon be gratified, for we are already arrived; but you must wait awhile at the portal, while I go within to see whether he is at leisure; for this is the hour he usually gives audience." The companions had just time to survey the house, which was not of the most promising appearance, when their guide reappeared, and called them in. They entered a small courtyard, paved with fanciful brickwork, of a bright red colour; on one side was a bench with three legs; and on the other a broken jar, placed on a stand not in a much better condition. In another place was a rush mat, and in the middle was a space for flowers.

The boys observed everything attentively; and as the Señor Monipodio did not make his appearance, they took the liberty of entering the lower room, which adjoined the court-yard. There they beheld two fencing swords, with two shields of cork, suspended on pegs; a large bow without any case, and three more rush mats on the floor. On the front wall was placed an image of the Virgin, of no great merit in its workmanship; under which was seen a small basket, and a white basin; serving, as Rincon shrewdly conjectured, the former to receive alms, and the latter for holy water.

While they were waiting, there arrived two young men about twenty years of age, dressed as students; shortly afterwards came two of their brothers of the basket, and a blind man, who all walked about the open space without speaking a word to each other. Shortly after them came two elderly persons in spectacles; they looked grave and respectable, and carried in their hands good-sized rosaries. An old woman next arrived, who immediately on her entrance went to the image of the Virgin, and having taken the holy water with great devotion, prostrated herself before the image. Having indulged in this pious occupation some time, she arose, put a small offering into the basket, kissed the floor three times, lifted her hands and eyes to heaven, and then rejoined the others in the court-yard. Lastly

appeared, to give additional grace to the company, two bravos, of most sinister aspect; with large whiskers, slouched hats, and ruffled collars. They were armed with enormous swords, several pistols, and targets hanging from their belts. The moment these worthies cast their eyes on the two friends, they came to them and inquired whether they belonged to the fraternity? Rincon answered in the affirmative, making great demonstration of respect, which the formidable appearance of the querists seemed to demand. At this moment arrived the long-expected Señor Monipodio, to the great joy of the respectable company assembled.

He seemed about forty-five years of age, tall of stature, his countenance of a sullen hue, with sunken eyes, eyebrows joined in the centre, and a black bushy beard. He was dressed in a shirt, and covered with a huge cloak reaching to his feet, on which were a pair of old shoes down at the heels. He wore loose trousers of linen, and a hat used by the lowest vagabonds, bell-shaped at the crown, and large in the brim. Across his shoulders was a belt, to which was suspended a short and stout sword. His hands were short, with fat fingers and long nails; and his feet were a pair, but not matched.

In short, the appearance of this gentleman, whose reputation had been so strenuously supported, was anything but favourable, he being, unfortunately, one of the most ill-looking, misshapen barbarians in the world. The youth who had acted as guide to Rincon and his friend, now led them forward, and presented them to the dignitary, saying, "These are the two gentlemen of whom I spoke to your worship. If you please, you can examine them, and see whether they are worthy to enter our brotherhood."

"That I will do with much pleasure," replied Monipodio, to whom, be it observed, the whole company bowed respectfully on his entrance, except the two bravos, who, considering themselves artists of a higher order, merely saluted him by touching their hats.

Monipodio, having made the tour of the courtyard to see his visitors, then asked the new comers their profession, name, and country. Rincon answered that their profession did not need much explanation; and as to the rest, it was but of little importance, as such information was never expected from those who were to receive orders of distinction. "You are right, young man," returned the worthy, "it is always proper to conceal such truths;—for example, if business did not go well, it would not be very agreeable for your parents to see in the public book, that *so and so*, son of *so and so*, of such a place, stood in the pillory, or was flogged, on such a day, for such a theft; no, no, you are right; and to prevent such inconveniences, everybody ought to have a designation of his own choosing, therefore we only require your names." This was complied with by the two candidates, when Monipodio said,—"It is my pleasure, gentlemen, that hencefor-

ward you adopt the names of Rinconete and Cortadillo, for those which you at present bear, and which, I think, will be quite adapted to your pursuits. It is likewise necessary to make a private communication of the names of your parents, as it is a custom with us once a year to say masses for the souls of those that are no more, which expense is defrayed from a common fund, appropriated for the benefit of the community, such as paying the lawyer who defends us, the priest who advises us, and to reward those our worthy friends who, when a hue and cry is raised after any of our members, appease the losers, by telling them that God will punish the wicked." "These are excellent regulations," said Rinconete, who had already accommodated himself to his new appellation; "I cannot sufficiently admire the sagacity of their compiler; but, Señor, our parents have no need of the pious assistance of the brotherhood, being still in the land of the living. If a change should happily occur, we will not fail to inform you."

"That is well," said Monipodio; who then beckoned the boy who had introduced them. "Ganchoso," said the great man, "are the sentinels placed?" "Yes, sir, there are three placed to prevent any surprise." "Very good," returned the professor, "and now let us proceed to business! Rinconete, let me hear what are your attainments."

"Sir," replied he, "I possess a little spice of art; I can handle cards well, know how to turn an ace to a king, and little manœuvres of that sort; I know the table of chances better than the ten commandments, and have learnt that a stolen guinea is better than a borrowed crown." "That is very good as a beginning," said Monipodio, "but, as you must be aware, these are merely the groundwork of the art. However, with the assistance of a dozen lessons, by the blessing of God, I hope to make you a respectable artist." Rinconete bowed, and returned thanks to the master, who called on Cortadillo to state his qualifications.

"Sir," said Cortadillo, "I have learnt the rule of arithmetic, which says, 'put in two and take out five;' and I know how to dive into a pocket with ease and safety."

"Is that all?" said Monipodio. "That is all, to my misfortune," said Cortadillo.

"Never mind," said the professor, "you are in a good school, where, doubtless, you will soon improve, if you will follow my instructions."

"We have all the desire to improve in everything that touches our art and occupation," replied Rinconete.

"Very good," said Monipodio, "but I should like to know how you could endure, upon occasion, a dozen lashes without opening your lips, even as much as to say, 'this mouth is mine.'"

"We are not so misinstructed," said Cortadillo, "as not to know, that what the tongue borrows sometimes the throat pays; and heaven have mercy on the poor devil who does not know it is as easy to say *no*, as *yes*."

"That is enough," said Monipodio, "I see you are a youth of talent; I am quite satisfied with you, and shall enter you forthwith on our company as a full member, without serving any novitiate, or paying any duty." The company declared their full approbation of the award of their superior, and complimented the newly-elected brother; when one of the sentinels came running in, saying, that the alguazil of vagabonds was coming towards the house at full speed."

"You need not disturb yourselves," said Monipodio to his friends, some of whom began to evidence signs of embarrassment, "this alguazil is a particular friend of mine, and never comes with any hostile intention; I will presently see what he wants." Every one was quieted with this intimation, and Monipodio went to the door to speak to his friend, with whom he was some little time in conversation. On his return, he asked who had occupied the square of San Salvador that morning.

"I was there," replied the guide. "Then how is it that you have not given notice of a purse, which you took there, containing fifteen gold crowns, two reals, and some quartos," asked Monipodio. "Why, sir," replied the boy, "the fact is, that I have never seen the purse; I have not taken it—worse luck for me—and I cannot imagine who has."

"No nonsense with me, sir," said Monipodio; "the purse must and shall be forthcoming; the alguazil is an intimate friend, and has done us great service." The boy protested, in the strongest terms, that he had no knowledge of it; when Monipodio began to show symptoms of ire. "No one shall dare to play tricks with me," said he, his eyes sparkling with anger: "produce the purse, or take the consequences." The boy again asserted his innocence, which only increased the master's rage, and excited the feelings of the whole community against the delinquent who had offended against the laws; when Rinconete, finding it would be a serious disturbance, consulted a moment with Cortadillo, who thought with him it would be better to appease the anger of Monipodio: therefore, drawing forth the sacristan's purse, he said, "Calm yourselves, my worthy masters, for here is the purse which the alguazil requires, and likewise a handkerchief which my companion borrowed from the same worthy gentleman this morning." The countenance of the professor immediately brightened at this confession, and he exclaimed, "Cortadillo the Good, for by such distinction shall you henceforward be known—keep the handkerchief, and content yourself this time with having rendered us a signal service; for the sacristan, whose acquaintance you made this morning, is a relative of the alguazil, who is one of our best friends;

therefore, we must comply with the proverb, which says, 'To him who gives you a fowl it is not much to send a leg;' and the alguazil winks at more in a single day, than we could compass in a hundred." Much approbation was manifested by the company at this generous act; and they fully agreed in the justice of the encomium bestowed on Cortadillo, who remained as proud of his title as other worthy and distinguished men, who have acquired the like honour from their virtues or other qualities.

Before the return of Monipodio, two girls entered the apartment, who, from their address and manner, Rinconete easily guessed to belong to the community. They were welcomed very warmly by the two bravos, Chiquiznaque and Maniferro, the latter so called from having lost a hand by the course of law, and its place being supplied by one of iron. "Well, what news, my charmer?" said one, "what do you bring for the good of the club?" "You will see directly," replied one of the girls, called Gananciosa; Silvatillo is coming."

She had hardly spoken these words, when a boy entered, bearing a large basket covered with a sheet. The good people seemed all very much delighted with the appearance of Silvatillo; and Monipodio, taking one of the rush mats, placed it in the middle, and invited his friends to place themselves round it; then uncovering the basket, which contained abundance of eatables, he desired every one to carve for himself. There was no want of good-will in obeying this injunction, and the knives of the guests were put in requisition; Cortadillo making use of his scanty sword in lieu of a better and more appropriate weapon. The contents of the basket were soon dispatched; and some elderly gentlemen who were of the party, obtained permission to leave, having, as they said, some important business to attend. These reverend members of the community, it appeared, were of the utmost utility; obtaining access by the respectability of their age to houses of consideration, and then ascertaining their value, and facilities for plunder, with which they did not fail to acquaint their worthy employer.

The meal was scarcely finished before a disturbance was heard within, and one of the scouts came running in to inform them that the justice, followed by a whole *posse comitatus*, was advancing to the house. In an instant all was confusion; the remains of the feast were scattered on all sides. Bravos and priests, old and young, lame and blind, instantly betook themselves to their different hiding-places for refuge; and in an instant, the scene of hilarity became as tranquil as though there had been no revellers there. Cortadillo and his friend remained, because they knew not whither to fly; and Monipodio, secure in conscious innocence, as master of the house awaited the coming storm.

It proved after all a groundless alarm. The justice passed on his

way to some other quarter, and the runaways were about to be recalled, when a cavalier was introduced, who seemed to be known to Monipodio, who ordered the bravos to be called down, but no others. "How is it," said the cavalier, "that you have not executed my commands?"

"I do not know what has been done in the business," replied Monipodio, "but hear the artist who had the affair in hand, and I will answer for it he can give you good reason." He then called Chiquiznaque to give an account of his commission.

"Is it of the merchant in the crossway?" asked the man of office.

"The same," said the cavalier.

"Ah! I watched for him last night at the very door of his house," rejoined the bravo, "and when he came I looked him full in the face, which I found to be so very small, that there was positively not space enough for the fourteen slashes that you ordered me to give him; therefore I could not complete your destruction."

"My destruction!" echoed the cavalier, crossing himself, "God forbid! My instructions, I suppose the gentleman means to say."

"Yes," said the imperturbed Chiquiznaque, "that is what I mean. But lest you should say I am not a man of honour, and have neglected my duty, I gave the required number of slashes on the face of his lacquey, who, I warrant, can show the marks."

"What use is that to me," said the cavalier; "I had rather that the master had seven than the lacquey fourteen; however, you will have no more than the money I left, and I will bid you a good morning." Saying this, he took off his hat, and, bowing to the gentlemen, was about to leave, when Señor Monipodio caught him by the skirt. "Stay, sir, if you please," said he, "and as we have acted honourably in this affair, we shall expect you will do so likewise; there are twenty ducats wanting, which we must have before you leave."

"What do you call acting honourably?" said the cavalier. "Is it giving the punishment to the man that was intended for the master?"

"His honour forgets the proverb that says, 'love me, love my dog,'" said Chiquiznaque. "And what the devil has that to do with the case?" asked the cavalier. "A great deal," replied the other, "for the same rule reversed must be equally true; therefore, 'hate me, hate my dog,' is applicable here, and our conditions are thus honourably fulfilled."

"Come, your honour must not split straws with your servants," observed the professor, "but take my advice, and pay what has been honestly earned; and if you are contented to give an order that can be executed on the master, it shall be punctually performed."

"If you will do that," said the cavalier, "I'll pay it willingly." "It shall be done as I am a Christian," said the master, "I'll engage that

Chiquiznaque shall make both master and man so like each other, that they shall not be known apart."

"Well, with this promise," said the cavalier, "take this chain for the twenty ducats owing, and forty on account of the business you have in hand. It is worth a thousand reals; but I shall require no change, as I think I shall have occasion shortly to send you to another friend of mine on the same errand." He then took a handsome gold chain from his neck, which was received with the utmost politeness by Monipodio, and Chiquiznaque promised on that very night to wait on the merchant. The cavalier went away very well contented; and the professor then called the members who were absent, and placing himself in the centre, drew out his book of memorandums, and gave it to Rinconete to read aloud. The first part of the book was an account of the heavy business which had been paid for by their different employers, such as assassinations, slashing in the face with a poignard, maiming, &c. It began thus:—

"Memorandum of the serious business for the week.

"First, The merchant of the crossway to receive fourteen cuts across the face—value fifty crowns—thirty received on account; to be executed by Chiquiznaque." "That is all for this week in that line," said Monipodio; "go on a few leaves further, and see what is to be done under the article of cudgelling." Rinconete soon found the place, and found written "Memorandum for cudgelling."

"First, The master of the Clover-flower eating-house a dozen stripes of the very best quality, at the rate of one crown each—time allowed six days; to be executed by Maniferro." "You may soon rub that out," said Maniferro, "for this is the last night." "Is there any more, my boy?" asked Monipodio. "Yes, sir," said Rinconete, "there is one more. The hunchbacked tailor, commonly called the Goldfinch, six stripes of the best quality, by order of the lady who left the necklace—to be executed by Desmochado (the cropper)."

"I can't think how it is that Desmochado has not completed that order," said Monipodio, "the time has been up these two days." "I met him yesterday," said Maniferro, "and he told me the hunchback had been ill and was confined to his house." "Ah! I thought so," returned the master; "for I always esteemed Desmochado a good artist and punctual in his obligations. There is no more, boy; pass on to common assaults." Rinconete found in another page as follows:—"Memorandum of common business," such as "blacking the face with a bottle of ink"—"nailing a horn over the doors of cuckolds"—"pretences at assassination"—"false alarms." "That is enough," said Monipodio; "I undertake all that business, because I make it a rule to keep secret little affairs of delicacy; and would rather nail up twenty horns, than give intelligence of one." The business of the day being then concluded, the names of the new members were entered

into the book, during which one of the old respectable-looking gentlemen returned, to inform the professor that he had seen the gentleman from Malaga, who informed him that he was so much improved in his art, that now he should not be afraid to play with the very devil, and would wager that he could cheat him with clean cards. He had been prevented from waiting on the master since his tour by illness; but should not fail to be at the general rendezvous on Sunday morning. "I always said that Lovillo would arrive at eminence in his profession," said Monipodio; "he has the best hands I ever saw; and to be a good artist we must have good tools." "I have likewise seen the Jew who acts the clergyman," said the venerable reporter: "he has taken lodgings in the same house with some people whom he hopes to tempt at play; but he will not fail to attend on Sunday." "Ah! the Jew is a great scoundrel," said Monipodio: "I have long had great doubts of his honesty, by his never coming near me. Unless he conducts himself more orderly, I shall strip him of his gown. Have you anything more to say?" "Nothing more at present," returned the old gentleman.

"There, my children; take these fifty reals amongst you for the present," said the master, "and God bless and prosper you in your honest endeavours; and, on Sunday next, I shall expect everybody present without fail, as I have a lecture to give you on the improvement of our art." He then embraced Rinconete and Cortadillo, giving them in charge of their former guide, to conduct them to the boundaries of the walks allotted to them, where they were to be accountable for everything stolen from that district. The company then separated, and the two friends retired with their guide, highly edified and delighted with their visit.

THE PRETENDED AUNT.*

A STORY OF REAL LIFE, WHICH OCCURRED AT SALAMANCA IN THE YEAR 1575.

As two young law-students, natives of La Mancha, were one day passing along the streets of Salamanca, they happened to see over the window of a certain shopkeeper, a rich Persian blind, drawn closely down,—a novelty which attracted their attention. Fond of adventure, and more deeply read in the noble science of attack and defence, than the laws of Bartolus or Baldus, they felt a strong curiosity to know why the articles the shop contained were kept, being marked on sale, so studiously out of view. Why not exhibited in the window as well as at the door? To remove their perplexity, they proceeded to make inquiries—not at the shop, but at one some little distance off, where they observed a babbling old shopkeeper, busily serving his neighbours, and, at the same time, retailing the latest news and scandal of the place. In answer to their questions, he ran on with the same volubility. "My young gentlemen, you are very inquisitive; but if you must know, there is a foreign lady now resides in that house, at least half a saint, a very pattern of self-denial and austerity, and I wish you were under her direction. She has with her, also, a young lady of extraordinary fine appearance and great spirit, who is said to be her niece. She never goes out without an old squire, and two old duennas, young gentlemen; and, as I think, they are a family from Granada, rich, proud, and fond of retirement. At least, I have not seen a single soul in our city (and I have watched them well) once pay them a visit. Nor can I, for the life of me, learn from what place they last came hither. But what I do know is, that the young lady is very handsome and very respectable, to all appearance; and from the style of living and high bearing of the aunt, they belong to none of the common sort, of that I am sure."

From this account, pronounced with no little emphasis and authority, by the garrulous old gentleman, the students became more eager than

* "LA TIA FINGIDA," the only novel, it is supposed, by the celebrated author of "Don Quixote," that had not, till the present age, made its appearance. It was accidentally discovered at Madrid during the present century, and first published in a little collection, entitled "El Espiritu de Miguel de Cervantes y Saavedra." Madrid. 1814.

ever to follow up their adventure. Familiar as they were with the topographical position of the good citizens, the names of the different families and dwellings, and all the flying reports of the day, they were still in the dark as to the real quality of the fair strangers, and their connections in the University. By dint of industry and perseverance, however, they hoped soon to clear up their doubts, and the first thing they ascertained was, that, though past the hour of noon, the door of the mansion was still closed, and there seemed no admittance, even upon business. From this they naturally inferred, that, if no tradesmen were admitted, the family could not well take their meals at home; and that if, like other mortals, they eat at all, they must soon make their appearance on their way to dinner.

In this conjecture they were not deceived, for shortly they saw a staid and reverend looking lady issue from the dwelling, arrayed all in white, with an immense surplice, wider than a Portuguese canon's, extending over her head, close bound round her temples, and leaving only just space enough for her to breathe. Her fan was in her hand, and a huge rosary with innumerable beads and bells about her neck—so large indeed, that, like those of Santinuflo, they reached down to her waist. Her mantle was of fine silk trimmed with furs; her gloves of the whitest and newest, without a fold; and she had a walking-stick, or rather an Indian cane, delicately wrought and tipped with silver. A venerable old squire, who seemed to have belonged to the times of Count Fernan Gonzales, escorted his honoured mistress on the left hand. He was dressed in a large wide coat of velvet stuff, without any trimming—ancient scarlet breeches—moorish hose—a cloak trimmed with bands—and a cap of strong netted wool, which produced rather a quizzical effect, but which he wore because he was subject to cold and a dizziness in his upper story; add to which a large shoulder-belt and an old Navarrese sword.

These respectable-looking personages were preceded by another of very different exterior; namely, the lady's niece, apparently about eighteen, graceful in her deportment, and of a grave but gracious aspect. Her countenance was rather of the oval—beautiful and intelligent; her eyes were large and black as jet, not without a certain expression of tenderness and languor; arched and finely marked eyebrows, long dark eyelashes, and on her cheeks a delicate glow of carnation. Her tresses, of a bright auburn, flowed in graceful curls round brows of snowy whiteness, combined with a fine delicate complexion, &c., &c.; and she had on a sarcenet mantle; a bodice of Flemish stuff; her sandals were of black velvet, enriched with gilt fastenings and silver fringe; fine scented gloves, not only fragrant with common essence, but with the richest amber.

Though her demeanour was grave, her step was light and easy: in each particular she appeared to advantage, and in her *tout ensemble*

still more attractive. In the eyes of the young scholars she appeared little less than a goddess, and, with half the dazzling charms she boasted, would have riveted her fetters on the hearts of older and more experienced admirers. As it was, they were completely taken by surprise—astonished, stupified, overwhelmed, and enchanted. They stood gazing at so much elegance and beauty as if their wits had left them; it being one of the prerogatives of beauty, like the fascination of the serpent, first to deprive its victims of their senses, and then to devour them.

Behind this paragon of perfection walked two ugly old duennas (like maids of honour), arrayed, if we only allow for their sex, much in the obsolete manner of their knight companion, the ancient squire.

With this formal and imposing escort, the venerable chaperon at length arrived at the house,—the good squire took his station at the door, and the whole party made their entrée. As they passed in, the young students doffed their caps with extraordinary alacrity and politeness; displaying in their air and manner, as much modesty and respect as they could muster for the occasion.

The ladies, however, took no notice of them, shutting themselves in, and the young gentlemen out: who were left quite pensive and half in love, standing in the middle of the street. From this want of courtesy they ingeniously came to the conclusion, that these fair disturbers of their peace had not come to Salamanca for the purpose of studying the laws of politeness, but studying how to break them. In spite, however, of their ingratitude, they agreed to return good for evil, and to treat them on the following night to a little concert of music, in the form of a serenade,—for this is the first and only service which poor students have it in their power to offer at the windows of her who may have smitten them.

Seeking some solace, however, for their disappointment just at present, they repaired to a restaurateur's; and having partaken of what little they could get, they next betook themselves to the chambers of some of their friends. There they made a collection of all the instruments of musical torture they could find; such as old wire-worn guitars, broken violins, lutes, flutes, and castanets; for each of which they provided suitable performers, who had at least one eye, an arm, and a leg among them. Not content, however, with this, being determined to get everything up in the most original style, they sent a deputation to a poet, with a request that he would forthwith compose a sonnet. This sonnet was to be written for, and precisely upon, the name of *Esperanza*; such being the Christian appellation of the hope of their lives and loves; and it was to be sung aloud on that very same night. The poet undertook the serious charge; and in no little while, by dint of biting his lips and nails, and rubbing his forehead, he

manufactured a sonnet, weaving with his wits just as an operative would weave a piece of cloth.

This he handed to the young lovers; they approved it, and took the author along with them to repeat it to the musicians as they sung it, there being no time to commit it to memory.

Meantime the eventful night approached—and at the due hour, there assembled for the solemn festival, nine knights of the cleaver, four vocal performers with their guitars, one psaltery, one harper, one fiddler, twelve bell-ringers, thirty shield-sounders, and numerous other practitioners, divided into several companies; all, however, better skilled in the music of the knife and fork than in any other instrument. In full concert they struck up, on entering the street, and a fresh peal on arriving at the lady's house; the last of which made so hideous a din as to rouse all within hearing from their quiet slumbers, and bring them to their windows half dead with wonder and alarm. This was continued some time just under the lady's window, till the general concert ceased, to give room for the harp and the recital of the poet's sonnet. This was sung by one of those musicians who never wait to be invoked; nor was the poet less on the alert as prompter on the occasion. It was given with extreme sweetness and harmony of voice, and quite accorded with the rest of the performance.

Hardly had the recitation of this wonderful production ceased, when a cunning rogue, among the audience, turning to one of his companions, exclaimed in a loud, clear voice, "I vow to Heaven I never heard a viler song worse sung, in all my born days! Did you note well the harmony of the lines, and that exquisite adaptation of the lady's name; that fine invocation to Cupid, and the pretty mention of the age of the adored object,—the contrast then between the giant and the dwarf—the malediction—the imprecation—the sonorous march of the whole poem. I vow to God, that if I had the pleasure of knowing the author, I would willingly, to-morrow morning, send him a dozen pork sausages, for I have this very day received some from the country." At the word sausages, the spectators were convinced that the person who had just pronounced the encomium, meant it in ridicule; and they were not mistaken; for they afterwards learnt that he came from a place famous for its practical jokers, which stamped him in the opinion of the bystanders for a great critic, well qualified to pass judgment upon poets, as his witty analysis of this precious morsel had shown.

Notwithstanding all their endeavours, the windows of the house they were serenading seemed the only ones that remained closed, a circumstance at which our young adventurers were not a little disappointed. Still, however, they persevered; the guitars were again heard, accompanied by three voices, in a romantic ballad chosen for the occasion. The musicians had not proceeded far, before they heard

a window opened, and one of the duennas whom they had before seen, made her appearance. In a whining hypocritical tone, she addressed the serenaders: "Gentlemen, my mistress, the Lady Claudia di Astudillo y Quinones, requests that you will instantly repair to some other quarter, and not bring down scandal upon this respectable neighbourhood by such violent uproar; more particularly as there is now at her house a young lady, her niece, my young mistress, Lady Esperanza di Torralva Meneses y Pachico. It is very improper, therefore, to create such a disturbance among people of their quality. You must have recourse to other means, of a more gentlemanly kind, if you expect to meet with a favourable reception."

On hearing these words, one of the young gallants quickly retorted, "Do me the favour, most venerable mistress, to request your honoured Lady Donna Esperanza, to gladden our eyes by presenting herself at the window. I wish to say a few words, which may prove of the greatest consequence." "Oh, shocking?" exclaimed the duenna, "is it the Lady Esperanza you mean? You must know, my good sir, she is not thus lightly to be spoken of,—she is a most honourable, exemplary, discreet, modest young person, and would not comply with such an extravagant request, though you were to offer her all the pearls of the Indies."

During this colloquy with the ancient duenna, there came a number of people from the next street; and the musicians, thinking the alguazils were at hand, sounded a retreat, placing the baggage of the company in the centre; they then struck up some martial sounds with the help of their shields, in the hope that the captain would hardly like to accompany them with the sword dance, as is the custom at the holy feast of San Fernando at Seville; but would prefer passing on quietly to risking a defeat in the presence of his emissaries.

They therefore stood their ground, for the purpose of completing their night's adventure; but one of the two masters of the revels refused to give them any more music, unless the young lady would consent to appear at the window. But not even the old duenna again honoured them with her presence there, notwithstanding their repeated solicitations; a species of slight which threw the whole company into a rage, and almost incited them to make an attack upon the Persian blinds, and bring their fair foes to terms. Mortified as they were, they still continued their serenade, and at length took their leave with such a volley of discordant sounds, as to make the very houses shake with their hideous din.

It was near dawn before the honourable company broke up, to the extreme annoyance and disappointment of the students, at the little effect their musical treat seemed to have produced. Almost at their wits' end, they at last hit upon the expedient of referring their difficulties

to the judgment of a certain cavalier, in whom they thought they could confide. He was one of that high-spirited class termed in Salamanca *los generosos*.

He was young, rich, and extravagant, fond of music, gallant, and a great admirer of bold adventures; in short, the right sort of advocate in a cause like theirs. To him they recounted very minutely their prodigious exertions and their ill-success; the extreme beauty, grace, and attractions of the young, and the imposing and splendid deportment of the old lady; ending with the small hope they had of ever becoming better acquainted with them. Music, it was found, boasted no charm for them, "charmed they ever so wisely;" nay, they had been accused of bringing scandal upon the whole neighbourhood.

Now their friend, the cavalier, being one who never blinked danger, began to reassure them, and promised that he would soon bring their uncourteous foes to conditions, COUTE QUI COUTE; and that, as he was himself armed against the keenest shafts of the little archer-god, he would gladly undertake the conquest of this proud beauty on their account.

Accordingly, that very day he despatched a handsome and substantial present to the lady-aunt, with his best services; at the same time offering all he was worth—life, his person, his goods and chattels, and ——his compliments. Such an offer not occurring every day, the elder duenna took on her the part of the Lady Claudia, and, in her mistress's name, was curious to hear from the page something of the rank, fortune, and qualifications of his master. She inquired especially as to his connections, his engagements, and the nature of his pursuits, just as if she were going to take him for a son-in-law. The page told her everything he knew, and the pretended aunt seemed tolerably well satisfied with his story.

It was not long ere she went, in person, in her mistress's name, as the old duenna, with an answer to the young cavalier, so full and precise, that it resembled an embassy rather than a letter of thanks. The duenna arrived, and proceeded to open the negotiation; she was received by the cavalier with great courtesy. He bade her be seated in a chair near his own; he took off her cloak with his own hands, and handed her a fine embroidered handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from her brow, for she seemed a little fatigued with her walk. He did more; and before permitting her to say a single word on the nature of her errand, he ordered sweetmeats and other delicacies to be set before her, and helped her to them himself. He then poured out two glasses of exquisitely flavoured wine, one for her and one for himself. In short, so delicate and flattering were his attentions, that the venerable guardian of youthful virtue could not have received more genuine pleasure if she had been made a saint upon the spot.

She now opened the object of her embassy, with the most choice,

demure, and hypocritical set of phrases she could command; though ending with a most flat falsehood to the following purport. "She was commissioned," she said, "by her excellent young mistress, Donna Esperanza di Torralva Meneses y Pachico, to present to his excellency her best compliments and thanks. That his excellency might depend, that, though a lady of the strictest virtue, Donna Esperanza would never refuse to receive so excellent and accomplished a gentleman upon an honourable footing, whenever he were inclined to honour her aunt's house with his presence." The cavalier replied, "that he had the most perfect faith in all he had heard respecting the surpassing beauty, virtue, and accomplishments of her young mistress, qualities which made him only the more eager to enjoy the honour of an interview."

After an infinite variety of reservations and circumlocutions, this proposal was acceded to by the good duenna, who assured him there could be no possible objection on the part of either of the ladies; an assertion, than which, however, nothing could be farther from the truth. In short, desirous of discharging her duennal duty in the strictest manner, and not content with intercepting the cavalier's presents, and personating Donna Claudia, the wily old lady resolved to turn the affair to still further account. She ended the interview, therefore, with assuring him that she would, that very evening, introduce him to the ladies; and first, to the beautiful Esperanza, before her aunt should be informed of his arrival.

Delighted with his success, the young cavalier dismissed his obliging guest with every expression of esteem, and with the highest compliments to her fair mistress; at the same time putting a purse into the old duenna's hand, enough to purchase a whole wardrobe of fine clothes. "Simple young man," muttered the cunning old lady, as she left the house; "he thinks it is all finely managed now; but I must touch a little more of his money; he has certainly more than he knows what to do with. It is all right; he shall be welcome to my lady's house, truly; but how will he go out again, I wonder. The officers will see him home, I dare say, but not till after he has paid me well again for being admitted; and my young lady has made me a present of some handsome gowns for introducing so pretty a young gentleman; and her foolish old aunt rewarded me well for discovering the secret."

Meantime, the young cavalier was impatiently expecting the appointed hour; and as there is none but sooner or later must arrive, he then took his hat and cloak, and proceeded where the ancient duenna was expecting him.

On his arrival she nodded to him out of a window, and having caught his eye, she threw him the empty purse he had presented her with, well filled in the morning. Don Felix was at no loss to take the

hint, and on approaching the door, he found it only a little open, and the claws of the old beldame ready to clutch the offered bait before she granted him admittance. It was then opened wide, and she conducted him in silence up stairs, and through a suite of rooms into an elegant little boudoir, where she concealed him behind a Persian screen, in a very skilful and cautious manner. She bade him remain quite still; her young lady, Esperanza, was informed of his arrival, and from HER favourable representation of his high rank, fortune, and accomplishments, she was prepared to give him an interview, even without consulting her aunt. Then giving her hand as a token of her fidelity, she left Don Felix couched behind the screen, in anxious expectation of the result.

Meanwhile, the artful old wretch, under the strictest promise of secresy, and a handsome present of new gowns, had communicated to the aunt the important intelligence of the discovery of so unpleasant an affair, relating to the unsullied reputation and high character of her niece. She then whispered her mistress in the ear that she had actually discovered a man concealed in the house, and what was worse, by appointment with her young lady, as she had learnt from a note she had intercepted; but that she dared not disturb the intruder, as he appeared armed at all points. She therefore intreated her mistress to make no noise, lest he should perpetrate some deadly deed, before the officers of justice, to whom she had sent notice, should arrive to secure him. Now the whole of this statement was a new tissue of lies, as the old beldame intended to let the cavalier very quietly out, and had never yet ventured to acquaint her young lady with his presence at all. Having thus carried her point with the old lady, she declared that if she would promise to stay without disturbing herself in that room, she would go in search of Esperanza, and conduct her to her aunt immediately. This being agreed upon, the duenna proceeded to look for her young lady up stairs, and was not a little puzzled to find her seated in her boudoir, and Don Felix near her, with an expression of the utmost pleasure and surprise in his countenance. What had been his astonishment on Esperanza's entrance, to behold the beloved girl from whom he had been separated by her aunt's cruelty not many months before. What an ecstatic meeting for both; what a dilemma for the treacherous old duenna, should a explanation have already taken place! She had not been many weeks in the Lady Claudia's service, and she would certainly not be many more if the lovers should be thus discovered together. What was to be done? Ere they could decide, her mistress's step was heard on the stairs; she was calling Esperanza, in those sharp, bitter tones to which her niece was too well accustomed, and she had already reached the ante-room ere Don Felix was safely ensconced behind the screen. Esperanza hastened towards her, and found

her seated in an easy arm-chair, in a sad flurry of mingled rage and alarm.

She cast ominous and perturbed glances towards the boudoir whence her niece had just issued, and then looked out of the window, impatient for the arrival of the police. She did not venture to allude to the cause of her dismay; bidding her niece sit down, a portentous silence ensued. It was now late, the whole household, even their protector, the ancient squire, had retired to rest. Only the old duenna and her young mistress were wide awake, and the latter was particularly anxious for her aunt to retire. Though only nine, she declared she believed the clock had struck ten; she thought her aunt looked jaded and unwell; would she not like to go to bed? No reply; but dark, malignant glances, sufficiently attested what it would have been, had she dared to speak out. Though unable, however, to deal in particulars, she could not refrain from making some general observations which bore upon the case. In a low tone, therefore, she addressed her niece as follows:—"I have often enough warned you, Esperanza, not to lose sight of the exhortations I have invariably made it my business to give you. If you valued them as you ought, they would be of infinite use to you, as I fear time and experience will, ere long, sufficiently show;" and here she again looked out of the window. "You must not flatter yourself we are now at Placentia, where you were born; nor yet at Zamora, where you were educated; no, nor at Toro, where you were first introduced. The people of those places are very different to what they are here; there is no scandal, no jealousies, no intriguing, my dear; and (in a still lower tone) no violence and uproar such as we heard in the street last night. Heaven protect us from all violent and deceitful men; from all house-breaking, robbery, and assassinations. Yes, I say, I wish we were well out of Salamanca! You ought to be aware in what a place you are; they call it the mother of sciences, but I think it is the mother of all mischief; yes, of everything bad, not excepting some people whom I know; but I mention no names just now," she added, with a look of suppressed malice and vexation; "though I could if I pleased. But the time will come!" and she her emuttered some low unintelligible threats about grates and convents. "We must leave this place, my dear; you perhaps don't know there are ten or twelve thousand students here; young, impudent, abandoned, lost, predestined, shameless, graceless, diabolical, and mischievous wretches, the scum of all parts of the world, and addicted to all evil courses, as I think we had pretty good proofs only last night. Though avaricious as misers, when they set their eyes upon a young woman, my dear, they can be extravagant enough. The Lord protect us from all such, I say! Jesu Maria save us from them all!"

During this bitter moral lecture, Esperanza kept her eyes fixed upon the floor, without speaking a word, and apparently quite resigned and obedient, though without producing its due effect upon her aunt. "Hold up your head, child, and leave off stirring the fire; hold up your head and look me in the face, if you are not ashamed, and try to keep your eyes open, and attend to what I say. You require all the senses you have got, depend upon it, to make good use of my advice; I know you do." Esperanza here ventured to put in a word: "Pray, dear aunt, don't so fret yourself and me by troubling yourself to say any more. I know all you would say, and my head aches shockingly —do spare yourself, or I think my head will split with pain." "It would be broken with something else, perhaps, if you had your deserts, young miss, to answer your affectionate aunt in such a way as that! To say nothing of what I know—yes, what I know, and what others shall know, when somebody comes;" and she glanced very significantly towards the door.

Of this edifying conversation Don Felix had partly the benefit, as it occurred so near his place of concealment. The old duenna, meantime, being desirous, after the discovery that had taken place, of ingratiating herself with the lovers, and finding there was no hope of Donna Claudia retiring to rest till the arrival of the police, thought it high time to bring the young cavalier out of his dilemma. It was her object to get him safe out of the house, and yet preserve the good opinion of her venerable mistress, who might wait, she thought, till doomsday for the police. As it was impossible to speak to Don Felix, she hit upon the following expedient to make him speak for himself, trusting to her own and her young lady's discretion for bringing him off safely. She took her snuff-box, and approaching his hiding-place very slyly, threw a good handful into his face, which taking almost immediate effect, he began to sneeze with such a tremendous noise, that he might be heard in the street. She then rushed, in apparent alarm, into the next room, crying out: "He is coming! he is here; —guns and pistols—pistols and guns—save yourselves, my dear ladies! Here, you go into this closet;" she pushed the old aunt into it, almost dead with fright, and closed the door. "You come with me," she continued to Esperanza, "and I will see you safe here." Saying which, she took the young lady with her, and joined her lover, who had already found his way down stairs.

Unluckily, however, to make the scene more complete, and to impose the better upon her old mistress, she opened the window, and began to call out, "Thieves! thieves! help! help!" though in as subdued a tone as possible. But at the very first cry, the corregidor, who happened to be walking close to the house, entered the door, followed by two of his myrmidons, just as Don Felix opened it to go out. They

instantly pounced upon and secured him, before he had time either to explain or defend himself; and, spite of the entreaties of Esperanza and the duenna, he was borne away.

They followed, however, to represent the affair to the chief alguazil; and they had gone only a little way when they were met by a strong party, headed by the identical two students, who came prepared for a fresh serenade, on the strength of their friend the cavalier's support and assistance. What was their surprise and dismay to behold him in such hands, and followed by the lovely Esperanza herself, the cause of all their anxiety and exertions. Love and honour at once fired their breasts, and their resolution was taken in a moment. Six friends, and an army of musicians, were behind them. Turning to them, out flew their own swords, as they called on them to draw in aid of honour and beauty, and rescue them from the hands of the vile alguazils. All united in the cry of rescue,—the musicians in the rear struck up the din of war; and a hideous peal it was,—while the rest rushed on with as much haste and spirit as if they had been going to a rich banquet. The combat was not long doubtful; the emissaries of justice were overpowered by the mere weight of the crowd which bore upon them; and unable to stir either hand or foot, they were mingled in the thick of the engagement, pressed on all sides by halt, and maimed, and blind, and stunned with the din of battle from the rear.

While this continued, Don Felix and his fair companion had been the especial care of the students and their friends, by whom they had been early drawn off into a place of comparative safety. Here a curious scene took place:—after the first congratulations upon their victory, the two students took their friend Don Felix by the hand, expressing the deep gratitude they both felt for the eternal obligation he had conferred upon them, having so nobly redeemed his pledge of bringing the lady to terms, and placing her in their hands. The speaker then continued, that *he* having had the good fortune to bear her away in safety from the crowd, was justly entitled to the prize, which he hoped would not be disputed, as he was then ready to meet any rival. The other instantly accepted the challenge, declaring he would die sooner than consent to any such arrangement. The fair object of their strife looked at Don Felix, uttering exclamations of mingled terror and surprise, while the young cavalier, just as the students were proceeding to unsheath their weapons, burst into a fit of uncontrollable mirth. "Oh, miracle of love! mighty power of Cupid!" he exclaimed. "What is it I behold? Two such sworn friends to be thus metamorphosed in a moment! Going to fight; after I have so nobly achieved the undertaking! Never,—I am the man you must both run through the body, for verily I am about to

forfeit my pledge. I too am in love with this lady; and with Heaven's permission and her own, to-morrow she will be mine—my own wedded wife; for, by Heaven! she returns no more to Aunt Claudia and her duennas. He then explained to the astonished students the story of their love; how, when, and wherefore they had wooed,—their separation and sufferings,—with the happy adventure that had crowned their hopes. Then imitating the language of the students, he took their hands, assuring them of his deep gratitude for the eternal obligation they had conferred upon him.

On the ensuing day, Esperanza gave her hand to Don Felix, and the venerable Aunt Claudia was released from her hiding place, and all further anxiety on her niece's account.

EL AMANTE LIBERAL.

"YE lowly, melancholy ruins of the hapless Nicosia, yet red with the blood of your brave, but ill-fated defenders! Would that, in the depth of solitude which surrounds me, ye could join your voice with mine, that we could together bewail our calamities; for perhaps a mutual sympathy in one another's woes might something mitigate the severity of that destiny which has left us but the relics of what we once were. Grey monuments of time, one hope is still yours: a season may come round when you shall again lift your towers and battlements into the sky, though never can they stand a rampart in so just a cause as that in which you fell; but I—wretched as I am—what have I to expect in this extremity of human sorrows, even if I were to be restored to the same fortune which before fell to my share. For then, such is my wayward doom, I was nor happy nor free; and now, in captivity, ought I longer to beguile myself with hopes?"

Such was the language of a Christian captive, as he gazed from a declivity upon the time-worn walls of the lost city of the brave, seeming, like Caius Marius, to feel a strange pleasure in comparing his own misery with its fallen state, as if the ruins themselves were conscious of their doom—a feeling peculiar to the deeply-afflicted, with whom imagination gives a deeper colouring to every object, and a wild and wandering tone to their words. As he spoke, there issued from a sort of tent, of which there appeared four upon that desert plain, a youth arrayed in Turkish costume, with a frank, good-natured aspect; and approaching the Christian he said, "I would wager well, Ricardo, what it is so continually absorbs your thoughts in these wild places!" "Yes, absorbs, indeed," replied Ricardo, for this was the poor captive's name; "yet what boots it, if in no part whither I can turn my steps I find either respite or rest? These ruins, I think, have rather afforded more matter for my thoughts than tended to compose them." "Do you mean those," inquired the young Turk, "which we see from hence—the walls of Nicosia?" "What others," replied the captive, his eyes still fixed on them, "can we see here?" "You may well shed tears," observed the Turk, "if you indulge in contemplations like these; for those who, only two

years gone, beheld this fertile and populous island (Cyprus), bosomed, as it were, in peace and enjoyment—abounding in all that could give zest to life and its highest pleasures; if they were now to view it in its day of desolation, and walk amidst its broken and scattered treasures, with its possessors doomed to penury or slavery—how could they do other than grieve over its wide-spread calamity and solitary state? But, for this reason, let us leave such thoughts, which bring no remedy, and turn to your own fortunes, for which we may haply find some; which I the more entreat you to do, by the good will I have hitherto shewn you; because we belong to the same country, were brought up together; and also to tell me the real cause which leads you still to give way to this extreme sorrow and despair; for though captivity itself is enough to make the bravest and most merry heart many times sad, I cannot but believe there must be some old and deep-seated grievance to give rise to sighs and looks like yours. Bold, generous natures like yours will not bend before every day's misfortunes, but rather summon fresh spirit to oppose them; besides, what is stranger, I know that you want not the means, were you so inclined, to deliver you from this thraldom; you are not like the poor captives of rank in the forts of the Black Sea, who see little or no hope of being restored to freedom again. That hope is still left you, and yet day after day you go on complaining and desponding, as one in whom no future event can produce the least sense of joy. You cannot then be surprised I should suspect that you lament something more than your lost liberty; and I beseech you to inform me of it, giving my promise to do all I can to assist you; and perhaps it is for that purpose fortune hath now played me one of her changeful tricks, by which I appear before you in a dress which I so much abhor.

"You already know, Ricardo, that the cadi, or bishop of this city, is now my master. You are aware, also, of his great influence, no less than mine with him. Nor are you ignorant of my extreme desire not to close my days in the same condition in which I now appear; for if I can do no more, I ought to confess aloud my faith in the religion of Jesus, from which my immature age, and yet feebler judgment, unhappily separated me. Yes, though perilling life itself, it were better openly to declare the truth, well content to yield up this frail mortal tenement, provided I can secure the peace of my immortal soul. From all I have said," continued the young man, "I would wish you to infer that my friendship may be of some use to you; and to best ascertain how, it is quite requisite to know the extent of your misfortune, just as a sage physician obtains the confidence of his patient, and under a full assurance that I shall not betray yours."

Ricardo preserved a deep silence, and then, touched with the kind manner of the young man, he answered him in these words:—"If you could only, my dear friend Mahomet, ascertain what kind of remedy

could be applied, as easily as you have the existence of some misfortune, I should then hardly bewail the loss of my liberty, nor would I exchange it indeed for the most joyful event that could befall me; but do I not know such is its nature, that while all the world may be made acquainted with the cause, there is not one could take on himself even to alleviate—how much less to remove it. That you may moreover rest satisfied how far this is true, I will, as briefly as possible, entrust the affair to your ear; but before entering on the strange labyrinth of my woes, I could wish you to inform me why Hassan Pacha, my master, has caused these tents and pavilions to be raised here, previous to entering into Nicosia, of which he has been appointed viceroy, or pacha, as it is so termed by the Turks themselves?"

"That I will quickly explain," replied Mahomet; "it is a custom that whenever a viceroy goes to take command of any province, he never enters the city until his predecessor shall have taken his departure from it, so that he may have full liberty on his arrival; and while the new pacha assumes the reins of power, the former takes his station on the plain to await the results of his own offices, which are all settled without his influence or intervention, unless he should previously have employed them.

"The account of his government having been made out, it is then delivered to the retiring pacha in a closed and sealed packet, and with this in his hand, he is compelled to make his appearance at the door of the Grand Signor—in other words, at the court before the grand council of the Turk. Being examined by the Vizier Pacha, and other four of a minor class, they either reward or chastise him according to the nature of the contents; and if he be inculpated, the method is to buy off his accusers by the weight of his purse, or other means. If nothing be brought forward, either to reward or blame him, he then, generally by force of bribes and gifts, attains the situation to which he most aspires; for offices in that government are not bestowed as the reward of merit, but for gold; everything there is bought and sold. All public affairs are conducted on a system of mutual spoliation and corruption; brute power is the centre from which all lesser tyrannies diverge—a bad omen for the duration of any government. Yet, I believe, it may be longer perpetuated on account of our sins, and more especially such as, like mine, are calculated to offend the majesty of our God; and, though young, he will visit it on the head of the renegade, for the reasons I have said. Your master, Hassan Pacha, has pitched his tents on this campagna for four days, and if he of Nicosia hath not sallied forth, according to rule, it is because he is ill in health. He is however better, and to-day, or to-morrow morning, he will come forth and sojourn in some tents at the back of this declivity, when your master will make his entry into the city, and this, I believe, is all that you required to know."

"Listen in your turn, then," replied Ricardo, "though I doubt if I shall be enabled to fulfil my promise of briefly describing a series of calamities, which set reason and calculation at defiance; yet I will do all that my time and ability will permit.

"In the first place, know you in our village of Trepana, a young lady, whom fame hath reported as the most beautiful creature in all Sicily; the theme, in short, of every tongue, not less for her intellectual accomplishments than for her extreme grace and loveliness of person,—equalled, it is supposed, neither in ancient nor in modern times?

"She it is of whom the poet sang:—All radiant and glowing, with her golden tresses,—her sunny piercing eyes,—the finest rose-bloom upon her cheeks,—her teeth of whitest pearls,—rubies for her lips,—a throat of alabaster, and a step, which with the symmetry of her shape, made of her every gesture a wondrous harmony;—breathing nature all around her, combined with a sweetness of colour, so pure and perfect, that not Envy herself could point her finger at a single speck, and smile.

"How is it possible then, Mahomet, you should not yet have mentioned even her name? Of a truth, you either do not hear me, or were out of your wits when you were staying at Trepana."

"Why, indeed, Ricardo, you have painted her in such lively colours, that if she be not the beautiful Leonisa, the daughter of Rodolfo, the Florentine,—for she only answers to fame's report,—I am at a loss even to guess who she can be."

"You have guessed right," exclaimed Ricardo; "she it is, my dear friend,—she, the cause of all that I enjoy, and of all I suffer. She it is,—and not my lost liberty, for whose sight my eyes have poured and will pour, bitter, unceasing tears; for the sound of whose voice I sigh, till the air is burdened with the weight of my woe; and it is for her I have daily wearied heaven with my useless prayers; for whom you have often pronounced me mad, or a poor, weak captive, bending before the storm. Yes, this Leonisa,—to me a lioness, though gentle as a lamb to others,—is the sole cause of my wretched condition. From my earliest years,—at least, since I learnt to think at all, I have loved, adored, and served her with a care and tenderness so devoted, as if there had been no other idol on earth to divide with her my all perfect fealty and truth. Her guardians knew my wishes, nor did they ever oppose them, so clear was the honourable nature of my vows; so much so, that I know they endeavoured to induce her to receive me as her future consort. But, oh heavens! she had seen and she loved Cornelio, the son of Ascanio Rotulo,—a young and dainty, courtier-like gentleman, whose crisped curls, white hands, and smooth tongue, decked out with all the aids that art or dress could bestow, won those smiles which my long and ardent love and devoted services could

never do,—but, on the contrary, she treated them with disdain, and even aversion.

"To such an excess had my passion arrived, that I could willingly have fallen, a victim of her cruelty, at her feet; for witnessing her encouragement of my rival's wishes, threw me into those pangs of jealous love, that may be felt, but never can be described. Her relatives, believing his views to be honourable, and aware of his rank and wealth, secretly favoured his addresses, though in point of station, mind, and lofty enterprise, he did not—and I say it not in boast—he did not excel me.

"It happened, then, that while still following up my pretentions, I learnt that a day was fixed upon (it was the month of May), now just a year ago, when the relatives of both parties, with a large train of attendants, were to take a rural excursion to the gardens of Ascanio, situated on the sea-side, and on the road of Las Salinas."

"I know it well," interrupted Mahomet. "I spent some time there, and may do again, God willing; but hasten on with your story, Ricardo."

"I heard of it," continued Ricardo, "and the bitterest jealousy took possession of my soul; I was no longer myself, as you will soon see from the sequel. I followed them to the spot, and there, under the leafy canopy of trees, I beheld, surrounded by their merry friends and companions, the two beings whom I sought, sitting only a little apart from each other. I seemed to lose all consciousness of other objects. I stood fixed like a statue,—too riveted and absorbed even to notice the effect which my appearance produced. It was not long, however, ere my sight and my senses returned; I gazed on them, my surprise turned to indignation, my rage sent the blood to my heart; and though my adoration of her beauty restrained my hands, it gave redoubled energy to my words. 'Ha[illegible]y as you look, delighting in the torments you inflict, and the tears you have condemned me incessantly to pour, cruel and ingrate as thou art, go, toy with thy vain trifling choice; wreathe his effeminate tresses with those fingers, crown his brows with myrtle leaves, smile with thy deadly and poisonous power, and let me look on, that I may die before you with the horror of such a sight. Yet, proud and ill-advised one, thinkest thou to break through all ties and laws most sacred, at thy pleasure? Thinkest thou yon smooth-faced idiot boy, proud of his wealth, arrogant in his love and rank, silly and inexperienced, can know what true love, fidelity, and noble passion are; can he estimate thy beauties, like him of sounder soul and nerve, and of maturer years? Believe it not; he is the same tame, heartless being, whose conduct is sure to be applauded by the world, whose ignorance can deceive no one but himself. Inconstancy is the motto of youth, as pride of the rich, arrogance of the vain, disdain of beauty. And does the boy imagine that claims like his ought to supersede

mine, buried as he is in the lap of sloth and luxury? No; let him first rise from that flowery couch, and meet the rival who abhors him from the soul; let him dare me to the challenge for thy love. See you not how unworthy he is of the treasure you would yield to him, since he dare not rise to defend it; afraid, it may be, of discomposing some portion of his lady-like attire. Had renowned Achilles, in his woman's dress, been seated as thou art, in vain would Ulysses have tempted him from his luxurious retreat by the sight of his resplendent arms and love of glorious enterprise. But thou, go join thy mother's maids; comb thy soft tresses, and decorate those delicate hands, better fitted to wield the distaff than the sword.' During the utterance of these bitter words, Cornelio never stirred from the spot; he seemed struck with wonder, his eyes intently fixed upon me.

"On hearing the angry sound of my voice, the whole of the company present directed their attention to what I said; and gathering round Cornelio, it seemed as if they inspired him with a little more courage. He gave some signs of rising, upon which I instantly attacked him, surrounded as he was by a whole tribe of relatives and friends. The moment the lovely Leonisa caught the flash of my sword, she fell into a swoon, at which sight my indignation rose to a pitch of fury no longer to be repressed.

"How it was that, surrounded by numbers who sought to wound and disarm me, in the idea that I was a madman, and whom I as fiercely attacked, I should have escaped with life, I am at a loss to comprehend, unless it were that Heaven reserved me for still greater misfortunes than before. Spite of my efforts to reach him, Cornelio escaped, though I wounded a number of his friends and attendants, being utterly careless of my own life when suddenly an event occurred, far more fatal to me than if I had been left dead upon the ground. In the midst of the fray, a band of Turkish corsairs who had landed without being perceived, were observed rushing towards us,—my enemies took to flight, and I was left alone to encounter new dangers.

"The Turks, however, succeeded in capturing only three persons, of whom Leonisa, still lying insensible, was one, and I, who furiously withstood them to the death, was another. After securing us, the pirates immediately set sail, not well satisfied with the loss I had made them suffer; and spreading their canvas, it was no long time ere we found ourselves anchored at Fabiana.

"There they first made inquiry as to the number they had lost, when they found that four of what they termed the Levantines, were missing, and these they accounted among the best of their crew. Bent upon revenge, the survivors came to the resolution of putting me to death; and the yard-arm was ordered to be lowered, and the rope to be prepared. Meantime, Leonisa had woke from her swoon, and

seeing herself surrounded by the fierce faces of the corsairs, she burst into tears; she wrung her fair hands, and gave way to the most passionate ebullition of grief. At length, one of the men at the oars, a Christian, spoke to her in Italian, and told her that the commander had doomed her fellow captive—pointing towards me—to instant execution, on account of having killed so many of the best men of his galley.

"On hearing this, Leonisa for the first time betrayed some symptoms of concern for me, and told her informer to advise the captain by no means to put me to death; for by that he would lose an immense sum, which I should be able to pay for my ransom. Believing her, the pirates the next day raised the flag of peace, and returned to Trapana. I passed that night in an agony of grief, you may well imagine; not for the sake of my captivity or my wounds, but from the horror I felt at my fair and cruel enemy being in the hands of barbarians and slaves.

"On reaching the city alluded to, one of the two galleys put into the port, while the other remained cruizing without; the whole shore was covered with the Christians, and among them the effeminate Cornelio, all eagerly observing what was passing in the galleys. Preparing to treat for ransom, I observed my own steward approaching with others for that purpose; but I directly informed him I would not be set at liberty, and that the amount should go for the ransom of Leonisa, ordering him forthwith to return to the shore, and acquaint the parents and friends of Leonisa with my resolution, and that they should make themselves perfectly easy on her account. Having done this, the commander, Izuf, a renegade Greek, required six thousand crowns for the captive beauty, and for me four thousand, swearing, at the same time, that he would not release the one without the other. The fact was, he insisted upon having this exorbitant amount from having become enamoured of the fair girl, and having arranged that, in the division of the whole spoil, he should, at a certain valuation, keep the person of Leonisa for himself. The relatives of Leonisa, meantime relying upon my promise, made no further exertions, and the same in regard to Cornelio; so that, after many refusals, my steward agreed to give five thousand for Leonisa and three thousand for myself. Izuf accepted the terms, being driven to it by the influence of his comrade and that of the whole crew. As my steward, however, was not prepared with so large a sum, he asked three days to collect it, intending to mortgage my property to the amount we wanted. Izuf was delighted with this result, as it gave him time to bring about the entire failure of the plan; and returning to the island of Fabiana, he declared that he would return to receive the money in the lapse of three days. But my cruel fortune, not yet weary of persecuting me, contrived that, while a Turkish sentinel held watch on the loftiest part

of the island, he descried six Italian sail, part of a squadron from Malta or the Sicilies, on which he instantly gave the signal, and the troops on land forthwith re-embarked with all the spoil they could suddenly collect together, steering direct for the Barbary coast. In less than two hours they lost sight of the galleys, and, under favour of the night, escaped the Christian armament unobserved. I will leave you to imagine, my friend, the torments I suffered in that voyage, so different from what I had hoped; suffice it to say, that, on arriving at the island of Pantanalea, the Turks again betook themselves to land, and proceeded to make partition of the booty, every word in regard to which went like a dagger to my soul. When they came to the disposal of Leonisa and myself, Izuf proposed to give to his comrade six Christians, including me, upon condition of retaining Leonisa only for himself. The offer was accepted, and Fetala, approaching me, said in Italian:—'Thou art now mine, Christian, for the value of two thousand crowns, and if thou carest to have thy freedom, give me now four thousand for it, or prefer to die on the spot.'

"I enquired if the Christian lady, also, was given up to him; to which he replied, that Izuf retained her, being determined to convert her to the true faith, and to make her his wife.

"It was even so, as one of the captives at the oar farther assured me, who had overheard the whole of the agreement entered into between the two captains, Izuf and Fetala. I begged of my master that he would so arrange matters as to obtain the Christian lady, for that in that case he would be sure of having ten thousand gold crowns for her ransom. He answered it was impossible; but that he would acquaint Izuf with the offer, who might then think it advisable to change his views, and most likely accept it. He did so, and then gave orders for the whole of his galley to get on board, as he was resolved to steer for Tripoly. Izuf, on his part, determined to go to Viserta, and both embarked with all that precipitation, which either fear of surprise, or hopes of plunder, are known to inspire. Signs also of a brooding storm gave additional briskness to their motions; and meantime I was unable to catch a sight of the fair Leonisa, except as we approached the sea-side to embark. Then, alas! I saw her led by the hand of her new master, and more recent lover; and just as she was crossing into the galley she turned her eyes upon me, while mine were rivetted on her with a passionate expression of ineffable grief, which seemed to deprive me of both sight and sense,—a mist came over my eyes, and I fell without consciousness to the earth. The same, I was afterwards informed, occurred to Leonisa; she had fallen from her footing into the water, and Izuf, plunging after her, with difficulty recovered her.

"With this I was made acquainted in the galley, on board of which I had been carried in a state of insensibility; but on awakening from

my trance, what was my surprise to find myself alone, while the other vessel was seen steering in an opposite direction, bearing along with it the object of all my solicitude. The sight pierced me to the heart,—I execrated my ill fortune, and such was the excess of my grief and lamentation, that my new master, disturbed by my violence, threatened to punish me if I did not instantly cease. With proud disdain I repressed my feelings, hoping that by the violence I did to my indignation and despair, my heart might break asunder; but fate had not yet done her worst; the tempest had now risen to a pitch of fury, and the pirates soon losing all command of the vessel, she scudded at will before the winds.

"It was the captain's object to gain the refuge of the island, not far from us, but such was the violence of the tempest, as to bear us in little less than fourteen hours many leagues out to sea, so that in a short while we were borne back to the island we had left, and hurried, with the certainty of death before our eyes, upon a pile of horrid rocks that jutted out into the ocean. The other galley, driven in the same direction, was close to us, and terrible was the struggle on both sides by force of rowing to save ourselves from impending destruction. The men of the other galley appeared spent with fatigue; they soon ceased their efforts altogether, and the vessel was borne with a tremendous crash upon the unpitying rocks. She fairly opened into two; the night had just set in, and one universal cry which seemed to pierce all hearts, rose above the voice of the tempest. The hands on board us refused longer to listen to the captain, but they still tugged hard at the oar, turning at the same time her prow to the wind, and throwing out her two anchors to find a bottom, by all which if possible, to retard the dreaded moment at hand. Others indeed, feared to die; they trembled; but not so with me; for the mere hope of meeting in another sphere with the dear object that had just perished before my eyes, infused a wild and strange delight in meeting the tempest in all its horrors, and at every fresh shock I felt only disappointment and despair to find myself yet in existence. I watched with intense anxiety each revolving wave, in the idea that it might bring on its heaving bosom the form of my lost Leonisa; but in vain I gazed on the terrific waters; it is impossible to describe to you the agonies of soul I endured that one long night; for I promised I would be brief, and volumes would not convey an adequate idea of what I suffered. Death came not to my relief, and another morning broke with more fearful presage, if possible, than the day that was gone by; our vessel had now drifted some way from the rocks, and being near doubling a point of the island, both Christians and Turks exerted themselves to the utmost, and in six hours succeeded in getting her clear; while the winds and waves becoming more calm, our men again took to their oars, till, gradually approaching the shore, the Turks went on land

with the view of discovering if anything remained from the wreck of the other vessel. Still heaven denied me the melancholy satisfaction of embracing the lifeless form of my Leonisa, that, if not in life, I might at least be united to all I held dear in death; and for this reason, I implored of a renegade Christian who was going on shore, to inquire if the rough ocean surge had cast her delicate limbs on that fatal isle.

"Meantime, however, the wind rose, and our captain was once more compelled to hoist some sail, and put out to sea; he himself now took the helm, and, confident of no fresh interruption, we skimmed rapidly over the waves. Such, indeed, was the progress we made, that in the next three days we passed in sight of Trapana, Melazo, and Palermo, and entered the mouth of the Bay of Messina, to the no small terror of those within, and those who regarded us from the shore. But here, though weary and hungry, we were not permitted to repose. Tripoly was our destination, and on our arrival there, my master, having made over to his Levantines their share of the booty, and paid a fifth, as is customary, to the Dey, was seized with a violent illness, which, in three days, carried him to another world. The Dey then took possession of the whole property, and the officer appointed by the Grand Turk,—who, as you know, is the heir of all those who die without a will,—to survey the dead, made equal division of my master's effects, and I myself fell to the share of the viceroy of Tripoly, who shortly after went off to Cyprus, and I accompanied him hither, though without the intention of obtaining my ransom. He has often indeed urged me to do so, having heard from the captain's soldiers that I was a man of property; but I endeavoured to convince him that he had been imposed upon, and declined his offers. And if you ask me, my friend, the reason, I will confess that I cannot indulge the idea of improving my lot; that I wish to add to the recollection of my lost Leonisa by suffering and captivity, in order the better to lose all relish of life. If it be true that continual grief must have a violent end, or end the sufferer, mine cannot fail to have a termination, for I think to give my troubles so free a vent as to put a speedy period to my existence which I so unwillingly bear. This then, O Mahomet, is the cause;—the sad consciousness of living, whilst she, who was the light of my path, the sole tie that bound me to earth,—my Leonisa, is dead. Alas! had she but survived—then, then," but here his voice failed him, and a flood of tears burst from the overcharged sources of his grief, which watered the very ground. Mahomet could not but sympathise with him; and when the paroxysm was somewhat passed, he sought to console his friend in the best manner he was able; but the unhappy lover cut him short, exclaiming, that he would leave no means untried of exciting the anger and ill-usage of his cruel task-masters, to provoke them to some act of vengeance that should bring his sufferings to a close.

Not the less, however, did the faithful Mahomet cease to inspire him with better hopes, and to convince him of his watchful care, and increasing desire of not only alleviating his fate, but bringing some more important remedy, like a wise physician come, against the patient's will, to restore him to peace and freedom. He assured him of the great influence of his own master, the cadi, beyond that even of the viceroy, and also of the high favour in which he himself stood, and by which he might effect so much in his friend's behalf. "Besides," added he, "it will not be difficult to get you transferred to his service, when we shall be companions, and more easily enabled to devise further plans for your ultimate benefit and relief."

"I thank you, Mahomet," replied Ricardo, "for though you can effect nothing that brings me the most distant hope, your friendship for me is very great. I feel it is dear to me; but let us now repair to the tent, for I see a great throng of people coming out of the city; and doubtless it is the old viceroy about to take his position on the plain, while my master takes possession of his residence in the city." "You are right," replied his friend, "come with me, and see the ceremonies with which he is received; they will amuse you." "Let it be so, then," returned Ricardo, "for you may perhaps be of use to me in regard to the overseer of my master's slaves, none of the kindest of men."

They left the spot, and reached the tent just with the old bashaw, as the new one was approaching the entrance that was to receive its new occupier. Ali Pacha was attended by his Janissaries, who are always on guard since the capture of the city by the Turks. They came in two files, about one thousand five hundred strong, some armed with fire-arms, and some with scimetars. They marched to the gate of Hassan, the new pacha, and forming a circle round him, Ali, inclining his body, made his obeisance to Hassan, while the latter returned it, though in a less degree. Hassan then entered Ali's pavilion, and the Turks next mounted him upon a grand charger, richly caparisoned, and conducting him round the tent and over great part of the plain, they raised a prodigious clamour in their own tongue—"Long live the Sultan Solyman, and Hassan the Pacha, in his name." This they repeated with loud huzzas a great number of times, after which they returned to the tent wherein Ali Pasha had during that time remained, and now with the cadi and Hassan he continued shut up in it, for the space of about an hour. Mahomet informed his friend that they were engaged in discussing what was to be done in regard to the city, especially such works as Ali had left unfinished.

In a little while, the cadi appeared at the door of the tent, and called aloud in Turkish, Arabic, and Greek, that all those who might wish to enter, and lay any complaint against Ali Pacha, could then safely do so; for that Hassan Pacha was there deputed by the Grand Signor himself, as viceroy of Cyprus, and that he would protect them in all

justice and reason. Upon this announcement, the Janissaries, widening their flanks, left open to the public the entrance into the tent, with free access for any individual to prefer his request in person. Mahomet now took his friend by the arm, who, as being the slave of Hassan, was not debarred the privilege, and walked quickly towards the gate. Greeks, Christians, and some Turks also followed their example, from whom most of the charges were of so trivial a nature as to call for little inquiry, and were dispatched by the cadi on the spot, with the exception of all matrimonial causes, more by individual judgment than by any existing law. The cadi is the competent judge in all cases, among these barbarians, and there is no appeal from him to any other tribunal. Meantime there entered a chauz, a sort of alguazil, who stated that at the door was a Jew, who had brought a beautiful Christian slave, which he was desirous to sell; to which the cadi made answer, that he should be instantly admitted. In no long time he returned, and with him a venerable Jew, who held by the hand a woman, attired in the fashion of Barbary, and of such admirable figure and appearance, that not the most wealthy lady of Fez or Morocco,—who surpass all Africans in the art of adorning the person,—not even the fair ones of Argel, with their glittering gems, could compete with her. Her face was covered with a fine worked scarlet veil, her arms were adorned with gold and gemmed bracelets; and even round her ankles shone gold and jewelled clasps. Altogether, her air and presence were at once rich, attractive, and commanding. Both the pachas and the cadi were struck with admiration at the sight; but before giving an opinion, they commanded the Jew to withdraw the envious veil which hid the fair Christian's features from their eyes. They seemed as if dazzled by the brilliancy of her charms—charms that fixed the soul of every beholder. Such, indeed, was her surpassing beauty, and the splendour of her whole air and figure, as to make a lively impression upon all present.

But if the effect was great upon others, what must it have been on the unfortunate Ricardo, when he beheld in the lovely object before him no other than his cruel and long-loved Leonisa, already wept and lamented as among the dead. If wonder and delight transfixed him to the spot, the passion felt by Ali for the unequalled charms of the fair Christian was no less intense. Nor did Hassan less feel the power of beauty; while the eyes of the cadi were never for a moment removed from her face. Each, at the same time, indulged the hope of obtaining the object he so much admired; and without reflecting either on the means or the manner of succeeding, each inquired of the Jew the price of his fair commodity? The Jew fixed it at four thousand doblas, or two thousand crowns; on hearing which, Ali cried out that he would give it, and that he should go and receive the sum at his tent; but Hassan, eagerly interrupting him, swore by Mahomet that he was of another

opinion, and that he would maintain it with his life. "It is I who shall give the four thousand to the Jew; not that I would give it, and much less oppose the will of Ali in this matter, were it not that I am compelled to state what he will himself support, as it is right and reasonable that he should,—namely, that so delicate and sweet a slave appertains not to either of us, but only to the Grand Signor himself. This I aver, and in his name do I make purchase of her; now let us see where stands the rash man who will gainsay my words and take her from me?" "I am he that will do it," retorted Ali; "for with the self-same purpose did I first bespeak her from the Jew; and it seems more fit withal, that I, sailing forthwith to the capital, should be commissioned to present this rich offering to our mighty master. It is more fit, I say, for I am without an office—I want the sultan's favour; while, thou, Hassan, hast just entered into commission for three years to govern this most abundant territory of Cyprus. For these reasons, and having first offered for the captive, thou art bound to leave her to me, that so I may gain the favour of our common master." "Nay, sooth, it stands me in like stead," returned Hassan, "to obtain and send her to my gracious lord; and better yet should I have no base interest in giving her to the sultan. Talk not to me of convenience; I will arm a tight galley with my own picked men, and my own slaves to work her. Aye, that will I; gainsay me now who dare!"

At these proud words the face of Ali turned pale with rage, and starting to his feet, he seized his hanger, crying out: "O Hassan, look to thy words; my intents are good; I would give this Christian to our master, the Grand Signor; and having been the first to purchase, it is but reason and justice that you yield her to me. If such be not your better purpose, this good weapon shall plead my right, and punish thy temerity." The cadi, intent on all that passed, and no less smitten with the captive than the others, bethought him of a plan of throwing water on the glowing embers fast kindling into a flame, without showing that he meant to do so; and if unsuccessful, to remain alone with and take the pretty captive to himself. He placed himself between the enraged rivals, and addressing Hassan, he said: "My dear Hassan, be calm; and you, Ali, restrain your anger, for you forget I am here; I who can compose all these differences, so that both of you shall succeed in your object of serving the Grand Signor as you desire." Both instantly felt the force of the cadi's words, and would have obeyed had it been yet worse, such is the respect they bear the character of cadi; and the cadi thus proceeded. "You say, Ali, that you wish to have this Christian for the Grand Signor; Hassan says the same; and you allege, that for being the first to offer a price for her, she ought to be yours; and Hassan again contradicts you. Now, though he does not found this in reason, I perceive that he has as good a one as yourself; that is, to devote the fair slave to the same

purpose as you intend to do; so that there is no greater claim on one side than the other, except as regards the small difference of a moment's time. But this is no reason why the other should be defrauded of his intent, insomuch that it seems good unto me that we come unto the following agreement. Firstly, that ye shall both stand proprietors of this exquisite gem; secondly, that the use of it shall depend on the will of the Grand Signor, for whom it was bought; that in fact he shall dispose of the maiden, and meantime Hassan shall pay two thousand doblas, or gold coins; and also Ali two thousand more, while the captive herself shall be put under my guardianship. I will take care that, in the name of ye both, she shall be sent to Constantinople; yea, I will convey her at my own cost, with all the authority and decency becoming the occasion. Moreover, I will write to our master, informing him of all that hath befallen here, and the rare emulation shown in disputing which most should serve him."

On hearing these flattering words, the two enamoured Turks could do no other than meet the views of the pacific and disinterested cadi, each at the same time encouraging a hope that he should be enabled secretly to accomplish the design he had in view. Hassan, remaining viceroy, determined that he would bribe the cadi up to the mark, while Ali conceived an exploit which would bring the fair captive at once into his arms; and both, smiling at their past heat, gave easily into the cadi's terms. Each paid his two thousand, and put the prize into the happy cadi's hands; but the Jew demurred that he was not going to give her up with all that splendour, unless another two thousand were to be forthcoming; such was really the value of the magnificent dress and decorations she wore. In fact, they all declared that the Jew was rather below the mark than otherwise in asking for the sum he did; and they resolved that the fair Christian should be presented to the Grand Signor in all the splendour with which she then dazzled their eyes. Each agreed in the propriety of this step, flattering himself that the fair girl would, by some means, fall to his share.

It is impossible to convey an idea of the sensations felt by Ricardo during the whole of this singular and trying scene—the fears, the tumults that shook his soul on finding that he had only beheld his lost, adored love restored, to endure all the pangs of a separation like this. Was it only a dream—some strange, wild phantasy—that deluded his senses for a moment, and then faded, like a lovely vision, away. Was she not dead? were not those brilliant eyes suffused with the shades of death? At length he turned trembling towards his friend Mahomet; "know you not the miracle," he exclaimed. "I do not," was his friend's reply. "It is she; it is Leonisa!" "What say you," returned Mahomet, "is it possible?" "It is true; but reveal it not," whispered Mahomet; "fortune is about to requite your sufferings;

she will come into my master's possession, and all will be well." "Ought I to let her know I am here?" inquired Ricardo; "shall I speak?" "By no means; you will ruin all if you do." "I will be guided wholly by you," said Ricardo, striving to conceal himself from Leonisa, who stood with her lovely eyes fixed upon the ground, from which, at times, fell a few pearly tears.

But the cadi now approached, and taking Leonisa by the hand, delivered her over to Mahomet, with a command that he should conduct her into the city, and place her in the hands of his lady Halima, to be treated as the slave of the Grand Signor. Mahomet obeyed, and left Ricardo, accompanied by Leonisa, who drew after her the eyes of her unhappy lover, as the loadstone does the steel, till the walls of the city hid her from his view. He then turned to the Jew, inquiring how he had met, and where he had bought, the fair Christian? to which the other made answer, that he had bought her of some Turks at Pantanalea: but the Pachas here interrupted him by commanding him into their presence. Meantime, while conducting the fair Christian to her destination, Mahomet inquired of her from what place she had come! She answered, it was from the noble city of Trapana, that she was the child of wealthy parents, though she had been so exceedingly unfortunate. Her conductor went on to ask, if she knew of any rich and noble cavalier in that city, very handsome and accomplished, and known by the name of Ricardo? On hearing the name, Leonisa gave a deep sigh: "Alas!" she said, "I know too well, from all I experience in this very cruel lot." "Did he then occasion your sufferings?" asked Mahomet. "That did he, by following and wishing to make me his," was the reply. "And are you acquainted with another gentleman named Cornelio, wealthy, liberal, gentle, prudent?" "Him too I know as the author of greater suffering to me than Ricardo himself; but who are you, Sir, and wherefore do you inquire? Ah! would that heaven, at length taking pity on my excessive troubles, had sent in you, Sir, one who might console, might relieve me." "I am a native of Palermo," returned Mahomet; "one who, from a succession of strange accidents, find myself here, and in such a dress, so different from all I formerly was used to wear, although my mind, spite of all appearances, is still the same. I know the persons of whom I inquire, for not many days ago, I had them under my care; Cornelio was captured by some Moor of Tripoly, who sold him to a Turk, who brought him to this island, whither he came for the sale of merchandize, being a merchant of Rhodes. Such was his confidence in Cornelio, that he entrusted him with his effects." "And I doubt not he can take good care of them, as he does of his own," said Leonisa; "but tell me, Sir, how, or with whom came Ricardo to this island?" "He was brought," returned Mahomet, "by a corsair, who captured him while in a garden near the sea-side, at Trapana, and with him his

master said he had also taken a young lady, whose name, notwithstanding repeated inquiries, he would not reveal to me. She remained here some days with her master, who was about to visit the tomb of Mahomet, in the city of Almedina, and at the time of his departure, Ricardo was taken sick, when his master left him in my care, in order that I might find some remedy to his disorder till his own return. In case he should not come back, he told me that he would write to me from Constantinople, informing me when to send him thither. But heaven ordained it otherwise; since the luckless Ricardo, without any apparent cause, died only a few days afterwards, lamenting without ceasing, the loss of a lady called Leonisa, whom he had loved, he said, better than his own life and soul. "She was drowned," he added, "in a shipwreck, upon the rocks of Pantanalea; and grief for that event was the sole cause why he could no longer bear to live." "Tell me all you know, friend," returned Leonisa; "did he never, in conversing with you, state the manner in which the lady and himself were captured?" "Yes, he did," returned Mahomet, "and often asked if a Christian lady, named Leonisa, had been brought to the island, for he was excessively anxious to obtain her ransom, for that he would willingly pay the sum." "Alas me!" cried Leonisa, "how good, how generous he was; how much nobler than Cornelio,—and towards me, too,—the sad cause of his sufferings and death. Would it had pleased heaven to spare him; that so I might have had occasion to return some of the tenderness he bore me, for I am the unhappy lady sought by Cornelio—so beloved by Ricardo, though now reduced to so wretched a lot. Honour is all that has remained to me; and for the future I know not who is my master, nor what my destination; to you, therefore, do I appeal, as a Christian, to advise me in these my troubles, so various and manifold that I know not which way to turn, nor what will become of me." "I will do all, lady, in my power," replied Mahomet, "that ingenuity or force can effect to give you relief:" and he then informed her of the quarrel between the pachas on her account, and how she had finally remained in the hands of his master the cadi, for the purpose of being presented to the Grand Turk Selim. That, nevertheless, he put his trust in one more powerful than any earthly lord that it would turn out better; directing Leonisa at the same time to do all in her power to attach the regard of Halima, the Cadi's wife, in whose hands she was to remain until she set out on her voyage to Constantinople. After further explaining to her the manner in which she should proceed, and other particulars, Mahomet presented her, together with the message from her master, to the Turkish lady. Seeing her so beautiful and so splendidly decorated, Halima received her fair captive with distinction, and her conductor bent his way back to the tents, anxious to inform Ricardo of the conversation which had passed; and when he described the lady's

emotion on hearing of his pretended death, the tears started into his eyes. He contrasted this with her conduct on learning the capture of Cornelio, of whom she had spoken with marked slight and aversion; the whole of which acted as a delicious balm to the afflicted spirit of Ricardo, who, turning to Mahomet, said :—"I call to mind now what my father related to me !—you know how greatly he was honoured by Charles the Fifth, in whose service he discharged many high offices both in peace and war. He used to tell me, that when the emperor was engaged in taking Tunis, as he was one day standing in his tent upon the plain, they brought to him a Moorish girl, of remarkable beauty; and what was still more singular in a Moor, she had golden hair, which seemed to vie with the sun's rays which shone upon her through the tent. At that time, he said, there were two Spanish cavaliers in the camp, an Andalusian and a Catalonian; both of rare prudence, and both poets. The moment he beheld her, the Andalusian burst forth into a strain of enthusiastic admiration; yet observing every rule of the most difficult verse, in what is termed *coplas*, and in the fifth line of the couplet he suddenly paused, as if unable to bring to an end either the sentiment or the verse. But the other cavalier who stood at his side, and had heard the verses, observing him at a loss, snatched as it were the middle of the couplet from his lips, pursued it, and finished it with the proper rhymes, and beauty of sentiment as well. Now, my dear friend, it was this incident which occurred so forcibly to my mind when I saw the dazzling charms of Leonisa break, like sunlight, through the obscurity of the pacha's tent, —a light, that seemed to beam like heaven with all its starry glory upon my wondering view." "Restrain your passionate praises," interrupted Mahomet with a smile, "unless you mean to be taken rather for a Pagan than a Christian; but leaving these follies apart, let me inquire how you mean to proceed in this difficult affair?" "Alas!" replied Ricardo, "I know all that passed in the tent; for a Venetian renegado who was present has interpreted all to me; so that now my whole efforts would be directed how to prevent, if possible, the voyage of my beloved one,—Oh, heavens! for the purpose of being presented to the Grand Signor."

"The first thing to be done, then," returned Mahomet, more calmly, "is for you to become the slave of my master, and we can afterwards concert what measures may be adapted to the present juncture." He had no sooner spoken, than the overseer of Hassan's Christian slaves made his appearance, and took Ricardo along with him. The cadi returned to the city with Hassan, who, in a few days, made out the residential letters of Ali, and gave them to him, closed and sealed, on his departure to Constantinople. He went, leaving strict injunctions with the cadi to forward the fair captive, with letters, to the sultan, not forgetting to recommend his (Ali's) service, and his exertions to please

the sultan, most warmly to his master's favour. The other made ample promise to that effect, intent all the time on treachery, and eager for the possession of the fair Christian, whom he pretended to reserve for the Grand Signor.

Meantime, Mahomet had made arrangements for Ricardo to become the slave of the cadi, a circumstance which rendered the wretched lover only more anxious than before to obtain an interview with his adored Leonisa, and deprived him of all repose. He now changed his name into that of Mario, in order that she might not hear his real one till he had first seen her; and this was extremely difficult, on account of the jealousy of the Moors, who veil the faces of their women, so as to conceal them more effectually from the eyes of the men, though they do not care they should be seen by the Christians, as, being captives, they conclude they dare no longer indulge the usual passions of men.

It so happened, that the Señora Halima one day cast eyes on the slave Mario, and so greatly was she struck with his noble air and figure, that she could not drive his image from her fancy, and it soon reached her heart. Little content with the poor attractions of her ancient husband, she indulged a passion for the handsome captive, and confided the secret to Leonisa, for whom she had already conceived a real affection, added to her respect for the intended mistress of the Grand Signor. She told her that her husband had brought a new Christian slave into the house, and of such enchanting looks and appearance, that she thought she had never beheld a more elegant, delightful man in her life; that, moreover, he was *Chilib*, that is to say, a Cavalier, and had come from the same territory as the renegade Mahomet; but that she did not know how to proceed, or to make known her wishes.

Leonisa inquired after the name of the handsome captive, and heard in reply that he was called Mario. "But," said Leonisa, "were he of the place which you mention, I should know him; and there is no one of the name of Mario in Trapana. Pray let him be called hither, Señora; I will question him and tell you who he is, and what you may expect from one like him." "And so you shall," said Halima; "for on the next fast, when the cadi will be employed in making the Zala in the mosque, he shall come to us, and you shall speak to him ear to ear. Then, if you think well of it, make your sweet voice plead my desire; and I know you will do it in a way that he cannot resist it." While the fair Halima was thus employed with the captive, the cadi, on his part, having called his slaves, Mahomet and Mario, to his counsel, in like manner made known to them the wishes of an old enamoured fool, requiring them, with a solemn face, to inform him in what way he could best accomplish his amiable object with regard to the fair captive, and yet keep on good terms with the Grand Signor; for that

he would sooner die a thousand deaths, than deliver over the lovely girl to the arms of that great monopolist of beauty.

With so much earnestness did the religious cadi plead the force of his passion, that his listeners came exactly to an opposite conclusion to that of their master—to invent something very speedily to disappoint it, though affecting to suggest the following plan. It was arranged that Mario, as coming from the same place, should be the person to solicit her favour in the cadi's behalf (just as the ladies had themselves contrived it), and if in this way he should not succeed, he could then try the less ingenious mode of force, for she was in his power; and this being done, he could give it out that she was dead, and thus excuse himself for not sending her to Constantinople.

The cadi was transported with the wisdom of his slaves, and he forthwith presented Mahomet with his freedom, as a mark of his regard. He promised the same to Mario, if he should succeed in his object, with wealth and honours to boot, while the captives on their part bade him not be anxious as to Leonisa, for that she would soon be his; and the old cadi, to make assurance doubly sure, declared that he would let his wife go for a few days on a visit to her parents, when his slave Mario could come in and go out of his house at any hour, to converse with, and gain over Leonisa to his master's views. In this way did the tide of fortune seem to change with regard to Ricardo; and the whole plot having been determined upon, the fair Halima, like a true woman, was the first to proceed to put her part of it into execution, her sex being always the most ready and precipitate to indulge their tastes. On the same day, the cadi announced, as a special favour to his lady, that he had concluded on permitting her to go and enjoy herself a few days in the country with her parents; and not a little was his surprise when his wife, in the coolest tone, declared that she had already made up her mind, from what he had before said on the subject, to submit to his wishes; and she now no longer indulged the idea. To this her husband replied, that he should feel uneasy if she were to sacrifice her pleasure; that he could not permit it; and that so far from wishing her to stay, she would oblige him by taking her pleasure, and setting out directly. "If that be the case," said the gentle Halima, still intent on her own views, "I will go, certainly, and I will take the Christian captive along with me; it will cheer her, and do her health good." "No, no, my dear," replied the cadi; "I am responsible, as the guardian of the Grand Signor's prize, that she be seen by nobody, and least of all that she be permitted to converse with any Christian; being intended, as you know, to adorn the seraglio of our master, and be converted to our holy faith, in which she is now staying with us to receive the first instructions." "Very true, my dear husband," replied Halima; "but for all that she can go with me; she need not be, in my father's house, exposed to any evil

Christian communications; for, albeit my parents are Greeks, I see and talk to them, and am I a less religious Turk on that account? do you find me such?" "Yes; but you know I can confide in you, my dear, anywhere." "To be sure you can," was Halima's reply, "and in my care of the Christian slave; we shall only stay four or five days; my unceasing tenderness for you, my love of home, will not permit me to be longer away." The cadi said no more, for he was afraid of giving rise to suspicions in his wife's breast, if he further ventured to press the point.

The day of holy festival arrived; the cadi went to the mosque, whence he could not return under four hours; and scarcely had the fair Halima lost sight of him, than she sent to summon Mario to her presence. She was obliged to give the porter particular orders before he could be permitted to pass the courtyard; but this being done, Ricardo, in fact, stood confused and trembling in presence of his fair mistress, as if he had a whole army of enemies to encounter. Leonisa, too, was there, adorned just as she appeared before the two pachas in the tent. She was seated at the foot of a grand marble staircase, which led up into a magnificent corridor; her head was inclined upon her fair hand, her arm resting upon her knees, and her eyes directed to the side opposite to which Mario entered; while Ricardo, unconscious of her presence, stood silently awaiting the pleasure of his mistress. But when he cast his eyes upon the object of all his long sorrow, and despair, and adoration, a thousand tumults surprised the lover's soul, and he stood like a statue, half wonder and half delight, gazing away his senses on the adored being, not only in sight, but so near him. He was a captive, and yet gloried in his lot; he would not have been free and far away at that moment to purchase the power of worlds; such is the strange and yet more enchanting power that can command all most dear to man to be yielded up at the feet of the charmer whom he dies to possess. It is impossible to describe the passions which shook the soul of Ricardo, assured as he had been that the object he now beheld no longer hated him. Suddenly she looked up, and their eyes met; but how different was the effect which the same sentiment produced on each; Ricardo rivetted to the spot; Leonisa, who had been taught to believe him dead, struck with terror and astonishment at beholding what she then believed to be a vision of the dead. It was like a strange fascination; for with eyes still fixed upon his, she sought to withdraw, making several steps back, and drawing out a small cross, which she kissed frequently, pronouncing at the same time some holy words.

Ricardo first recovering his confidence, was aware of the real cause of Leonisa's excessive terror. "It irks me," he said, "lovely lady, that what you believe is not indeed true; and that it is a living mortal who stands before you. If dead, I should not indulge the terror I now do,

lest my rigorous fate should give the last blow, and consummate my doom. Be calm, lady, and if you venture on what you never yet willingly did—to approach me,—you will find that I am no empty shade,—but one full of strange adventure, and of sorrow sufficient to satiate his worst enemy." Leonisa placed her finger on her mouth, as if to signify that he should speak low; and he gently approached her, and heard her speak:—"I believe you are Mario, and you ought to know that if we happen to be overheard, this may be the last time we shall ever meet. Halima is within hearing,—she who adores you,—who sends me to engage you to love her; which if you do, it may be better for your fortune than for your soul. But if you refuse to listen, you must nevertheless pretend to return her regard, and this I entreat of you, if you wish to avoid some fatal thing from an incensed woman who hath made known to you her love." "That would be impossible," replied Ricardo, "I cannot imagine such a thing; but your request hath undeceived me. Is then the will to love or hate of so light account, that we can direct each as we please? Is it right or honourable that a man should feign in so serious a matter as this? It tells me that you have yourself not experienced one of these passions;—had you felt its power, you would admit it were not within possibility for me to feign on such a subject,—except at the command of her I love. Such a command, hard as it is, I will obey, if so be that I may thus have the delight of seeing you. In return for the sacrifice I thus make, having long devoted my heart and affections to your service, all I would ask is, by what means you were freed from the hands of the cruel corsairs, and how you fell into those of the Jew, who sold you?" "More at leisure, I will give you the satisfaction you wish; it is a tale of trouble, of which I can now but briefly give you the outline. Know, that in the evening of the day we were separated, Izuf's vessel returned with a fair wind to the isle of Pantanalea, where also we saw your galley; but our own, spite of the utmost exertions, foundered upon the rocks. My master, perceiving destruction staring him in the face, threw out on the sudden two vessels filled with water, and bound together. He placed me between them; and throwing off his clothes, he took another, to which he bound himself with cords, and attached to the other barrels; after which we were committed to the mercy of the waves. Deprived of consciousness, I did not again awake to life till I found myself in the hands of two Turks, engaged in attempts to restore me from apparent death. On opening my eyes I beheld the body of Izuf near me; he had been dashed upon the rocks; while the Turks, as they told me, saved me from drowning by seizing the cords and dragging me to the land.

"Eight persons only escaped with life. We remained eight days in the island, during which, in the hope of gain, the Turks observed towards me the same respect as if I had been a sister. We had sought refuge

in a cavern, from the fear felt of being surprized by a party of Christians; we fed upon the sea-weed and relics cast upon the coast from the fatal wreck, and which we gathered together at night. It had so turned out for my ill fortune, that there was no commander of the men, the captain having died only a few days before, and twenty sailors being all that were left. This was known from a young boy whom the Turks had captured, and who had come from a ship to collect shells on the shore. In about eight days after, there touched at the same spot a Moorish vessel, one of those called *Carmuzales;* it was seen by the Turks, who ran to the sea-side, and making signs to the vessel, signified that they were distressed Turks. They were taken into the vessel by the Moors, and in this was the rich Jew merchant, who owned the greater part of the ship's cargo, consisting of all the most costly productions of Barbary, chiefly destined for the Levant.

"The Turks made good their passage to Tripoly, during which they sold me to the wealthy Jew, who paid down for me the sum of 2000 dollars,—an immense price, obtained from the favourable judgment of the Jew. Leaving there the Turks, the vessel resumed her voyage; when the Jew made the most base proposals, which I treated in a manner which deterred him from farther attempts upon my honour. Despairing of inducing me to enter into his terms, he resolved, on the first favourable opportunity, to rid himself of my company, and hearing that the two pachas were then in the island, he resolved to stop short of his destination to Chio, and sell me, perhaps, at greater advantage, to one of the pachas. With this view, he decked me out in the manner you saw, in order the better to excite notice, and a desire of making purchase of unhappy me. I have been told, indeed, that I have only been bought and entrusted to the cadi, in order to be sent to the Grand Turk, a fearful event of which I am in no little dread. It was here I learnt your feigned decease, and if you require me to speak the truth, it caused me deep concern; though I envied rather than pitied you. Not that I love any other—not that I am ungrateful, but that I conceived it good that you had for ever done with the tragedy of life."

"You speak truth, noble lady," returned Ricardo, "granting that death had not deprived me of the delight of seeing you again; for the utmost ambition of my soul is now gratified, when I can thus gaze on those heavenly and adored features. By some happy fatality we have both fallen into the hands of the same master, and the cadi requires me to obtain from you the very consent for which you are here the advocate on the part of Halima. Yes, he has deputed me to talk to you of love: could I refuse such a command—not to fulfil it in the spirit he imagined, but to win the glorious prize of being near; of hearing, seeing, and addressing you? Such is the close of our strange

adventures—you doomed to ask of me what is impossible—I to engage you to listen to a proposal, than which I would suffer a thousand deaths sooner than even imagine you could accept."

"I know not, Ricardo, how to answer you: how to suggest an escape from the labyrinth of troubles that surrounds us. Alas! if we feign not and become hypocrites, we die; it is the sole hope left us; and I must acquaint my passionate mistress that you are not wholly opposed to favouring her views. Heaven forgive us! But to the cadi what will you say? My honour, my more than life, is in your hands; and believe, amidst all my perils, that is still my own. But dare not breathe to me a word as to the cadi's hated love; I will see you always when you wish; only promise not to plead for the cadi, or you never behold me more. Dream you that what I yielded not when at liberty, surrounded by wealth and friends, captivity shall ever wrest from my maiden pride? No, by heavens; for that my forfeit life shall gladly be yielded again and again. Once, Ricardo, I thought you too bold and arrogant; I am now undeceived—what the future may bring, perhaps, I know not: but we must break off; for Halima may overhear, and she understands the Christian tongue." Ricardo was vehement in his expressions of gratitude, to show how truly he honoured and adored her, declaring that, so far from arrogance, there was no humility and gentleness and patience of which he was not capable to win her esteem. "Fear not," he exclaimed, "my serving the cadi, and amuse Halima in the manner you please; for since I have now seen you, strange unbidden hopes spring up in my bosom, and whisper that we shall soon be free. Heaven guard you, Leonisa, and farewell; next time I will inform you of the strange accidents which severed me from your side."

They parted—Leonisa happy in the noble bearing and confidence of her fellow captive, and he in a tumult of joy at having heard gentle words and sighs from lips that had never before opened without asperity for him. Halima, meantime, was awaiting the result of her embassy to the slave Mario; the cadi was performing ceremonies in the mosque, but his thoughts wandering, like his fair consort's, in conjectures as to the probable success of his faithful Mario. On her return, Leonisa held out hopes to her mistress which made the latter happy, stipulating only that Mario should be ultimately allowed his freedom, and some period ere he should venture to return her love. To this last, however, the lady was unwilling to consent, stating that she would give immediately the sum required by the cadi for Mario's freedom, calling only for love and gratitude in return. Ricardo, however, took counsel with Mahomet before going to the cadi to render an account of his amiable mission. It was agreed that they should advise the cadi, without loss of time, to carry the fair captive on shipboard, and during her passage to Constantinople he would have ample

opportunities of succeeding in his object, either by force or fraud; that afterwards he should throw her, according to custom, into the sea, and, having purchased another slave, to be called by the name of Leonisa, he should prosecute his intention of presenting her in Leonisa's rich clothes to the Grand Signor. Such was the infatuation of the silly old man, that, had they advised him to adopt yet greater absurdities, he would have complied. Little dreamed he of their true intent—to make themselves masters of the vessel, and dispose of his ferocious person, instead of the fair girl, in the manner alluded to. Another difficulty was also in the way: his wife, he felt persuaded, would never consent to his going with the fair slave to Constantinople, unless she accompanied them. His ingenuity, however, assisted by his avarice, overcame even this: he informed his faithful friends, that, instead of buying another slave, he would substitute Halima in the place of the fair slave, and present her to the Grand Signor; for that he had his own reasons for wishing to be rid of her, as (he emphatically added) he hated her worse than death. With as much coolness as he had suggested, Mahomet and his friend proceeded to execute the plan; while the cadi went to break the happy tidings of a voyage to Constantinople to his wife. He assured her that, by presenting so beautiful a slave to the Grand Signor, he should most probably be made grand cadi either of Cairo or Constantinople on the spot; and that she would then have new dresses, and rank far above the ladies of common cadies. Halima was delighted, and more particularly when she heard that Mahomet and Ricardo were to be of the same party.

Hassan Pacha, meanwhile, eagerly solicited the cadi to deliver the fair captive into his hands, at whatever price he chose to name, in addition to the sum at which Ricardo had been valued, namely, two thousand crowns. All his solicitations, however, had been in vain, and only confirmed the cadi in his determination to set out for Constantinople as soon as possible. He accordingly fitted out a brigantine, which he armed in the best style, and manned with a picked company of Turks and Moors, and a number of Greek Christians for their slaves. In this the cadi embarked most of his property, as well as his wife, who had much the same object in view as he proposed for himself. She was ready to join heart and hand in the design of surprising the vessel, throwing the old cadi overboard, and then sailing direct for some Christian country, there to espouse her beloved Ricardo, and embrace her former faith. Before they set sail, Ricardo had another opportunity of conferring with his Leonisa, when he acquainted her with the scheme they had in view. On her part, she told him of the intentions of the amiable Halima; both promised to observe mutual secresy, and to await, with confidence in Heaven, the issue of the doubtful enterprise.

The day having arrived, Hassan, with his soldiers, accompanied the party to the sea-shore; he saw the vessel set sail; nor did he cease to follow her with his eyes so long as she continued in sight. It would seem as if the breath of his amorous sighs helped to fill the sails of the cruel ship, which tore from him the last hope of possessing the object for which he had paid not only the price of his peace, but of actual gold. He was resolved not to bear it; and instantly arming one of his brigantines of superior force, with fifty chosen friends and comrades, whom he flattered with hopes of plunder, he prepared to follow and attack the cadi, and thus make himself master of Leonisa's person. He would make over the other prisoners and plunder to his followers, and then sink the brig, and thus leave not a wreck or memorial of its fate behind. These hopes gave wings to his expedition, and on the sixth day after the departure of the cadi, on the very morning which had been fixed upon for the execution of his nefarious design, another vessel was perceived bearing with all sail and oars fast towards them, which was supposed by Mahomet and Ricardo to be a corsair in full chase. Their vessel instantly prepared for battle; but, on a closer approach, the cadi bade them have no fear, for what they had supposed to be an enemy was only a Turkish brig. He ordered the white banner to be raised as a sign of peace, to arrest the violence with which the brig seemed to bear down upon them. At length, Mahomet, after looking out, declared that there was also in the distance a Christian vessel; on hearing which, the cadi would have given all he possessed, not excepting even the fair captive, to have been safe in his official station at Nicosia. The Turk, likewise, instead of answering the signal of peace, attacked the cadi with such fury, as nearly to send him at once to the bottom of the sea. He knew by the soldiers from what side the blow came; but it was too late for a remedy. He was boarded, but while the pacha's men were engaged in plunder, a Turk suddenly cried out, "To arms! to arms! a Christian vessel is at hand;" and at the same time that of Hassan was attacked with equal vigour by the Christians. On being questioned, Hassan replied, that he was the viceroy of Cyprus; but on being further desired to explain why he had made booty of the cadi of Nicosia, his officers could only answer, that such were their orders, and they were resolved to enforce them.

The captain of the Christians upon this directed his attack upon the vessel of the cadi, and at the first broadside brought down more than ten Turks, and then, with equal dexterity and courage, boarded her; and it was then that the unhappy cadi perceived that his conqueror was no Christian, but his old acquaintance Ali, the late pacha himself. Enamoured of Leonisa, he had been on the look out, prepared to give Hassan a warm reception; and the better to mask his design, he had hoisted Christian colours, and arrayed his soldiers in

Christian costume. The cadi now saw through the intentions of the treacherous lovers; and began to bewail his misfortune in no measured terms. "Ah, what means this, thou traitor Ali! how, being a Mussulman, dost thou thus assault me, like a Christian? And you, ye renegade Turks of Hassan; what devil of mischief has instigated you to insult thus shamefully the cadi himself? What, to satisfy the brutal lust of your master, will you fly in the face of the Grand Signor—your natural master? Down with your arms, I say." The crews of the different vessels, on this, began to recognise one another, having all served under the same commander; but Ali, shutting his ears to all, made a blow at the cadi's head, which, had it not been for his well-folded turban, would assuredly have cleaved it asunder. As it was, he fell among the benches of the vessel, calling out, O cruel renegade; enemy of my prophet! is there no one to chastise thy impious insolence; how dar'dst thou to lay hands on thy cadi, and a minister of Mahomet? These words added fuel to the strife; the soldiers of Hassan, fearing lest Ali should bear away the prize, fell upon his force with the utmost rage, till only four were left alive, and these, too, badly wounded. It was now that Ricardo and Mahomet, who had concealed themselves under the poop, came forth, and calling on two Christian relatives of Halima, they united together, and seizing the weapons of the deceased, cried out, liberty, liberty! They soon made themselves masters, not only of the remaining crew, but of the immense wealth belonging to Ali, the fruits of his viceroyship—while he too was numbered with the dead.

By the advice of Ricardo, the whole of the effects were now removed from the other vessels into that of Ali; a fine galliot, which was forthwith manned by the Christian force, who, rejoiced to regain their liberty, offered to bring her as far as Trepana, or even to the end of the world if he thought good. The two friends then consulted Halima, whether she would take half the wealth and return to Cyprus, or sail with them for their own country. She preferred the latter; while the cadi, now first recovering from the knock on his head, was disposed to go to Constantinople, and lay his complaints of the wicked pacha before the Grand Signor. But when he heard that the fair Halima was about to leave him for good, he was very nearly running stark mad. However, they fitted him out, and prepared to have him conducted to Cyprus; but ere he went, he asked, as a particular favour, that he might be allowed to bid farewell to the beautiful Leonisa. His request was granted; and the aged cadi, after taking a most lugubrious and sentimental adieu, intreated that she would place her fair hands upon his head, having a firm persuasion that such would be the efficacy of the charm, as to cure the remaining effects of Ali's cruel blow.

With very different thoughts did Ricardo and his faithful Mahomet

give their sails to the favouring breeze; without touching at any place they passed Alexandria, and bore away till they came within sight of the island of Corfu. They then, without slackening sail, passed by the ill-famed Acroceraunian rocks, and thence from afar burst on their delighted view, Peguino, Tinacria, and Malta—soon reached by the fortunate and swift-gliding vessel of poor Ali Pacha. In four days afterwards they discovered La Lampadosa, and then the isle where they made wreck, the sight of which made Leonisa tremble violently, the whole fatal incident recurring fresh to her mind. The next brought them in sight of their own long-desired and beloved native land.

Joy leaped in every heart; for it was the joy of freedom after sad and hopeless captivity, and they were, moreover, victors over their enemies, and enriched with honour and wealth, and abundance of every happiness earth can supply. Ricardo had commanded the vessel to be magnificently decorated with a number of silk and golden flags and banners, with other ornaments of the gayest kind. A little before day they were about a league from port, when waving their banners and bursting into triumphal songs, they came gradually nearing the port, where, at the strange sight and sound, numbers of every rank had congregated to bid the fair sea-vision welcome to their shore. To add to the dazzling beauty of the scene, Ricardo intreated of his now kind Leonisa to appear gemmed and adorned as costly as she had appeared in the pacha's tent; for he was intent upon giving a joyful surprise to his friends and parents. She obeyed, and even threw more charming lustre round her beauties than before, and as she drew nigh, murmurs and shouts of admiration began to fill the air, and echo to the deep. Ricardo stood at her side, arrayed in a rich Turkish dress; and his example was followed by his friend, and all the Christians, who had an abundant supply from the fallen Turks.

It was a clear, serene morning when they bore into port, just such as could be wished to welcome in some happy festival. Before landing, Ricardo fired several salutes, in honour of the inhabitants; which were returned by an equal number from shore. When, however, they plainly saw the Turkish banner and costume, seized with sudden apprehension they ran to arms, and the entire force of the city began to throng the port, all which added to the delight of the mariners, who speedily undeceived their countrymen, by each falling on his knees as he landed and reverently kissing the earth. They then formed, and proceeded in procession, colours flying and music playing, to claim the renewal of former loves and friendships dear to the heart. Leonisa was the last to set *foot on* land, her face still covered with the same rich crimson veil. She walked between Ricardo and Mahomet, and the eyes of all the land followed her in wonder and admiration not to be described. Meanwhile the captain and governor of the city

had arrived, who received them as the principal personages of the place. On fixing his eyes a moment on Ricardo, he uttered a cry, and ran to embrace him, while the parents of Leonisa were not slow in recognising their long-lost daughter. Cornelio and his parents, too, were there; he grew deadly pale when he beheld Ricardo, but the latter, with singular kindness and courtesy, took him by the hand. He then intreated of the governor, before seeking the holy temple to offer up grateful prayers for their escape, that he would be pleased to let him speak briefly what he had to say. The governor told him, they were all prepared to hear him in silent, breathless attention, such was the extreme curiosity of the people. "You may remember, Señores," he began, "the misfortune which befell in the garden on the sea-side,—and, subsequently, the pains I took to redeem Leonisa from captivity,—pledging even the whole of my property for that glorious object,—an object in which the peace of my soul was also perilled. I cannot now describe the strange, unheard-of adventures which afterwards befell us,—suffice it to say, that Heaven, in pity to our trials and sufferings, taught us the way to redeem our liberty, and reach once more our native land. But here is the object, next to Heaven," he said, turning towards Leonisa, and withdrawing the veil which concealed her charms,—"that deserves our thanks,—our warmest gratitude; for she inspired me to undertake all that has been accomplished:—wealth, life, honour,—all were sacrificed to my invincible love for her; and all are hers. Yes, adversity hath made me wise; if not humble and gentle; and as a proof of this, come forward, Cornelio, and receive from my hand the most costly and precious gem that can be set in a happy lover's breast. She is thine,—and with her all that I have is thine. Let me embrace you before I retire to my hermit life among the distant hills." He then took Leonisa's hand, as if to place it in that of Cornelio; but what was his astonishment,—his thrilling delight, when he felt that cold, reluctant hand withdrawn,—when he heard her sigh, and with a tear trembling in her eye, pronounce the ecstatic words,—"I am thine, Ricardo,—only thine," as she fell into his arms.

Quevedo.

DON FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO VILLEGAS

WAS born of a distinguished family in Madrid, in the year 1580. His father, Don Pedro Gomez Quevedo, was secretary, and his mother, Donna Maria Santibañez, was lady of the bedchamber to the queen Donna Anna of Austria. Quevedo completed his studies at the University of Alcala, and there afforded abundant confirmation of the extraordinary powers which his earlier years had promised. From that period he distinguished himself as one of the most eminent scholars of his time. At the age of twenty-three, he was honoured with the eulogies of Lipsius, and the consideration of all his learned contemporaries, who consulted him in the Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic languages. Not satisfied with the lighter studies of the age, he applied himself to those of a more abstruse nature, and made himself acquainted with theology and jurisprudence; and was at length graduated in mathematics, astronomy, medicine, and natural philosophy. Thus prepared, he dedicated himself to the composition of works on moral and political philosophy. He was likewise one of the best poets of his time, both as a lyric and a satirist; for, independently of the works of *Francisco de la Torre*, which have been falsely attributed to him, those which are confessedly his own bear testimony to his high qualifications.

Quevedo was so extremely careful of his time, that he resided at a public hotel, that he might the better economise it by his freedom from domestic arrangements; and he was visited there by all the nobility and talent of the court. He subsequently crowned his fame and talents, by travelling, for the space of nine years, over the greater portion of Europe. He was first induced to adopt this step by an affair of honour, in which he had the misfortune to wound a gentleman in vindication of a lady's offended feelings, who had been publicly affronted by him. He went to Sicily, as secretary to the Duke de Osuna, and accompanied him afterwards to Naples. He served that nobleman with zeal and ability, and assisted him with his counsel in the treaty which he effected with the Pope, the king of Savoy, and the Republic of Venice; after which he went various times into France,

Germany, Flanders, Greece, and Turkey; and, in consideration of these services, he was honoured with a cross of the order of Santiago, with a pension, and the Lordship of la Torre de St. Juan de Abad.

The Duke de Osuna shortly afterwards fell into disgrace; a misfortune which was equally felt by Quevedo. He was imprisoned for upwards of three years in the tower of his lordship; and was only liberated on condition that he should live at a distance from the court. In a few years, however, he was recalled, but his late misfortune being in the recollection of all, he was obliged to be very circumspect. This, however, did not prevent him from being a successful competitor for the palm of literary excellence at the palace of Philip IV., before whom were represented various comedies of his writing, which have not been printed.

During this period were published the greater part of his writings, which met with general applause; and to this reputation he owed the honourable appointment of secretary to the King, with various offers of employment in the state; but Quevedo, taught by the rigours of past misfortune, and justly doubtful of court favours, accepted of none. The death of his wife, and the mediocrity of his fortune, made him desirous of retirement, where he could indulge in his literary labours undisturbed. He therefore returned to his tower of St. Juan de Abad, and there wrote the chief portion of his moral works, which are not few.

Quevedo had hardly recovered from the effects of his misfortune, when he was destined to experience a still greater reverse. The malice of his enemies, who could never forgive him the superior consideration which his genius procured him, denounced him as the author of a virulent satire against government. On this false accusation, he was committed to prison in the convent de St. Marcos de Leon, and an embargo was placed on all his goods and papers. Here he suffered all the extremities of want and destitution, which he bore with a courage and heroism worthy his great name. In a letter to the Duke d' Olivares, who was then the court favourite, he wrote—"A year and ten months have passed since I was committed to prison; I was brought hither in the rigour of winter, almost without covering, and in the seventy-first year of my age. I have suffered since that time all the misery of a severe imprisonment. My health has suffered from three wounds, which the extreme cold has so increased, that being denied the benefit of a surgeon, I am an object of compassion to all who behold me, and so poor that I am indebted to charity for the preservation of my life. . . . . Your utmost clemency could hardly give me many years of life, neither could your rigour deprive me of many; I therefore do not ask this short space so much for the love of life, as the desire to live well and usefully, and that my remaining time may form no inconsiderable portion of your excellency's renown."

A short time after writing this letter, the Duke, in one of his excursions, being near the prison of the supplicant, gave him his liberty, and commanded him to retire to St. Juan de Abad, where he remained until obliged by his infirmity of health to remove to Villa Neuva de los Infantes, where he died in 1645, and the seventy-fifth year of his age.

If we reflect on the chequered career, and the misfortunes of Quevedo, we cannot refuse the tribute of our admiration to his heroism, while we may profit by his example. If we consider his vast and multifarious talent, we are lost in admiration and respect. Had Quevedo lived two centuries later, and not unhappily breathed the limited atmosphere of the court of Philip IV., the annals of no nation could have boasted of a man, who, for splendour of imagination, or universality of talent, could be placed in comparison with him; he would have been handed down to posterity with the greatest men of the age. The writings of Quevedo are sufficiently known, and are too extensive, to be mentioned at length in this brief sketch. It is merely necessary to observe, that, in the specimens which follow, I have attempted to select a few that might convey the best idea of the author's peculiar genius, so distinguished for keen and vigorous satire, combined with rare knowledge of the human heart and of the world. In those now given, I have done little more than condense and adapt the several versions already made of part of Quevedo's works by L'Estrange; and by Stevens, in an edition published at Edinburgh, in three volumes, about the close of the last century; and for which, as well as other works, I have been indebted to the kindness of Mr. Beckwith, of the Royal mint; himself both a collector and admirer of Spanish literature, familiar with the rarest works of its great founders and ornaments.

VISION THE FIRST.

OF THE CATCHPOLE POSSESSED.

ON going the other day to hear mass, at a convent in this town, I found the doors closed, and a world of good people pressing and praying to get in. Upon inquiring what was the matter, they told me there was a demoniac about to be exorcised, which made me the more eager to see the ceremony; but all to no purpose, for after having been nearly stifled in the crowd, I was glad to make my escape, and betake myself once more to my lodgings. As I went, I met a particular friend of mine at the end of the street, belonging to the same convent, who gave me the same information. Observing my curiosity, he told me to follow him, and having a general passport, he took me through a little door at the back of the church into the vestry. Here we found a miserable, dogged-looking fellow, with a fur tippet round his neck, as slovenly as any beggar you meet—all in rags and tatters, his hands bound, and stamping and roaring in a most horrible manner. "Bless me," I exclaimed, crossing me, "What is all this?" "This," replied the good father, who was to expel the devil—"this is a man possessed with an evil spirit."

"That's an infernal lie," cried the demon that tormented him; "with all respect to the present company, it is not a man possessed with a devil, but a devil possessed with a man! you ought to take care what you say, for it is quite evident, both from the question and answer, that you are little better than a set of fools. Know that we devils never get possession of the body of an alguazil if we can help it; it is in spite of ourselves if we do. To speak correctly therefore, say that you have here a devil *catch-poled*, and not a *catchpole* possessed. To give you your due, you men can outwit us devils better than you do the catchpoles, for we take fright at the cross, while they make use of it as a cloak for their wicked purposes.

"Still, while we thus differ in our humour, we are much of a mind in regard to the duties we have to fulfil; for if we bring men into judgment and tribulation, so do the bailiffs; we pray for the progress of vice and all its societies, and so do they; in fact, they are the more zealous of the two, because they make a livelihood by it, and we only

for the sake of company. Here you see the catchpoles are worse than the devils, for they are bent upon devouring their own species. We are angels, though black ones, compared with them, and were only changed into imps for setting ourselves upon an equality with the Most High. The generation of catchpoles, live, like worms, upon corruption; so you may as well leave off, my good father, plying this wretch with beads and reliques,—you will sooner snatch a soul from damnation, than anything out of his clutches. In short, your catchpoles and we devils belong both to the same order, only we are of the *barefoot*, like the reverend father (having a hard footing in the world), while they go warm shod—both shoes and stockings."

I was rather astonished to find so great a sophist in the devil; but, spite of all, the holy man persisted in his exorcism, and to stop the demon's mouth, he washed his face in some holy water, so that the demoniac became ten times madder than before. He began to howl so horribly as to deafen the whole company, and make the floor tremble. "Perhaps," he exclaimed, "you think all this the effect of your holy water; no such thing; the pure element itself would have done as much; for a catchpole hates nothing so much as cold water. They may well be called alguazils, from Pagan descent; and as so much more suitable to their behaviour." "Come, come," retorted the good father, "we must not listen to this villain; give his tongue free scope, and you will hear him revile the government, and the ministers of justice themselves, because they keep the world in order, and put down villany,—all which goes to spoil *his own* market." "Chop me none of your logic, old fool," replied the devil, "for there is more in our philosophy than you are aware of; but if you like to do a poor devil a good turn, be quick and give me my *exit* out of this accursed bumbailiff. Were I not a devil of some rank and reputation, I should be better able to endure the scoffs and taunts that will welcome my return back for keeping such sorry company." "You shall leave it this very day," cried the holy father; "in pity to this tormented wretch, I will expel thee, spite of thy infernal obstinacy; wilt thou persist in torturing him, I say?" "It is nothing," returned the devil, "but a trial between us which shall prove the greatest devil of the two."

The priest did not in the least relish these keen and wicked replies, which turned the laugh against him; but to me it was very amusing; and addressing myself to the good father: "We are all friends, I believe, here, and I wish you would let me put a few questions to this merry demon; I may be able, perhaps, to get something good out of him, even against his will, if you will just stop his hand a little on this poor wretch." The exorcist granted my request, and the merry devil resumed with a laugh: "We shall never, I see, want a friend at court while a poet resides there; and it would be very ungrateful in the whole race if we did, after the treatment they have experienced from

us below." "Have you many?" inquired I. "Whole lots," he replied; "and there is nothing so pleasant as the first year of a poet's novitiate; he brings letters of recommendation for our ministers, and inquires for Rhadamanthus, Charon, Cerebus, Minos, &c., &c., with a grave face."

"What punishment do you inflict?" I asked, rather anxiously. "A great deal, and of a very proper kind," he replied. "We praise the works of their rivals; some are employed for a thousand years in revising a few hacknied stanzas upon jealousy; others beat their heads with their empty palms, or bore their noses with a hot iron to get a new thought. They split a hair, and torture a word into every absurd complication of sound; they bite their nails, or stand transfixed in a brown study. But your comic poets fare the worst, for the villanous tricks they play upon the stage in coupling high-born ladies with clowns and lackeys, and princes and nobles with the refuse of the other sex. We do not find room for these satiric wits along with the others, but with pettifoggers, and common dealers in the arts of shuffling, cheating, and forging. As to the discipline employed, those who come, for instance, by the way of fools, we place among the astrologers; a man condemned for manslaughter finds his seat among the physicians; merchants who have negotiated a vile business take their chance with Judas; and corrupt ministers of every class pitch their tents close to those of the great robbers of the earth. A certain dealer, who declared he had lived upon the immaculate sale of cold water, took up his station with his friends the publicans. Indeed, the whole of our kingdom is divided into separate districts, to accommodate all classes of colonists. The blind, who would fain rank with the poets, we include among the lovers; a sexton, and a cook who roasted cats for hares, we send to the pastry shop."

"And have you many lovers," I inquired, "in your dominions?" "Marry! that we have; and all are great admirers of themselves; some busied with their money, some with their own discourses, others with their own works; but very rarely one that can be said to like his own wife. No wonder, indeed; for the women generally bring them to the stool of repentance, and then the devil may take his own way. But for true sport, give me your fashionable, genteel lovers—your men of colours and favours—so trimmed and laced as to make a most admirable sign for the tailor or the mercer. Some you would mistake for carriers, bending under the burden of love-letters; some are horned, some flaming like comets; and best of all to behold are the antics of your maiden lover, with open mouth, and hands extended, embracing the air for his visionary mistress. There are also a kind of empty-handed, befooled pretenders, ever on the watch, snatching at the shadow, but who can never reach the substance; while some, worse than these, condemn themselves for ever for a Judas kiss. One

story lower is the asylum of contented cuckolds, a rank poisonous place, strewed with the relics of reputations, and paved with horns. But, resigned to their sorry destiny, the inhabitants never so much as question the justice of the sentence to which they are doomed; but far more difficult to keep in order are the admirers of old women, who occupy the adjoining apartment, whose luxury and depravity of taste are consigned to perpetual bondage. To leave all this, let me give you a word of advice—not to persist in making caricatures of us devils in your shows and pictures, if you wish me to indulge your curiosity. Why should you give us claws and talons like a vulture or a griffin—why tails—why saucer eyes and horns—nay, why even crowned with a coxcomb? You might take us for hermits, philosophers, or corregidores! Think better of it; paint us as we are; and one good turn will bring another. The other day we had Geronimo Bosco with us; and on inquiring what had led him to make such frightful representations of us in his visions, he made answer, it was because he had never really believed that there were demons, though he now found that it was but too true. What we consider still worse, is the usual style of your discourse when you wish to reflect upon any one's ill behaviour; as, for instance, 'See how this devil of a tailor has spoiled my coat; how this devil of a fellow has made me wait; and how this devil of a rascal has taken me in!' all which is very unhandsome, thus to rank us with the scum of mankind. Tailors, indeed! a set of wretches that serve us for fuel, and who are obliged to beg hard for the honour of being burnt! You have another bad custom, too, of giving every thing to the devil which you do not like yourselves: as, 'the devil take it; go to the devil; and the devil give you good of it;' as if he had nothing else to do than to take possession of what you choose to give him; if they are so ready, let them come themselves, and depend upon receiving a hearty welcome."

In the same strain, the devil rambled on some time, when suddenly was heard a scuffle which had befallen between two conceited coxcombs, about a point of precedence. On turning to look, I beheld some objects in the distance, that appeared to carry something in the shape of crowns. "Are there kings in hell?" I inquired; and the demon satisfied my doubts, by observing, that it abounded with them; some condemned to subjection under those whom they had oppressed,—some for extreme cruelty, and desolating their kingdoms in a way more terrific than the great plague. Others are expiating their avarice, for making deserts of populous villages and smiling plains; while many find their way thither by means of corrupt ministers, more base and cruel than themselves. It is delightful to see them suffer; and their torments are redoubled, inasmuch as they most frequently bring half their kingdom with them, bringing down upon the world universal ruin.

It is thus, then, that kings find themselves a royal road to perdition, while your great merchants reach it by a bridge of silver. Next to these, I may mention your judges! "What, are there judges there?' "Are there!" returned the demon, "why, the judges are like game to our palates,—the choice morsels,—the most prolific fish that supply our great lake; for what are the bailiffs, the proctors, barristers, attorneys, and clerks, that arrive every day in shoals, but the fry from these mighty judges; and sometimes, in a lucky season for cheating, perjury, and forgery, we are so full, that we can nowhere find room for our guests."

"What! would you say that there is no justice on the face of the earth?" I inquired. "I do," replied the devil; "and if you will listen, I will tell you, if you have never heard the story." "I have not," was the answer. "Then open your ears, and here you have it," retorted the devil, with a smile. "Once, in days gone by, Truth and Justice happened to meet in their peregrinations over the earth; the one was naked, the other was very frank, and sour of aspect; and neither found the least hospitality or good reception in any quarter. After wandering about miserably in the open air, Truth was compelled to take up a lodging with a mute; and Justice, seeing that her name was generally used as a cloak for villany, and that she was held in no regard, made up her mind to return to heaven. She took her departure from the great courts and cities, and went into the country, where she met with some simple villagers, who afforded her the best entertainment in their power; but malice and persecution still followed her, and she was driven even from thence. She then resorted to many other places,—and people everywhere asked her who she was? She told them plainly, she was Justice; for she would not tell an untruth. Justice! they all cried, she is an entire stranger to us,—there's nothing for her here,—go, shut the door! After this wretched reception on earth, she indignantly took wing and returned to her native heaven, without so much as leaving even a trace of the path by which she had passed. The fame of her name, however, did not become extinct; and we still behold her depicted with the sceptre of power in her hands, while she is moreover called Justice. But let us call her by what name we will, it is in her name the fires are kindled in the realms below; and the sleights of hand performed under her disguise, surpass every thing to be achieved by the most accomplished jilts, rogues, pickpockets, or cut-throats in this wide world; in short, the power of avarice has reached such a height, as to bid defiance to all other passions, and to absorb the whole faculties of body and soul in schemes of imposture and plunder. First, in the list of iniquity, does not the seducer, under the pretence of her consent, steal the honour of her he vows to love? does not the attorney dive into your pockets, and show both a law and a rule for it? the comedians run away with your

time as well as your money, while contriving to live on the recitation of other men's productions? Love outwits you with his eyes; the orator with his tongue; the soldier keeps you at arms' length; the musician beguiles you with his voice and fingers; the astrologer puzzles you with his calculations; the apothecary sickens you with his drugs; the leech draws your blood; and the physician finally bids you take your exit.

"Now in some way or other, these characters all belong to the great class of impostors; but it is the catchpole who combines all; and, in the name of justice, imposes upon and oppresses you with all his might. Ever waking and on the alert, he watches you with his eyes; he dogs you with his feet; seizes you with his hands; accuses you with his tongue; and in short, makes you cry out in the words of the Litany, 'from all catchpoles, as well as devils, good Lord deliver us!'"

"But what is the reason," enquired I, "that you have not included the women among the thieves, for surely you must admit they are both of the same trade?" "For mercy's sake," interrupted the devil, "not a word of the women, if ye love me; for we are so wearied with their endless importunity, and the clatter of their tongues, that we take alarm at the bare idea of them. It is the necessity we devils labour under of finding accommodation for them, which makes the infernal abode what it is; for ever since the death of the witch of Endor, it has been their constant endeavour to stir up strife, and in their extreme malice and uncharitableness, to set us all by the ears together. Not a few, indeed, have the hardihood to tell us to our face, that, when we have done our very worst, they have still some greater punishment in store for us. Yet, perhaps, on the whole, we ought to console ourselves that however great an infliction upon *us*, they are still more formidable to *you*, for we have there none of your grand theatres, saloons, parks, and other places of assignation, with which the earth is so abundantly supplied."

"You appear then to be in no want of a female population," returned I; "but in which do you most abound, the handsome or the opposite, think you?" "Oh," quoth the devil, "for one beauty, we have at least half a dozen frights; and the reason is, that your pretty women, when they have had their way till they are tired, and rung the changes on all kind of pleasures long enough, generally turn out saints, and repent; whereas your plain people pine themselves to death for spite, and, flying in the face of Providence, so distort their tempers and their very souls, that they are enough to terrify the devil himself when they arrive. For the most part, they live to be old, and invariably take leave of the world with a malediction on the younger and fairer part of the creation whom they leave behind. This is the burden of their last sigh."

"You have said quite enough; I wish to hear no more of the ladies. But to approach another and a humbler class, what are the kind of mendicants whom you have to find room for in the regions below? have you many?" "Poor people," quoth the devil; "who are they?" "Those," I replied, "who possess nothing in this world." "How is it likely," returned the devil, "that they should be d—nd for having nothing, when men are only sent to us for sticking too closely to the world? You may look, but will find none of their names in our books; which is no wonder, for if you have nothing, the devil himself will desert you in time of need. To say the truth, where will you find falser friends than are your sycophants, hollow friends, boon companions, envious and malicious acquaintance; than sons, brothers, or other relatives that lie in wait for your life to get at your money, and, while they hang over your couch, sincerely wish you already at the devil. But the poor are never flattered; nor envied, nor attended, nor accompanied by friends. No one longs for their property; and, in fact, they are a class of people who live well, and die better; and there are a few who would not barter their rags for the privilege of royalty itself. They go and come at their pleasure; and be it war or peace, they are as free from cares as they are from taxes, and all burdens and duties that sit so uneasily on the shoulders of the great. For them judgments have no terrors, and executions no steel; they live inviolable, as if they bore a charm to keep intruders at a distance. What thought have they of the morrow? they husband the passing hour, and are content. The past with them is numbered with the dead, and not knowing the future, they fear it not. But stop! it is an old saying, 'that when the devil preaches, the world is near at an end.'"

"This is the work of divine power," exclaimed the holy father, who was busily exorcising the catchpole: "Thou art the father of lies, devil, and withal dost promulgate mighty truths, sufficient almost to convert a heart of stone."

"Mind your own business," retorted the devil, "and do not imagine that my conversion is to be brought about by you. If I speak the truth, it is in aggravation of your guilt, in order that when called upon, some future day, you may not plead any ignorance of your duty, my good father. Verily, you most of you shed tears at parting, not from sincere repentance, but a just dread of what you have to expect from your sins. In short, you are little better than the hypocrites; and if at any time your reflections trouble you, it is because you know your bodies will not long hold out, and it is then only you begin to pick a quarrel with the sin itself."

"Thou art a base impostor," retorted the exorcist, for there is many a righteous soul takes its sorrow from another cause. But I see thy drift; thou hast a mind to amuse us to put off thy own evil hour,

which is not yet come, peradventure, when thou must quit the body of this poor fellow. It shall not be; I conjure thee in the name of him thou darest not resist, to cease thy tormenting, to quit and give him up, and henceforth to hold thy peace."

The devil, of course, obeyed; and the good priest, turning towards us, "My friends and fellow-countrymen," he cried, "albeit I am thoroughly of opinion that it can be no other than the devil who hath entertained us with this conversation through the troubled medium of this unlucky wretch; yet we may stand excused, one and all, in weighing well what he hath proposed, and reaping some benefit from such discourse. Without referring, therefore, to the authority from which it came, remember that Saul (wicked prince as he was) did prophecy truly of things to come, and that honey before now hath been plucked from the lion's mouth. Please to withdraw then, and I shall make it my prayer—as it is my lively hope—that this strange and sorrowful exhibition may lead you to a genuine sense of your errors, and, ere the close, to a blessed amendment of your lives."

VISION THE THIRD.

OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

HOMER, we find, represents Jupiter as the author or inspirer of dreams, more especially the dreams of princes and governors, granting always that the subject of them be of a religious and important character. It is stated, moreover, as the opinion of the learned Propertius, "that good dreams are sent from above, have their meaning, and ought not to be slighted." To give frankly my own idea upon this subject, I am inclined to his way of thinking, in particular as to the case of a certain dream I had the other night. As I was reading a sermon concerning the end of the world, it happened that I fell asleep over it, and pursuing the same line of thought, dreamed the following dream of the Last Judgment—a thing rarely admitted into the house of a poet, so much as in a dream. I was in this way reminded too of an observation in Claudian, "that all creatures dream at night of what they have heard and seen in the day; as the hound," says Petronius Arbiter, "dreams of hunting the hare."

Well, methought I beheld a noble-looking youth towering in the air,

and drawing loud and solemn tones from a mighty trumpet. The vehemence of his breath did certainly detract somewhat from the effect of his glorious beauty, yet even the monumental marbles, the earth-closed caverns—nay, the very dead within obeyed his fearful call; for the ground was seen gradually to open, the bones to rise and unite together, and a mighty harvest of the living spring from the long sown seed of the dead. The first that appeared were soldiers,—such as generals of armies, captains, lieutenants, and the common foot, who, thinking that a fresh charge had sounded, rose out of their graves with considerable boldness and alacrity, as if they had been preparing for combat, or a sudden assault. The misers next put their heads out, all pale and trembling, with the idea they were going to be again plundered. Cavaliers and boon companions came trooping along, supposing they were going to a horse race, or a grand hunt. In short, though all heard the trumpet sound, not anyone seemed to understand it, for their thoughts were plain enough to be read by the strangeness of their looks and gestures.

While the souls came trooping in on all sides, many were seen to approach their new bodies, not without signs of considerable aversion and difficulty. Others stood spell-bound with wonder and horror, as if not venturing to come nearer to so dreadful a spectacle; for this wanted an arm, that an eye, and the other a head. Though, on the whole, I could not forbear smiling at so strange a variety of figures, I found yet greater matter for awe and admiration at the power of Providence, which drew order out of chaos, and restored every part and member to its particular owner. I dreamed that I was myself in a churchyard; that I saw numbers busied in changing heads, who were averse to make their appearance; and an attorney would have put in a demurrer, on the plea that he had got a soul that could be none of his, for that his soul and body belonged to some different ones elsewhere.

When it came at length to be generally understood that here at last was the Day of Judgment, it was curious to observe what strange evasions and excuses were made use of among the wicked. The man of pleasure, the betrayer of innocence, the epicure, and the hypocrite, would not own their eyes, nor the slanderer his tongue, because they were sure to appear in evidence against them. Pickpockets were seen running away as fast as possible from their own fingers, while an old usurer wandered about anxiously inquiring if the money-bags were not to rise as well as the bodies? I should have laughed outright at this, had not my attention been called away to a throng of cut-purses, hastening all speed from their own ears, now offered them, that they might not hear so many sad stories against themselves.

I was a witness to the whole scene, from a convenient station above it, when all at once there was uttered a loud outcry at my feet of

"Withdraw, withdraw!" No sooner was it pronounced, than down I came, and forthwith a number of handsome women put out their heads and called me a base clown for not showing the respect and courtesy due to their high quality, not being a whit the less inclined to stand upon their etiquette,—although in Hell itself. They appeared half-naked, and as proud as Juno's peacock, whenever they happened to catch your eye; and, to say truth, they had a good complexion, and were well made. When they were informed, however, that it was no other than the Day of Judgment, they took the alarm, all their vivacity vanished, and slowly they took their way towards an adjacent valley, quite pensive and out of humour. Of these one among the rest had wedded seven husbands, and promised to each of them that she would never marry again, for she was unable to love anyone like she had loved the last. Now the lady was eagerly inventing all manner of excuses, in order that she might return a proper answer when examined on this part of her conduct. Another, that had been common as the common air, affected to hum a tune, and delay the arrival on pretence of having forgotten some of her trickeries, as an eye-brow, or a comb; but, spite of her art,—for she could neither lead nor drive,—she was impelled on till she came within sight of the throne. There she beheld a vast throng, among whom were not a few she had brought far on their way to the worst place; and no sooner did they recognize her than they began to hoot after and pursue her, till she took refuge in a troop of city police.

Next appeared a number of persons driving before them a certain physician along the banks of a river, whither he had unfairly dispatched them considerably before their time. They assailed his ears all the way with cries of "*justice, justice*," at the same time urging him forwards towards the seat of judgment, where they at length arrived. Meantime, I heard upon my left hand something like a paddling in the water, as if someone were trying to swim; and what should it all be but a judge, plunged into the middle of a river, and vainly trying to wash his hands of the foul matter that adhered to them. I inquired what he was employed about, and he told me, that in his lifetime he had often had them oiled so as to let the business slip the better through them, and he would gladly get out the stains before he came to hold up his hand before the bar. What was yet more horrible, I saw coming under guard of a legion of devils, all armed with rods, scourges, and clubs, a whole posse of vintners and tailors, suffering no little correction; and many pretended to be deaf, being unwilling to leave the grave under dread of a far worse lodging.

As they were proceeding, however, up started a little dapper lawyer, and inquired whither they were going? to which it was replied, that they were going to give an account of their works. On hearing this, the lawyer threw himself down flat on his face in his hole again,

exclaiming at the same time, "If down I must without a plea, I am at least so far on my way." An inn-keeper seemed in a great sweat as he walked along, while a demon at his elbow jeering at him cried,—"Well done, my brave fellow, get rid of the water, that we may have no more of it in our wine." But a poor little tailor, well bolstered up, with crooked fingers, and bandy legged, had not a word to say for himself all the way he went, except, "Alas! alas! how can any man be a thief that dies for want of bread!" As he cried, his companions, however, rebuked him for running down his own trade. Next followed a gang of highwaymen, treading upon the heels of one another, and in no little dread of treachery and cheating among each other. These were brought up by a party of devils in the turning of a hand, and were quartered along with the tailors; for, as was observed by one of the company, your real highwayman is but a wild sort of tailor. To be sure, they were a little quarrelsome at the first, but in a short time they went together down into the valley, and took up their quarters very quietly together. A little behind them came Folly, Bells, and Co., with their band of poets, fiddlers, lovers, and fencers,—that kind of people, in short, that least dream of a day of reckoning. These were chiefly distributed among the hangmen, Jews, scribes, and philosophers. There were also a great many solicitors, greatly wondering among themselves how they should have so much conscience when dead, and none at all in their life-time. In short, the catch-word, silence, was the order of the day.

The throne of the Eternal being at length elevated, and the mighty day of days at hand, which spake of comfort to the good, and of terror to the wicked; the sun and the stars, like satraps, cast their glory round the footstool of the Supreme Judge—the avenger of the innocent—and the Judge of the greatest monarchs and judges of the earth. The wind was stilled; the waters were quiet in their ocean-sleep—the earth being in suspense and anguish for fear of her human offspring. The whole creation looked about to yield up its trust in huge confusion and dismay. The just and righteous were employed in prayer and thanksgiving; the impious and wicked were vainly busy in weaving fresh webs of sophistry and deceit, the better to mitigate their sentence. On one side stood the guardian angels ready to show how they had fulfilled the part entrusted to them; and on the other frowned the evil genii, or the devils who had eagerly contended with the former, and fomented the worst human passions, attending now to aggravate every matter of charge against their unfortunate victims. The Ten Commandments held the guard of a narrow gate, so straight indeed, that the most subdued and extenuated body could not get through without leaving the better part of his skin behind.

In one portion of this vast theatre were thronged together Disgrace, Misfortune, Plague, Grief, and Trouble, and all were in a general

clamour against the doctors. The plague admitted fairly that she had smitten many, but it was the doctor at last who did their business. Black grief, and shame, both said the same; and human calamities of all kinds made open declaration that they never brought any man to his grave without the help and abetting of a doctor. It was thus the gentlemen of the faculty were called to account for the number of fellow men they had killed, and which were found to exceed by far those who had fallen by the sword. They accordingly took their station upon the scaffold, provided with pen, ink, and paper; and always as the dead were called, some or other of them made answer to the name, and quoted the year and day when such or such a patient passed from time to eternity through his hands.

They began the inquiry as far back as Adam, who, to say the truth, was rather roughly handled about biting an apple. "Alas!" cried one Judas that stood by, "if that were such a fault, what must be the end of me, who sold and betrayed my own Lord and master?" Then next approached the race of patriarchs; and next the Apostles, who took up their places by the side of St. Peter. It was well worth observing, that on this day there was not a whit distinction between kings and beggars; all were equal before the judgment-seat. Herod and Pilate had no sooner put out their heads, than they found it was likely to go hard with them. "My judgment, however, is just," exclaimed Pilate: "But alas!" cried Herod, "what have I to confide in! Heaven is no abiding place for me, and in Limbo I shall fall among the very innocents whom I murdered; I have no choice, therefore, but must e'en take up my quarters in Hell—the general refuge for the most notorious malefactors." After this, a rough sort of sour, ill-grained fellow, made his appearance: "See here," he cried, "here are my credentials—take these letters." The company, surprised at his odd humour, inquired of the porter who he was? "Who am I?" quoth he, "I am master of the noble science of defence:" then pulling out a number of sealed parchments, "These will bear witness to my exploits." As he said these words, the testimonials fell out of his hand, and two devils near him were just going to pick them up, to keep as evidence against him at his trial, but the fencer was too nimble for them, and seized on them. An angel, however, now offered him his hand to help him in; while he, as if fearing an attack, leapt a step back, throwing himself into an attitude of defence. "Now," he exclaimed, "if you like, I will give you a taste of my skill;" upon which the company set a laughing, and this sentence was pronounced against him:—"That since by his art he had caused so many duels and murders, he should himself be allowed to go to the devil in a perpendicular line." He pleaded he was no mathematician, and knew no such a line; but with that word a devil came up, and gave him a twirl or two round, and down he tumbled before he could bring his sentence to an end.

The public treasurers came after him, pursued by such a hooting at their heels, that some supposed the whole band of thieves themselves were coming; which others denying, the company fell into a dispute upon it. They were greatly troubled at the word thieves, and one and all requested they might be permitted to have the benefit of counsel. "For a very good reason," said one of the devils; "here's a discarded apostle, a Judas, that played into both hands at once; seize him!"

On hearing this, the treasurers turned away, but a vast roll of accusations against them, held in another devil's hand, met their eyes, and one of them exclaimed, "For mercy's sake, away with those informations! We will one and all submit to any penalty; to remain in purgatory a thousand years, if you will only remove them from our sight." "Is it so?" quoth the cunning devil that had drawn out the charges—"you are hard put to it to think of compounding on terms like these." The treasurers had no more to say; but, finding they must make the best of a bad case, they very quietly followed the dancing-master.

Close upon the last came an unfortunate pastryman, and on being asked if he wished to be tried, he replied that he did, and with the help of the Lord would stand the venture. The counsel against him then prest the charge; namely, that he had roasted cats for hares, and filled his pies with bones in place of meat, and sold nothing but horse-flesh, dogs, and foxes, in lieu of good beef and mutton. It turned out, in fact, that Noah had never had so many animals in his ark as this ingenious fellow had put in his pies (for we hear of no rats and mice in the former); so that, in utter despair, he threw up his cause, and went to be baked in his turn with other sinners like himself.

"Next came and next did go" a company of barefoot philosophers with their syllogisms, and it was amusing enough to hear them chop logic, and try all manner of questions in mood and figure, at the expense of their own souls. Yet the most entertaining of them all were the poets, who refused to be tried at any lesser tribunal than that of Jupiter himself. Virgil, with his *Sicelides Musæ*, made an eloquent defence of himself, declaring that he had prophecied the nativity. But up jumped a devil with a long story about Mæcenas and Octavius, declaring that he was no better than an idolater of the old school. Orpheus then put in a word, asserting that, as he was the elder, he ought to be allowed to speak for all, commanding the poet to repeat his experiment of going into hell, and trying to get out again, with as many of the company as he could take along with him.

They were no sooner gone, than a churlish old miser knocked at the gate, but was informed that it was guarded by the Ten Commandments, to which he had always been an utter stranger. Yet he contended that if he had not kept, he had never broken, any of them, and proceeded to justify his conduct from point to point. His quirks,

however, were not admitted—his works were made the rule of decision—and he was marched off to receive a due reward.

He was succeeded by a gang of housebreakers and others of the same stamp, some of whom were so fortunate as to be saved just in the nick of time. The usurers and attorneys, seeing this, thought they too had a good chance, and put so good a face on the matter, that Judas and Mahomet began to look about them, and advanced rather confidently to meet their trial, a movement which made the devils themselves fall to laughing.

It was now the accusing demons of the usurers and attorneys proceeded with their accusations, which they took not from the bills of indictment made out, but from the acts of their lives, insisting upon the plain matter of fact, so as to leave them without the possibility of an excuse. Addressing the Judge—"The great crime of which these men were guilty was their being attorneys at all;"—to which it was ingeniously answered by the men of law—"No, not so; we only acted as the secretaries of other men." They nearly all denied their own calling; and the result was, that after much cross questioning and pleading, two or three only were acquitted, while to the rest their accusers cried out, "You here! you are wanted elsewhere;" and they then proceeded to swear against some other people, some bribing the witnesses, making them say things which they had never heard, and see things they had never seen, in order to leave innocence no chance of escape. The lie was concocted in all its labyrinths; and I saw Judas, Mahomet, and Luther draw back, while the former prest his money bag closer to him. Luther observed that he did just the same thing in his writings; but the doctor interrupted him, declaring, that, compelled by those who had betrayed him, he now appeared with the apothecary and the barber to defend himself. On this, a demon with the accusations in his hand turned sharp round on him, asking "Who it was had sent the greater part of the dead then present, and with the aid of his worthy *aide-de-camps*, had, in fact, occasioned the whole proceedings of that day." But the apothecary's advocate put in a plea for him, asserting, that he had dosed the poor people for nothing. "No matter," retorted a devil, "I have him down in my list; two of his pill boxes despatched more than ten thousand pikes could do in a battle, such was the virulence of his poisonous drugs, with which indeed he entered into a partnership with the plague, and destroyed two entire villages. The physician defended himself from any participation in these exploits, and at last the apothecary was obliged to succumb; the physician and the barber each taking the deaths that respectively belonged to them.

A lawyer was next condemned for taking bribes from both sides, and betraying both; and lurking behind him, was discovered a fellow, who seemed very desirous of concealing himself; and who, on being

asked his name, replied that he was a player. "And a very comic player indeed," rejoined a devil, "who had done better not to appear on that stage to-day." The poor wretch promised to retire, and was as good as his word. A tribe of vintners next took their station, accused of having assassinated numbers of thirsty souls, by substituting bad water for good wine. They tried to defend themselves on the plea of compensation, having supplied a hospital gratis with wine for the sacred ceremonies; but this was overruled, as was that preferred by the tailors, of having clothed some charity boys on the same terms, and they were all sent to the same place.

Three or four rich merchants next appeared, who had got wealth by defrauding their correspondents and creditors, but the accusing demon now informed them they would find it more difficult to make a composition; and turning towards Jupiter, he said, "other men, my Lord Judge, have to give account of their own affairs, but these have had to do with everybody's." Sentence was forthwith pronounced, but I could not well catch it, so speedily they all disappeared. A cavalier now came forward, with so good a face, and so upright, as to challenge even justice itself. He made a very lowly obeisance on entering, but his collar was of such a size as to defy you to say whether he had got any head in it at all. A messenger on the part of Jupiter, inquired if he was a man, to which he courteously replied in the affirmative, adding that his name was Don Fulano, on the faith of a cavalier. At this, one of the devils laughed, and he was then asked what it was he wanted? To which he replied, that he wanted to be saved. He was delivered over to the demons, whom he entreated to use him gently, lest they should chance to disorder his mustachios and ruff. Behind him, came a man uttering great lamentations, which he himself interrupted by saying, "Though I cry, I am none so badly off, for I have shaken the dust off the saints themselves before now." Everyone looked round, thinking to see a hero, or a Diocletian, from his brushing the ears of the saints; but he turned out to be a poor wretch whose highest office was to sweep the pictures, statues, and other ornaments of the church. His cause seemed safe, when all at once he was accused by one of the devils of drinking the oil out of the lamps, but which he again laid to the charge of an owl; that he had moreover clothed himself out of the church suits, that he drank the wine, ate the bread, and even laid a duty on the fees. He made but a lame defence; and was ordered to take the left hand road in his descent.

He made way for a bevy of fine ladies, tricked out in cap and feather, and so full of merriment, that they fell to amuse themselves with the odd figures of the demons themselves. It was stated by their advocate, that they had been excellent devotees; true, retorted the demon, devoted to anything but chastity and virtue. Yes, certainly,

replied one that had taken her full fling in life, and whose trial now came on. She was accused of making religion itself a cloak, and even marrying, the better to conceal the enormities of her conduct. When condemned, she retired, bitterly complaining that had she known the result she would have taken care not to have done any of the charitable things, and said so many masses as she had.

Next, after some delay, appeared Judas, Mahomet, and Martin Luther, of whom a messenger inquired which of the three was Judas? To this, both Mahomet and Luther replied, that he was the man; on which Judas cried out in a rage, that they were both liars; for that he was the true Judas, and that they only affected to be so, in order to escape a worse fate than his; for though he had indeed sold his Master, the world had been the better of it, while the other rascals, by selling both themselves and his master, had well nigh ruined it. They were all sent to the place they deserved.

An attorney who held the evidence in his hand, now called on the alguazils and runners to answer the accusations brought against them. They cut a woeful figure; and so clear was the case against them, that they were condemned without more ado.

An astrologer now entered with his astrolobes, globes, and other quackery, crying out that there was some mistake, for that that was not the Day of Judgment, as Saturn had not yet completed his course, nor he out of sheer fear his own. But a devil turned round on him, and seeing him loaded with wooden instruments and maps, exclaimed, "Well done, friend, you have brought fire-wood along with you; though it is a hard thing, methinks, after making so many heavens as are here, you should be sent to the wrong place at last for the want of a single one." "I will not go, not I," said the astrologer. "Then carry him," said the devil, and away he went.

The whole court after this broke up: the shadows and clouds withdrew; the air grew refreshing, flowers scented once more the breezes, the sunny sky reappeared, while I methought remained in the valley; and wandering about, heard a good deal of noise and voices of lamentation, as if rising out of the ground. I pressed forward to enquire what it could be, and I saw in a hollow cavern, (a fit mouth to hell,) a number of persons in pain. Among these was a *Letrado*, but busied not so much with dead laws as with live coals,—and an *Escrivano*, devouring only letters. A miser was there, counting more pangs than pieces; a physician contemplating a dead patient; and an apothecary steeped in his own mixtures.

I laughed so outright at this, that I started wide awake; and was withal more merry than sad to find myself on my bed.

The foregoing indeed are dreams; but such as if your excellency will sleep upon them, it will come to pass, that in order to see the things as I see them, you will pray for them to turn out as I say they are.

THE HISTORY OF

THE LIFE AND ACTIONS OF PAUL,

The Spanish Sharper.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS BIRTH AND COUNTRY.

I WAS born at Segovia; my father's name was Clement Paul, a native of the same town; I hope his soul is in heaven. I need not speak of his virtues, for those are unknown, but by trade he was a barber, though so high-minded that he took it for an affront to be called by any name but that of a tonsor of beards, or the gentleman's hair-dresser. They say he came of a good stock,—and it must have been a vine-stock,—as all his actions showed a remarkable affection for the refined blood of that glorious genealogical tree.

He was married to Aldonza Saturna de Revollo, daughter of Octavio de Revollo Codillo, and grand-child to Lepido Zuraconte. The town basely suspected that she was of Jewish extraction, but she urged the names of her progenitors to prove herself descended from those great men who formed the triumvirate at Rome. She was very handsome; and so famous, that all the ballad rhymers of her day made verses on her, which were sung about the streets. She went through many troubles when first married, and long after, for there were scandalous tongues in the neighbourhood, that did not stick to say my father was willing to wear the horns, provided they were tipped with gold.

It was often proved, that whilst he was lathering the beards of his acquaintance, a little brother of mine, about seven years old, was as busily rifling their pockets. The poor child died of a whipping he had in the gaol; and my father was much concerned at the loss, because he was such a promising, acute boy. He was himself, indeed, in prison for little matters of the same kind; yet he mostly came off so honourably, that cardinals * are known to have followed in his train, and to have stuck close to him in all his misfortunes. When he left the place of his captivity half the town went behind him, huzzaing, and saluting him with turnip-tops and rotten oranges, and the ladies stood

* Cardenales, a sort of Spanish fly, that paid its respects to the scarified back of his barber.

at the windows to see him pass; for he always made a good figure, whether on foot or horseback;—I do not say it out of vanity, for everybody knows I am not guilty of it.

My mother, good woman, had her share of troubles. An old nurse that brought me up, one day said in her commendation, she was of such a taking behaviour, that she bewitched all she had to do with; but they say that by that she meant something concerning her being rather too familiar with the devil. Her reputation here had like to have brought her to the stake, to try if she had really anything of the nature of the salamander or no, and could play tricks in the fire. It was reported, too, she was an excellent hand at renewing maiden charms, and disguising grey hairs. Some gave her the name of a pleasure-broker, others of a reconciler; but the ruder sort, by way of a joke, called her an universal money catcher. It would have made anybody love her to see with what a pleasant countenance she heard all this, from whatever quarter it came. I need not take much time in showing what a truly penitential life she led; she had a room, into which nobody was admitted besides herself, and sometimes the writer of these memoirs, on account of his tender years. It was surrounded on all sides with dead men's bones; for the skulls, she said, helped to put her in mind of our mortality, though others, out of spite, pretended that she kept them in order to put spells upon the living. Her bed was corded with halters, which she had borrowed from the public executioner; and she used to say to me, "Do you see these things, child? I show them as mementoes to those I have a kindness for, that they may take heed how they live, and avoid coming to such an end.'

My parents had much bickering about me, each of them resolving to have me brought up to their trade; but I, from my cradle, had more gentlemanly thoughts, and would apply myself to neither. My father used to say, "Remember, child, this trade of appropriating other's property is no base mechanic trade, but rather a liberal art." Then, pausing and fetching a sigh, he added, "there is no living in this world without stealing. Why do you think the constables and other officers hate us as they do? Why do they sometimes banish, whip us at the cart's-tail, and at last hang us up like so many flitches of bacon? (I cannot refrain from tears when I think of the good old man, who wept himself at his early recollections of the numerous floggings he had received.) The reason is, they would have no other thieves among them but themselves and their gang; but a sharp wit brings us out of all dangers. In my younger days I plied mostly in the churches, not out of any religious zeal, and had been long ago carted, only I would never tell tales, though they put me to the rack for I never confess, but when our holy mother the church commands us. With this business I have made shift to maintain your mother as decently as I could."

"You maintain me!" answered his spouse in a great rage—for she was vexed I could not learn to be a wizard—"it was I who maintained you, Sir. I brought you out of prison by my art, and kept you there by my money. You may thank the potions I gave you for not confessing, and not your own courage. Were it not for fear I should be heard in the streets, I would tell all the story—how I got in at the chimney, and brought you out at the top of the house." Her passion was so high, that she would never have done, had not the string of her beads broke, consisting of dead men's teeth, which she preserved for particular uses. For my own part, I declared boldly, that I would apply only to virtue, and persevere in the good path I had prepared for myself. I therefore desired they would put me to school; for nothing was to be done without reading and writing. They approved of my intention, though they both muttered for a time between their teeth. One fell to stringing her dead men's bones, and the other took himself away, as he said, to fleece someone—I know not whether he meant his beard or his purse. They left me alone, praising God that he had given me such ingenious parents, and so zealous for my advancement.

CHAPTER II.

HOW I WENT TO SCHOOL, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO ME THERE.

THE next day my primer was bought, and my schoolmaster bespoke; I went to school, and he received me with a pleasant countenance, telling me I had the looks of a sharp lad, and witty. That he might not be mistaken in his judgment, I took care to learn my lesson well that morning. He made me sit down beside him; appointed me a monitor, because I came first and went away last; for I stayed to run some errands for my mistress, and stood well in the good graces of both of them. The favour they showed me made all the other boys jealous. It was my object to keep company with gentlemen's sons, and particularly with the son of Don Alonzo Coronel de Zunniga. I used to eat my afternoon's luncheon with him; went to his house every holiday, and waited upon him on the other days. The other boys, either because I took no notice of them, or they thought me too high-minded, were extremely fond of calling me nicknames relating to my father's trade. Some called me Mr. Scrape; others, Mr. Tickle-beard. One declared that he hated me because my mother had suckled two little sisters of his in the night; another said my father had been sent to his house to frighten away the vermin. Some, as I

passed by, cried out "Cat;" others, "Puss, puss;" to signify my clawing descent. Another would say, "I threw rotten oranges at his mother when she was carted." Yet for all their back-biting, I praise God my shoulders were broad enough to bear it; and though I was out of countenance, I took no notice, putting up with all, till one day a boy had the impudence to call me a son of a witch, alluding to the reports of her dealing in magic; and as it was spoken plainly, I took up a stone, and as plainly broke his head with it. I then ran for it, as fast as I could, to my mother's, and told her all the story. She said it was very well done, but that I ought to have asked who told him so? On hearing this, I observed, that some of the by-standers had told me that I need not concern myself at what he said, and laughed; which I said vexed me, and I begged to know of my mother whether it was true or not. "Could I have given him the lie with a safe conscience, or am I the son of my own father?" I inquired. She smiled as she answered: "God-a-mercy, lad! art thou so cunning already; you'll be no fool; you did very right to break his head, for such things are not to be said, true or not true." This admission smote me sorely, and I resolved to pack up all I could lay my hands on, and quit my parental abode. However, I dissembled; my father went and cured the boy; all was made up, and I went to school as usual. My master received me in an angry mood, till, on learning the occasion of the quarrel, and the strong provocation, he acquitted me.

The son of Don Alonzo and I continued great friends; he seemed to have imbibed a natural affection for me; I would exchange tops or toys with him, if mine were of a better quality; I gave him nice things to eat, and never asked for what he had; I bought him caricatures, I taught him to wrestle, play at leap-frog, and was altogether so obliging, that the young gentleman's parents, seeing how fond he was of my company, sent for me almost daily to dine or sup, sometimes to stay the night with him. It so happened, that about Christmas as we were going to school, a certain counsellor, called Pontio de Auguirre, passed by; little Don Diego bid me call him Pontius Pilate, and ran away. To please him, I did it; which so incensed the man, that he set after me at full speed, with a knife in his hand; and I was only just in time to take sanctuary in my master's house, crying out for help, most lustily. My master only saved me by promising the man to give me a severe flogging; and he was as good as his word, till my mistress at last, moved to compassion, interceded for me. Every lash he gave me, he accompanied with—"Will you ever call Pontius Pilate again?"—"No Sir, never;" was my reply. And such was the effect of the warning, that the next day, on being ordered to say our *crede* according to custom, so great was my horror of the sound, that on being asked under whom did the Saviour suffer, I instantly made answer, "And he suffered under Pontio de Auguirre!"—On this my

master burst into a loud laugh, to think how well I remembered the castigation; indeed, so much was he amused at my simplicity, that he promised to forgive me the two next whippings I was to have received, for which I thanked him in the most eloquent terms.

Twelfth tide now approached, and our master, to divert the boys and make sport, ordered that there should be a king among us, and we cast lots for that honour, among twelve he had appointed for it. I was the lucky person it fell upon, and spoke to my father and mother to provide me fine clothes. When the day came I was mounted and went abroad upon a starved poor jade of a hack, that fell down upon his knees at every step; his back looked like a saw, his neck like a camel's, but somewhat longer; his head like a pig, only it had but one eye, and that moon-blind,—all which showed the knavery of his keeper, who made him do penance and fast, cheating him of his provender. Thus I went swinging from side to side like a jointed baby, with all the rest of the boys after me, tricked up as fine as so many puppets, till we came into the market-place, the very name of which scares me. Coming to a herb-woman's stall,—the Lord deliver us from all stalls,—my horse, being half-starved, snapped up a small cabbage, which no sooner touched his teeth than it was down his throat, though from the length of his neck, it reached not his belly for some time afterwards. The herb-woman, like the rest of them, was an impudent jade, and set up a cry which brought the others round her, and among them abundance of the scoundrels of the market.

Considering that the enemy's forces were all on foot, I saw it was unfair to charge them on horseback, and would have alighted, but both king and steed found themselves so terribly annoyed by showers of missiles, rotten carrots, turnips, and oranges, that we wished to sound a retreat. Before this could be effected a shot took my noble charger in the head; he reared desperately, and his strength failing him in the act, down we both came into the kennel. Imagine the condition I was in; my subjects by this time had armed themselves with stones, and attacking the herb-women in turn, soon broke two of their heads.

For my own part, after the fall, I was of little use in the action, unless it were by driving all before me by the strong weapon of stink and nastiness. The officers coming up seized two of the herb-women and some of the boys, searching them for their weapons, which they took, for some had drawn their short swords and daggers. They came to me, and seeing no arms, for I had sent them to be cleaned with my hat and cloak, they begged to have them. I declared that I certainly bore offensive weapons, but such as applied only to the nose, as they might see from my filthy condition. But I should tell you, good reader, that when they began to pelt me with rotten oranges, &c. &c., my hat being stuck with feathers, as they do the loose women's in

Spain when carted through the streets, I imagined that they mistook me for my lady-mother, as they had often before pelted her; and in this persuasion I cried out: "Good women, though I have a feather in my cap, I am none of Aldonza Saturno de Revollo;" as if they could not find that out by my shape and face. The fright I was in, however, may excuse my ignorance, especially as the misfortune fell so heavily and suddenly upon me. The officer would readily have carried me to prison, but fortunately could not find a clean place where to lay hold of me; so some went one way and some another, while I went directly home, saluting all I met with a most infernal perfume. I told my father and mother all my adventures; but they were in such a passion at the sight and smell of me, that they would have chastised, had they dared to touch me. I made the best apology I could, laying the blame on my charger which they had provided for me; but finding nothing would appease them, I left the house, and went to see my friend Don Diego, whom I found laid up with a broken head, and his parents fully resolved that he should go to school no more. He told me of the fate of my steed; finding himself hard pressed, he had saluted his enemies with his heels, but was so weak, that he put out his hip-joints with the effort, and lay in the mire expiring. Reflecting that all the sport was now spoiled, the mob alarmed, my parents in a rage, my friend's head broken, and my charger dead, I too was resolved to go no more to school, but to stay and wait upon Don Diego, or at least to bear him company, to which his parents consented, on account of the friendship he bore me. I wrote to my father and mother, stating that I had no need to go to school any longer, for though I could not write a good hand, it was more becoming of me, because I intended to be a gentleman; so that from that hour I should renounce all schools, to save them any further charges on that head. I then informed them where, and what I was, and that they would see no more of me till they gave me special permission for that purpose.

CHAPTER III.

HOW I WENT TO A BOARDING SCHOOL TO WAIT ON DON DIEGO CORONEL.

DON Alonzo determined to send his son to a boarding school, both to wean him from his tender treatment at home, and also to ease himself of that care. He was informed there was a master of arts in Segovia, whose name was Cabra, and who made it his business to educate *gentlemen's* sons; thither accordingly he sent his, and me to wait upon him. It was the first Sunday after Lent we were brought into the house of famine, for it is impossible to convey a just idea of the penury of such a place. The master was himself a skeleton, a mere shotten herring, or like a long cane with a little head upon it. He was red-haired, and no more need be said to those who know the proverb, "that neither cat nor dog of that colour are good;" his eyes almost sunk into his head, as if he had looked through a perspective glass, or the deep windows in a linen-draper's shop; his nose turned up and was somewhat flat, the bridge being almost carried away by an inundation of cold rheum, for he never incurred any worse disorder because it would cost money. His beard had lost its colour from fear of his mouth, which being so near, seemed to threaten to eat it out of mere hunger; his teeth had many of them deserted him from want of employment; his neck was as long as a crane's, with the gullet sticking out so far, that it seemed as if compelled by necessity to start out for sustenance; his arms withered; his hands like a bundle of twigs, each of them, hanging downwards, looking like a fork or a pair of compasses, with long slender legs. His voice was weak and hollow; his beard shaggy, for he never shaved in order to save soap and razor; besides, it was odious, he said, to feel the barber's hands all over his face, and he would rather die than endure it; but he let one of the boys cut his hair. In fair weather he wore a threadbare cap, an inch thick in grease and dirt, made of a thing that was once cloth, and lined with scurf and dandruff. His cassock, some said, was really miraculous, for no man knew what colour it was of; some, seeing no hair on it, concluded it was made of frog's skins; others that it was a mere shadow; near at hand it looked somewhat black, and at a distance bluish. He wore no girdle, cuffs, or band, so that his long hair and scanty short cassock made him look like the messenger of death. Each shoe might have served for an ordinary coffin. As for his chamber, there was not so much as a cobweb in it, the spiders being all starved to death. He put spells upon the mice, for fear they should gnaw some scraps of bread he treasured up. His bed was on the floor, and he always lay upon one side, from fear of wearing out

the sheets; in short, he was the superlative degree of the word avarice, and the very *ne plus ultra* of want. Into this prodigy's hands I fell, and lived under him along with Don Diego. On the night we came he showed us our room, and made us a short speech,—not longer out of sheer love of economy of words. He told us how we were to behave. The next morning we were engaged till dinner time; we went to it; the masters dined first and the servants waited. The dining-room was as big as a half-peck; five gentlemen eat in it at one table; I looked about for the cat, and seeing none, asked a servant, an old stager, who in his leanness bore the mark of a boarding-school, how it came they had none? The tears stood in his eyes, and he said, "Why do you talk of cats? Pray who told you that cats loved penance and mortification? Ah, your fat sides show you are a new comer." This to me was the augury of sorrow, but I was worse scared when I observed that all those who were before us in the house, looked like so many pictures of death on the white horse. Master Cabra said grace, then sat down, and they eat a meal which had neither beginning nor end. They brought the broth in wooden dishes, but it was so clear that a man might have seen to the bottom had it been ten fathoms deep. I observed how eagerly they all dived down after a single pea that was in every dish. Every sip he gave, Cabra cried: "By my troth, there is no dainty like the Olla, or boiled meat and broth. Let the world say what it will, all the rest is mere gluttony and extravagancy; this is good for the health, while it sharpens the wits." "A curse on thee and thy wit," thought I, and at the same time I saw a servant, like a walking ghost, bring in a dish of meat, which looked as if he had picked it off his own bones. Among it was one poor stray turnip, at sight of which the master exclaimed: "What, have we turnips to-day; no partridge is in my opinion to compare to them. Eat heartily, for I love to see you eat." He gave every one such a wretched bit of mutton, that it stuck to their nails and in their teeth so that not a shred of it could reach their stomach. Cabra looked on, and repeated, "Eat heartily, for it is a pleasure to me to see what good stomachs you have." Now just think what a comfort this was for them that were pining with hunger. When dinner was over, there remained some scraps of bread on the table, and a few bits of skin and bones, and the master said; "Let this be left for the servants; they must dine as well as we." "Perdition seize thee, ruthless wretch," thought I, "and may what thou hast eaten stick in thy gizzard for evermore! what a consternation you have thrown my stomach into!" He next returned thanks, saying, "Come, let us make way for the servants, and you go and exercise until two o'clock, lest your dinner should be too heavy for you." I could no longer forbear laughing aloud for my life, on which he grew very angry, and bade me conduct myself like a modest youth, quoting two or three mouldy old proverbs,

and then took himself off. We sat down to this mournful spectacle, and hearing my great guns roar for provender, and as a new comer having more strength than the rest, I seized by force upon two scraps of bread, and bolted them down along with one piece of skin. The others began to mutter, for they were too weak to speak aloud; on which in came Cabra once more, observing, "Come, come, eat quietly together, since God provides for you, be thankful; there is enough for all." Now, I declare it solemnly, there was one of these servants, a Biscayner, named Surre, who had so completely forgotten the way to his mouth, that he put a small bit of crust that was given him into his eye, as if happy that he was thus saved the trouble of swallowing. I asked for drink; the rest who had hardly broken fast never thought of it, and they gave me a dish with some water, which I no sooner put to my lips, before the sharp-set lad I spoke of snatched it away, as if I had been Tantalus, and that the flitting river he stands in up to the chin. I got up from table with a sigh, perceiving for truth that I was in a house where they drank to a good appetite, but would not permit it to pledge. It is impossible to express my trouble and concern; and considering how little was likely to go into my belly, I was actually afraid, though hard pressed, of feeling the process of digestion going on.

Thus we passed on till night. Don Diego asked me how he should do to persuade himself that he had dined, for his stomach could not be made to submit, and only grumbled when he alluded to the subject. The house, in short, was a hospital of dizzy heads, proceeding from empty insides,—a different kind of dizziness to that incurred by surfeits.

Supper time came, for afternoon meals were never dreamed of. It was still shorter than the dinner, and consisted of a little roasted goat instead of mutton. Surely the devil could never have contrived a worse little beast. Our starving master Cabra said: "It is very wholesome and beneficial to eat light suppers, that the stomach might not be overwhelmed;" and then he quoted some cursed physician who has been long in h—ll. He extolled spare diet, alleging that it prevented uneasy dreams, though he knew that in his house it was impossible to dream of any thing but eating. Our master and we supped, but in reality we had none of us supped. On going to bed, neither Diego nor I could sleep a wink, for he lay contriving how to complain to his father, that he might remove him, and I advising him so to do; and at last I said to him: "Pray, Sir, are you sure we are alive; for to tell you the truth, I have a strong fancy we were slain in the battle with the herb-women, and are now souls suffering in purgatory, in which case it will be to no purpose to talk of your father's fetching us away, without he has our souls prayed out of this state of punishment." Having spent the whole night in this discourse, we got a

little nap towards morning, till it was time to rise; six o'clock struck, Cabra called, and we all went to school, but when I went to dress me, my doublet was two handfuls too big, and my breeches, which before were close, now hung as loose as if they had been none of my own. In fact, when I was ordered to decline some nouns, such was my hunger that I eat half of my words, for want of more substantial diet. Any man may easily believe this, who hears what Cabra's man told me, which was, that at his first coming he saw two great Flanders geldings brought into the house, and two days after they went out perfect racers, so light, that the very wind would carry them away; that he saw mastiff dogs come in, and in less than three hours they went out converted into greyhounds; that one Lent he saw abundance of men, some thrusting their heads, some their feet, and some their whole body, into the porch; and this was continued a long time, very many people flocking from all parts to do so; and that he asking one day what could be the meaning of it, Cabra was very angry; but one in the crowd answered, some of those people are troubled with children, others with the itch, and others with lice; all which distempers and vermin disappeared as soon as they came into that house, so that they never felt them more. He assured me this was very true, and I, who was acquainted with the house, believe it, which I am fain to take notice of, lest what I say should be looked upon as an hyperbole.

To return to the school; he set us our lesson, and we conned it; and so we went on in the same course of life, only that our master added bacon in the boiling of his pot, because going abroad one day he was told, that to boil meat without bacon betokened a scandalous race, descended either from Moors or Jews. For this reason he provided a small tin case, all full of holes, like a nutmeg-grater, which he opened, and put in a bit of bacon that filled it; then shutting the box close, hung it with a string in the pot that some relish might come through the holes, and the bacon remain for the next day. Afterwards he thought this too great an expense, and for the future only dipped the bacon into the pot. It is easy to guess what a life we led with this sort of diet and usage. Don Diego and I were in such a miserable condition, that since we could find no relief as to eating, we contrived at last not to rise so early in the morning; and for this end we pretended that we were sick, but not feverish, because that cheat we thought would be easily discovered. The head or tooth-ache were inconsiderable distempers; at last we said we had the gripes, believing that rather than be at a penny charge, our master would apply no remedy. The devil ordered worse than we expected; for Cabra had an old receipt, which descended to him by inheritance from his father, who was an apothecary. As soon as he was told our ailment, he prepared a dose, and sending for an old aunt of his, threescore and ten years of age, he ordered her to give each of us a good potion. She

began with Don Diego; the poor wretch shrunk up, and the old jade being blind, and her hands shaking, instead of giving him it inwardly, let it fly betwixt his shirt and his back; so that it became an outward ornament, which should have served for a lining within. The young man cried out; in came Cabra, and seeing what had happened, ordered that I should be served next, and they would come again to Don Diego. I was dressing myself very hastily, but all would not do, for Cabra and others held me whilst the old woman gave it me; but I, to requite her kindness, returned it all into her face. Cabra was in a rage with me, and said he would turn me out of his house, for he plainly saw it was all a cheat; but alas! I was not so fortunate. We complained to Don Alonzo, and Cabra made him believe we did it out of idleness, because we would not mind our book. Thus all our hopes and entreaties came to nothing; our master took the old woman into the house, to dress the meat and look after the boarders, turning away his man, because he spied some crumbs of bread on his coat upon a Friday morning.

God only knows how we were plagued with this old woman. She was so deaf that she heard nothing, but understood by signs, though she was half blind; and so everlasting at her prayers, that one day the string of her beads broke over the pot as it was boiling, and our broth came to table sanctified. Some said these are certainly black Ethiopian peas; others cried they were in mourning, and wondered what relation of theirs was dead. Our master happened to bite one of them, and it pleased God he broke his teeth. On Fridays the old woman would dress us some eggs, but so full of her reverend grey hairs, that they appeared no less aged than herself. It was a common practice with her to dip the fire-shovel into the pot instead of the ladle, and to serve up porringers of broth stuffed with coals, vermin, chips, and the heads of flax she used to spin, all which she threw in to fill up and cram our bellies with.

In this misery we continued till the next Lent, at the beginning of which one of our companions fell sick; Cabra, to save charges, delayed sending for a physician till the patient was just giving up the ghost, and desired to prepare for another world; then he called a young quack, who felt his pulse, and said hunger had been beforehand with him, and prevented his killing that man. These were his last words; the poor lad died, and was buried meanly, because he was a stranger. This struck a terror into all that lived in the house; the dismal story flew all about the town, and came at last to Don Alonzo Coronel's ears, who having no other son, began to be convinced of Cabra's inhumanity, and to give credit to the words of two mere shadows, for we were no better at that time. He came to take us from the boarding-school, and asked for us, though we stood before him; till at length, seeing us with some difficulty, and in so deplorable a condition, he gave

our pinch-gut master some hard words. We were carried away in two chairs, taking leave of our famished companions, who followed us with their eyes and wishes, lamenting like those who remain slaves at Algiers, when their other associates are ransomed.

CHAPTER IV.

DON DIEGO AND HIS MAN, RESCUED FROM THE JAWS OF FAMINE, AND RECOVERED, ARE SENT TO THE UNIVERSITY OF ALCALA. THEIR PLEASANT ADVENTURE BY THE WAY.

WHEN we came to Don Alonzo's house, they laid us very gently upon two beds, for fear of rattling our bones, because they were so bare: then with magnifying glasses they began to search all about our faces for our eyes, and were a long time before they could find out mine, from the excess of privation and suffering. Physicians were called in, who ordered the dust to be wiped off our mouths with fox-tails, as if we had been paintings; and indeed we looked like the picture of death; and that we should be nourished with good broths and light meats, for fear of overloading our weak stomachs. How can we express the rejoicing we felt inwardly when we tasted the first good soup, and afterwards when we came to eat some fowl? All these things were to us unknown novelties. The doctor gave order that for nine days nobody should talk in our chamber, because our stomachs were so empty, that the least word returned an echo in them. These precautions tended in some measure to restore us; but our jaws were so shattered and shrivelled up, that there was no stretching them; and care was taken that they should every day be gently forced out, and, as it were, set upon a last, with the bottom of a pestle.

In a few days we got up to try our limbs; but we still looked like the shadows of other men, and so lean and pale, that we might be taken for the lineal descendants from the fathers in the desert. We spent the whole day in praising God for having delivered us out of the clutches of the most inhuman Cabra, and offered up our earnest prayers that no Christian might ever fall into that miserable thraldom. If we ever happened to think of our wretched fare at school, the idea alone would make us devour double the quantity at table; and we used to tell Don Alonzo how Cabra would inveigh against gluttony on saying grace, though he never felt the most remote approach to it in his life. He laughed heartily at our informing him, that, when speaking of the commandment, "Thou shalt do no murder," he made it extend to

partridges and capons; indeed, to everything of which he wished to deprive us, even hunger itself, which he accounted a deadly sin. It took us three months to recover our strength, at the end of which Don Alonzo began to think of sending his son to Alcala to finish his studies. He asked me if I would go; and I, who longed to quit the neighbourhood of so inhuman a monster, a friend only to misery and famine, promised to serve his son most faithfully. He then appointed a sort of steward to regulate his son's accounts, who let him know his expenses by drawing bills upon one Julian Merluzza.

We now dispatched our effects in a cart belonging to one Diego Monze; there was a small bed for our master, and a truckle bed to run under it for me and the steward, whose name was Aranda; five quilts, four pair of sheets, eight pillows, four hangings, a trunk of linen, and other furniture for a house. We ourselves took a coach in the evening, and towards midnight came to the ever accursed lone inn of Viveros. The inn-keeper was of Moorish race, and an arrant thief; in all my life I never saw cat and dog so peaceable as on that day. He received us very courteously, because he and the carter went snacks, for we travelled so slowly that they were there before us. He hastened to the coach door, and assisting me to alight, asked, "Was I going to the university?" I told him I was. He put me into the house, where two sharpers were with some girls, a curate playing by them, an old covetous shopkeeper trying to save his supper, and two scoundrel shabby scholars contriving how to fill their bellies free of cost. My master, as being the last comer, and but a boy, said: "Landlord, get what you have in the house for me and two servants." "We are all your servants, Sir, and will wait on you," said the sharpers. "Here, landlord, take notice, this gentleman will satisfy you, so bring out all you have in the larder." Another stepped up to Don Diego, and taking off his cloak, laid it by, saying: "Pray sit down and rest you." All this puffed me up so full of vanity, that the inn was too little to hold me. One of the damsels said: "What a curious-looking gentleman it is; is he going to his studies? are you his servant, sir?" Fancying that every word was sincere, I answered that I and the others were both his servants. They asked me his name, and it was scarce out of my mouth before one of the scholars went up to him with tears in his eyes, and embracing him as if he had been his brother: "Oh, my dear Don Diego, who would have thought, ten years ago, to have seen you thus! Alas, I am in such a condition that you will not know me."

My master and I, both amazed, swore we had never seen him in our lives before; but the scholar's companion stared Don Diego in the face, and said to his friend: "Is this the gentleman of whose father you told me so many stories? It is very fortunate we have met him; he is grown very tall—God bless him." Saying this, he appeared quite

overjoyed, and a stranger would have believed that we had actually been brought up together.

Don Diego paid him many compliments; and as he was asking him his name, out came the inn-keeper, and laid the cloth. Hearing what was going on, he said, "Let that alone, and talk of it after supper, for the meat will be cold." On this one of the sharpers placed an arm-chair for Don Diego, and another brought in a dish. The scholars inquired if he supped? and said they would wait on him, while they were preparing what the house would afford. "God forbid, Sir," replied Don Diego, "you will sit down, if you please." The sharpers, though he did not speak to them, readily answered, "Presently, my good Sir; but all is not ready yet." On seeing this extreme readiness on all sides, my heart was in my mouth, and I foresaw what came to pass. The scholars instantly laid hold of the salad, a good dishfull, and looking at my master, said; "It would be very wrong that these ladies should be left supperless, when a gentleman of such quality is present; pray, Sir, give them leave to eat a bit." My master, like a true novice, invited them all to partake. They sat down, and between them and the scholars, there was only one end of a lettuce left from the whole salad, and this Don Diego himself ate. As the detested student handed it to him, he observed, "Sir, you had a grandfather, who was my father's uncle, who would swoon at the sight of a lettuce, he was a man of such an odd disposition." This said, he bolted down a great roll of bread, and his companion followed his example. The damsels were not slow to avail themselves of their good fortune; while the poor curate devoured the whole with his eyes, and the sharper was busily bringing in an entire side of a roasted kid. On this they took their places, saying to the priest, "Well, father, what makes you stand there? draw nigh and help yourself, for this excellent Don Diego treats us all." With these words, he too sat down; and my master, finding he had got such a party, began to betray some concern. The marauders divided the spoil, giving my poor master only a few bones to pick, the sharpers observing, "Pray, Senor, do not eat too much supper, lest it should disagree with you:" and the cursed scholar added; "besides, Sir, you must begin to be abstemious, considering the life you are about to lead at Alcala." All this time, I and the other servant were offering hearty prayers that heaven would put it into their hearts to leave something; but alas, when they had devoured every bit, and the curate was picking the bones over again, one of the sharpers turned about and said: "God bless us! we have left nothing for the servants; come hither, my good fellows; and you, landlord, give them all the house affords: here is a pistole to pay for it." Up started, then, my master's pretended kinsman—I mean the scholar—saying: "With your leave, Sir, I must observe, this is not quite decorous; it is a sign you are not acquainted with my cousin; he will provide for his own

servants, and for ours too, if we had any." When I heard this piece of dissimulation, I cursed the vile scholar in my heart; but the evil was done; the cloth was removed; the man of charity pocketted his pistole; and they all advised Don Diego to go to bed. He would have paid for the supper, but they assured him it would be time enough in the morning. They stayed awhile chatting together; my master asked the scholar his name, and he answered, Don something Coronel. The devil confound the deceitful dog wheresoever he is. Then perceiving that the griping shopkeeper was asleep, he said; "Will you have a little sport, Sir, to make you laugh? Let us put some trick upon this fellow, who has eaten but one pear upon the road, and is as rich as a Jew." The sharpers cried, "God-a-mercy, master licentiate, do so; it is but right." Thus encouraged, he drew near the sleeping old fellow, and slipped a wallet from under his feet, untied it, and took out a box, all the company flocking around, as if it had been lawful prize taken in war. He opened it, and found it full of lozenges; all which he took out, and supplied their place with stones, chips, and any rubbish that came next to hand.

This done, he shut up the box, and said, "I have not done yet; for he has a leathern bottle;" out of which he poured all the wine, and then stuffed it up with tow and wool, and stopped it. The scholar put all again into the wallet, and a great stone into the hood of his travelling coat, and then he and all the rest went to bed.

When it was time to set out, all the company awoke, and got up, and still the old man slept; they at last called him, but he could not rise, for the weight of the stone that was in his hood. He looked to see what it was, and the innkeeper pretended to get into a passion, exclaiming, "God-a-mercy, man, could you pick up nothing else to carry away but this stone? A fine affair, Sirs, if I had not discovered it; I value it above a hundred crowns; it is a perfect charm for a pain in the stomach." The old man, on this, vowed and swore that he had put none of it into his hood; while the sharpers reckoned up the bill, which came to six crowns, though the best arithmetician in Christendom could not have made it up to that sum. The scholars asked what service they could do us at Alcala; the bill was paid, we breakfasted, and the old man took up his wallet; but for fear we should see what he had in it, and so have to distribute some, he untied it in the dark, under his great coat, and laid hold of a bit of lime well daubed, which he clapped into his mouth, and attempting to chew, very nearly broke his teeth with it. What with the pain, and the loathsome taste, he began to spit and make faces in a terrible way. The curate went up, and asked what ailed him? He only cursed and swore, throwing down the wallet; on which the scholar cried out, "Get behind me, Satan; here is the cross." The other opened a breviary, and would persuade him he was possessed; till, quite sick and ex-

hausted, the poor fellow begged to have a little wine to rinse his mouth. We handed him his bottle, and pouring it into a small dish, out came only a few drops of wine, and so dirty as to defy the power of swallowing it. It was then he indeed fell a raving beyond measure; till seeing all the company convulsed with laughter, he was fain to grow cool, and take up a place in the waggon with the gipsy girls and sharpers. The curate and the scholars mounted their asses, and we went into the coach. We were scarcely gone, before one and all set up a laugh at our expense, declaring the wicked trick they had played upon us. The landlord too joined them, saying—"Good master Newcome, give me a scholar for a gull; he will grow wiser after a few specimens like this." The cursed scholar said—"Pray, cousin, next time scratch when it itches, and not afterwards." In short, every one had his say; but we thought it best to take no notice, though heaven knows we were completely chop-fallen.

At length we got to Alcala, and alighted at an inn, where we spent all that day, for we came in at nine in the morning. But in reckoning up the particulars of our last supper, we could never exactly make out the account; enough, that we had come off with the worst, and smarted for it.

CHAPTER V.

ENTRANCE INTO ALCALA; THE RECEPTION WE MET WITH; PAYING FOR OUR FREEDOM; AND WHAT TRICKS WERE PUT UPON ME AS A NEW COMER.

TOWARDS the cool of the evening we left the inn, for the place that had been hired for us without St. James's Gate, in a court full of rascally scholars. There were only three families, however, in our new house. The owner was one of those lukewarm men, who keep up a good outside show, but have no religion in their hearts; they are called Moriscoes from being descended from Moors. They quite abound here, along with your great-nosed Jews, that cannot endure the sight of bacon. Not that I mean to reflect on the people of quality, who are numerous and unspotted in blood.

The landlord received me with a worse grace than if I had been an inquisitor; but it was doubtless the nature of the beast, and quite in keeping with his usual principles and demeanour. However, we made good our entrance, and disposed our effects in the best order we could. On getting up next morning, all the scholars came running to us in their shirts, to demand entrance-money of my master. He inquired

what it meant, but instead of answering him, I only hid myself under the clothes, with as little body to be seen as that of a tortoise. The wretches required a couple of crowns, and they got them; they then set up an infernal cry of, "Long live our new fellow! let him be a member of the friendly society; he shall have all the privileges of a freeman; let him have the itch, and be as greasy and hungry as we are." They then all tumbled down stairs together, and we hastened to dress ourselves, and set out for the schools. My master, conducted by some collegians, his father's friends, took his place; but I being assigned another place, went all alone, and began to quake for fear. Hardly had I set foot in the great court, before they all faced me, and began to cry, "A novice." The better to get out of the matter, I fell to laughing, as if I did not regard it, but it would not do; they grinned and mowed in my face, ridiculing me by every means in their power. I blushed, and one of the lads coming close to me, put his hand to his nose, then saying, "This is no Lazarus raised from the dead, he smells too strong." Upon this they all joined in stopping their noses, while I declared that they were quite in the right, as there was something peculiar. They afterwards assembled in a body of about one hundred strong, from which there issued out a great brawny bumpkin of a boy, who, approaching me, said, "I have got a cold," and instantly with most contemptuous gestures he spit in my face. He was followed by all the rest, each of whom exclaimed, "Thus I begin, thus I begin!" Finding myself beyond all hope of redress, I cried out, "Oh Lord! I vow to God you shall pay,"—but my voice was drowned in such a shower, that it was impossible for me to proceed.

I had covered my face with my cloak, and stood such a fair mark that they all shot at me; too well, alas, taking their aim. Pretending that I had suffered quite enough, a sly dog came forward, crying as if in a passion: "Stop, do not murder him." Thinking by their usage that it was now all over, I unwittingly uncovered my face, when at the very moment, the villain who had appeared to be my friend, shot at me worse than any directly between my eyes. The whole posse then raised such a shout at my extreme anguish, as quite astounded me; after which they would have proceeded to neck me as they do rabbits, had they been able to find a clean place by which to hold me. Owing to this I escaped.

I went home, though I scarce knew the way, with only a few clouts from a few more boys I met on the way. My Moorish landlord laughed aloud at my appearance, making a demonstration as if he too would have spit upon me, on which I cried out: "Hold, my good landlord, I am no representation of our Saviour," a cut at him which had nigh cost me my life. He nearly demolished me with some weights he held in his hand; till at last I got up stairs, and began to try to find a spot where I could lay hold of my cloak; with great difficulty I undressed

myself, hung my clothes up in a gallery, and quite overcome laid me down upon my bed.

My master coming in and finding me asleep, fell into a passion, and seizing me by the hair of the head, he would soon have left me bald before my time. I made a dismal outcry, but he went on: "Is this the service I am to expect from you, Paul! I must turn over a new leaf, I see."

This went to my heart, and I answered: "Sir, you are a great—a very great comfort to me; look at the condition I have been in," pointing to my foul clothes; "I have been made the victim of the cruel filthiness of the whole school." I then began to weep, while seeing the state of my cloak, &c., he took pity upon me, and said: "Look out sharply for yourself, Paul, and remember you have no father and mother to care for you here." In short, he behaved so encouragingly, that it revived me, and I soon felt as well as if nothing had happened to me. But when misfortunes once begin, there seems to be no end to them. The rest of the sizars coming to bed, inquired with much apparent concern what was the matter with me, and when I told them the whole story, they expressed their wonder how people could be so wicked, and that it would not be tolerated among heathens. Others cried that the proctors were to blame for not taking means to prevent it. "Pray should you know them again?" I told them I should not, but was obliged by the sympathy they expressed for me. After this they put out their light, and went to bed; but about twelve, I was waked by one of them roaring out in a most terrific manner: "Lord, Lord, they are killing me! thieves! murder!" At the same time I heard a noise of lashing and flogging. I jumped up, and enquired what was the matter, and in the same moment felt myself seized, and a huge cat and nine tails applied to my skin. I called out on heaven and all the saints for vengeance, and they assisted me, I suppose, to creep under the bed.

Three more now began to give mouth, and hearing the lashes, I concluded that the same strange fiend was employed in scourging us all. While lying shivering under it, some other imp leaped into my bed; and this done, the lashes ceased, while those flagellated leaped up, exclaiming, "It is a great villany, and not to be endured." All this time I lay whining like a dog, cold and cramped; till at last gaining courage, I crept into bed, inquiring whether my companions in misfortune were much hurt; they said they were horribly hurt; but, in fact, they were only parties to the infernal trick played upon me; and which they followed up by others still more villanous and cruel, as if the incarnal fiend himself had instigated them.

I was so ill I could not move; and in the morning my master came up, and with an angry voice inquired, "Shall I never be able to do any good with you? Why, Paul, it is past eight o'clock; rise, you

impudent rascal! your master, Don Diego, shall be informed of this."

Instead of answering, I pretended to be in a swoon, (and I nearly was,) when one of the rascally lads cried out—"Poor boy, he faints; pull him hard by the middle-finger, it will recover him;" and they pulled me till my joints cracked, and I thought I should have died. They then proposed to cramp my legs, and had already got cords to put me to the torture; I thought it wiser to come to myself, though not in time to prevent the villains pulling so hard as to gripe my flesh, and almost to dislocate my joints. They then left me, observing, "Bless us, what a poor puny creature you are;" and when I wept for anguish and vexation, they only added—"Come, come, it is all done for the good of your health, compose yourself to rest." Left to my reflections, I felt that what I had endured in one day at Alcala, was worse than all I had undergone under Cabra at the boarding-school In vain I tried to sleep.

About noon I dressed myself, cleaned my cloak and cassock, and waited for my master; who asked me, as he came in, "How I did?" All the family dined, and so did I, though with a poor stomach enough. After dinner we all met to chat in an open gallery. The other servants, when they had sufficiently bantered me, discovered the trick they had put upon me, and laughed heartily at my expense. I was sadly out of countenance, and mentally exclaimed, "Look better to yourself, Paul, and stand upon your guard." I resolved to begin a new course of life; we all made friends, and from that day lived as peaceably in the house together, as if we had been all one mother's children; not a single soul disturbed me any more, either at school or in public places.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE WICKED OLD HOUSEKEEPER, AND THE FIRST KNAVISH PRANKS I PLAYED AT ALCALA.

WHEN you are at Rome, do as they do at Rome, says the old proverb; and it is well said. I took it so seriously into consideration, that I fully resolved to play the knave among knaves, and to excel them all if possible. I know not whether I succeeded to my wish, but I am sure I used all my endeavours. In the first place, I made a law that it should be no less than death for any pigs to cross the threshold of our house, or for any of the old housekeeper's chickens to run out of the yard into our room. It happened that one day two of the cleverest porkers that ever my eyes beheld, slipped into our dominions; I was then at play with the other servants, and hearing them grunt,

said to one of my companions, "Go see who it is that grunts in our house;" he went, and brought word they were actually two swine.

No sooner did I hear, then off I set in a passion, exclaiming—"It was a great deal of impudence in them to grunt in other people's houses." Then slamming to the door, in sudden heat of blood, I ran my sword into the throats of them both, and we afterwards cut off their heads. To prevent their cries for rescue, we all set up our voices to the highest pitch during the operation, and between us they soon gave up the ghost. We next paunched them, saved the blood, and by the help of our straw bed half roasted them in the yard, so that all was over before our masters came home, except the mere making of the black puddings. Don Diego and our steward were informed of the exploit, and flew into such a passion, that the other lodgers, highly amused, were fain to take my part.

The don asked me what I should say for myself when the affair should be found out. I replied that I would plead hunger, the common sanctuary of all scholars; and if that was not enough, I would urge that, seeing them come into the house without knocking, just as if they had been at home, really thought that they were ours. They all laughed, and Don Diego said, "By my faith, Paul, you begin to understand the trade." It was well worth observing the difference between my master and me; he so sober and religious, I so arch and roguish, so that the one was a foil to the other, and served to set off either his virtue or his vice. Our old housekeeper was pleased to the very heart, for we both played our parts, and conspired against the larder. I was caterer, and a mere Judas in my employment, ever since retaining an inclination for cribbing and stealing. The meat always wasted in the old woman's keeping, and she never dressed wedder mutton when she could get ewe or goat. Besides, she picked the flesh off the bones before she boiled them, so that the dishes she served up looked as if the cattle had all died of a consumption. The broth was so clear, that had it been as hard as the bones, it might have passed for crystal; but when she wanted to make it seem a little fat, she clapped in a few candles' ends. When I was by, she would say to my master, "In truth sir, Paul is the best servant in Spain, bating his unluckiness, but that may well enough be borne with, because he is so honest." I gave her the same character, and so we put upon the whole house between us. If there was a store of coals, bacon, or oil laid in, we stole half of it, and soon after would say, "Pray, gentlemen, retrench your expenses a little, for if you go on at this rate, you need have a mint of money; the coals or the oil is done, but no wonder, at the rate you live; you had better order in some more. Give Paul the money, he will keep a better account of it." It was given, and we then sold them the other half we had stolen, and half of what we brought; and that was in full.

When I bought anything at market for the real value, the old body

would pretend to fall out and quarrel; and she, seeming to be in a passion, would say, "Do not tell me, Paul, that this is a pennyworth of salad." At this I pretended to cry and make a great noise, beseeching my master that he would please to send the steward, that he might prove the base calumny of the scolding old woman. By such simple means did we both retain our character for honesty; she appearing to look sharp after me, and I always being found out to be trustworthy. Don Diego, highly pleased, would often say, "Would to God, Paul were as virtuous in other ways as he is honest; I see, my good woman, he is even better than you represent him." It was thus we had leisure and oppotunity to feast on them like horse-leeches.

If you ask how much we might cheat them of in the year's round, I can only say, it amounted to a considerable sum; yet the old woman never missed going to church daily, nor did I perceive any scruple of conscience she made of it, though she was so great a saint. She always wore a pair of beads about her neck, so big, that the wood of them might have served to roast a sirloin of beef. It was all hung with medals, crosses, pictures, and other trinkets, on all which, she said, she prayed every night for her benefactors. She would pray longer than any fanatical preacher, always in dog Latin, the sound of which almost made us split our sides with laughter. She had many other excellent qualifications, for she was an extraordinary messenger of love, and a great contriver of pleasure. Her excuse was, that it came to her by descent, as the kings of France had the gift of curing the king's evil. You will imagine that we always lived in unity; but who does not know, that the two best friends, if they are covetous, will endeavour to cheat one another; and I took care to let slip no opportunity.

The old woman kept fowls, and had about a dozen fine grown chickens, which made my mouth water, for they were fit for any gentleman's table. It happened one day, going to feed them, she called, as is the custom in Spain, very loud: "Pio, Pio, Pio." She repeated it so often, that I cried out in a pretended rage: "'Fore God! nurse, I wish I had seen you kill a man, or clip and coin, for then I might have kept your counsel; but now I must be forced to discover you. The Lord have mercy upon us both, I say." She, seeing me in such disorder, was somewhat alarmed: "Why, Paul," she said, "what have I done? pray do not jest with me." "Jest with you, forsooth, a curse on your iniquity! I cannot avoid giving information to the Inquisition, or I shall be excommunicated." "Oh Lord! the Inquisition; have I committed any crime, then?" "Have you *not?*" I answered; "don't think to trifle with the Inquisitors; own you are in the wrong; eat your own words as fast as you can, and deny not the blasphemy and irreverence." She replied in great consternation: "But, Paul, will they punish me if I recant?" "No," I replied, "they will then only

absolve you." "Then I recant," said she; "only tell me what it is I have to recant; for I know nothing of it, as I hope for mercy." "Bless me," replied I; "is it possible you should be so dull; the irreverence was so great I hardly know how to express it. Wretch as you are, did you not call the chickens, Pio, Pio; and Pius is the name of several Popes, who are Christ's vicars upon earth, and heads of the church. Now do you consider whether that be any trifling sin?" She stood as if she had been thunderstruck, and after a while cried: "'Tis true, I said so, Paul; but may I be burnt if I did it with any ill design. I recant—I do, indeed; and try to find some way not to inform of me; for I shall die if they get me into the inquisition." "Provided you take your oath on the holy altar that you meant it not for blasphemy; but then you must give me the two chickens you called in that unsanctified way, by the names of the Popes, that they may be burnt by the officers of the inquisition. This you must do now, or I shall otherwise be compelled to lay an information against you as quick as possible."

She was glad to escape so easily, and instantly consented, giving me three instead of two, which I took to a neighbouring cook, had them drest, and eat with my companions. Don Diego came to hear of the trick, and made excellent sport of it in the family. The old woman had nearly fretted herself to death for mere vexation, and was a thousand times in the mind of taking revenge, and discovering all my schemes. She was, however, too deeply implicated; and having once quarrelled with me, there was no end to the tricks I played her. In short, I became a great authority in all that the scholars called snatching and shop-lifting, at which I had many pleasant adventures.

One evening, about nine o'clock, as I was passing through the great street, I spied a confectioner's shop open, and in it a frail of raisins upon the counter. I whipped in, took hold of it, and set a running; the confectioner scoured after me, and so did several neighbours and servants. Being loaded, I perceived, that though I had the start, they would overtake me, and so, turning the corner of a street, I clapped the frail upon the ground, and sat down upon it, and wrapping my cloak about my leg, began to cry out, "God forgive him, he has trod upon me, and crippled me." When they came up I began to cry, "For God's sake, pity the lame; I pray God you may never be lame!" "Friend!" they exclaimed, "did you see a man run this way?" "He is before you," was my answer, "for he trod upon me." I boasted of this exploit, and with some reason: I even invited them to come and see me steal a box of sweetmeats another night. They came, and observing that all the boxes were so far within the shop, that there was no reaching them, they concluded the thing was impracticable Drawing my sword, however, about a dozen paces from the shop, I

ran on, and crying out at the door, "You are a dead man!" I made a strong pass just before the confectioner's breast, who dropt down, calling for help; and my sword running clean through a box of sweetmeats, I drew it, box and all, and took to my heels. They were all amazed at the contrivance, and ready to burst with laughing on hearing him bid the people search him, for that he was badly wounded: even when he found out the cheat he continued to bless himself, while I was employed in eating the fruits of my exploit. My comrades used to say, that I could easily maintain my family upon nothing; as much as to say, by my wits and sleight-of-hand. This had the effect of encouraging me to commit more. I used to bring home my girdle, hung all round with little pitchers, which I stole from nuns, begging some water to drink of them; and when they turned it out in their wheel, I went off with the mugs, they being shut up, and not able to help themselves.

After this, I promised Don Diego and his companions, that I would one night disarm the round. The time was fixed, and we set out. I went foremost with another servant of our family; and as soon as I discovered the watch, went up, as if I had been in a great fright, saying, "Is it the round?" They answered: "It was." "Then," said I, "is the governor here?" They replied he was; I then knelt down, and said, "Sir, it is in your power to do me right, and to do the public a great piece of service; please to hear me in private, if you wish to catch some notorious criminals."

He stepped aside, and some of his officers were laying hands on their swords, and others taking out their rods of authority, whilst I said, "Sir, I am come from Seville, in pursuit of six of the most notorious malefactors; they are all thieves and murderers, and among them is one that killed my mother, and a brother of mine, without any provocation, but to exercise his barbarity. This is proved upon him, and they all came, as I heard them say, with a French spy; and by what I can farther guess from their words, he is sent (then I lowered my voice) by Antony Perez." At these words the governor gave a skip, and cried: "Where are they?" "They are in a bad house, Sir," said I; "do not stay, good Sir; the souls of my mother and brother will requite you with their prayers, and the king will reward you." He then said: "Good God, let us lose no time, then; follow me all of you, and give me a target." I took him aside again, and added, "Sir, the whole business will be spoiled if you do so; the only way to do it, is for them all to go in without swords, and one by one, for they are above in the rooms, and have pistols, and as soon as they see any come with swords, they will be sure to fire. It is better to go in with your daggers, and then you may secure them behind, for we are enough of us."

The governor, being eager to secure them at any rate, approved of

my contrivance. By this time we were come near the place, and the governor, thus instructed by me, ordered them all to hide their swords in a field there is just before the house, under the grass. They did so, and went on. I had already instructed my companion, that as soon as ever they should lay them down, he should seize them, and make the best of his way home. He did so, and when they were all going into the house, I stayed out the last, and as soon as they were entered, being followed by several people they picked up in the way, I gave them the slip, and turned short into a narrow lane, that comes out near La Victoria, running all the way as swift as a greyhound. When the round was all in the house, and found none there but scholars and scoundrels—all one, they began to look about for me, and not finding me, suspected it was some trick put upon them. Being thus disappointed, they went to take their swords, but there was no sign of them.

It is impossible to express what pains the governor, attended by the vice-chancellor of the university, took that night. They searched all the town to the very beds, and when they came to ours, I was in bed with a night-cap on, and close covered for fear of being known, a candle lighted in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, with a sham priest praying by me, and all the rest of my companions on their knees about the bed. The vice-chancellor, with all his officers, came in, and seeing that spectacle went out again, supposing no such prank could be played by any there. They made no search, but the vice-chancellor prayed by me, and asked whether I was speechless; they answered I was, and so away they went, in despair of making any discovery.

The vice-chancellor swore he would deliver up the offender if he could find him, and the governor vowed he would hang him though he were the son of a grandee of Spain. I got up; and this prank makes sport at Alcala to this day. To avoid being tedious, I omit giving an account of my robbing in the open market, as if it had been on a mountain; not a box or case escaped me, but I had it home, and kept the house in fuel all the year; and as for the apple women, nothing was ever safe in their standings, for I had declared perpetual war against them, on account of the affront put upon me when I was king at Segovia. I pass by the contributions I raised on the fields of beans, vineyards, and orchards, all about that part of the country. These, and the like practices, gained me the reputation of a sharp and lucky fellow among all people. The young gentlemen were so fond of me, that I had scarce leisure to wait upon Don Diego, whom I honoured as he deserved, for the great kindness he bore me.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW I RECEIVED NEWS OF MY FATHER'S DEATH, AND WHAT COURSE OF LIFE I RESOLVED ON FOR THE FUTURE.

AT length Don Diego received a letter from his father, and with it one for me, from an uncle of mine, whose name was Alonso Ramplon, a man of a virtuous disposition, and very well known at Segovia, as being the finisher of the law; and, for the last four years, the execution of all its determinations went through his hands. In short, he was hangman; but such a clever fellow at his business, it would hardly vex a man to be hanged by him, he did it so neatly. This worthy person wrote to me from Segovia to Alcala, as follows:

"MY DEAR PAUL,

"The responsible office, and pressing affairs, in which it has pleased his Majesty to place me, have been the occasion of my not writing to you before; for if there be anything to find fault with in the King's service, it is the great trouble and attendance it requires; which, however, is in measure requited by the honour of being his servant. It troubles me to be forced to send you disagreeable news; but your father died eight days ago, with as much bravery and resolution as ever man did; I speak of my own knowledge as having trussed him up myself. The cart became him as well as if it had been a chariot, and all that saw the rope round his neck, concluded he was as clever a fellow as ever was hanged. He looked up all the way he went at the windows very much unconcerned, bowing to all the tradesmen who had left their shops, and turning up his whiskers several times. He desired the priest, that went to prepare him for death, not to be too eager; but to rest and take a breathing, extolling any fine expressions that he used. Being come to the triple tree, he presently set his foot on the ladder, and went up it nimbly, not creeping on all fours as others do; and perceiving that one of the rounds of it was cracked through, he turned to the officers attending, and bade them get it mended for the next that came, because all men had not his spirit. I cannot express how much his person and carriage was applauded.

"At the top of the ladder he sat down, set his clothes handsomely about him, took the rope, and clapped the noose to his ear, and then perceiving the Jesuit was going to preach to him, he turned to him and said, 'Father, I accept the will for the deed; let us have a few staves of a psalm, and have done quickly, for I hate to be tedious.'

He charged me to put on his cap a little to one side; and then he swung, without shrinking up his legs, or making ugly faces, but preserved such a gravity that it was a pleasure to behold him. I next quartered him, and fixed the several parts on the highways. God knows what a trouble it is to me, to see him there daily treating the crows and ravens; but I suppose the pastry cooks hereabouts will soon ease us of that sad spectacle, burying him in their minced pies. I cannot give you a much better account of your mother, for though still living, she is a prisoner in the Inquisition at Toledo, because she would not let the dead rest in their graves. In her house were found as many arms, legs, and skulls, as would have stocked a charnel-house; they say she would fly up a chimney, and ride faster upon a broom-staff than another can upon the best Andalusian horse. I am sorry she disgraces us all, and me more particularly as being the King's officer, which kindred does not become my post. Dear child, here are some goods of your father's that have been concealed, to the value of four hundred ducats; I am your uncle, and all that I have is yours. Upon sight hereof, you may come away hither, for your knowledge in Latin and rhetoric will qualify you to make you an excellent hangman. Let me have your answer speedily, and till then God keep you, &c."

I must confess I was much troubled at this fresh disgrace, and yet in some measure I was glad of it, for the scandalous lives of parents make their greatest misfortunes a comfort to their children. I went to Don Diego, who was then reading his father's letter, in which he ordered him to leave the University and return home, but not to take me with him, because of the account he had received of my unluckiness. He told me he must be gone, and how his father commanded him to part with me, which he was sorry for; and I was so much more.

He added, he would recommend me to another gentleman, his friend, to serve him. I smiled, and answered: "Sir, the case is altered; I have other designs in my head, and aim at greater matters, so that I must take another course; for though hitherto I was at the foot of the ladder, in order to mount, you must understand that my father has got up to the top of it." With this I told how bravely he had died, at his full stretch; how he was carved out, and served up as a feast to the birds of the air. That my good uncle, the executioner, had sent me the whole account, and acquainted him with everything, because he knew all my pedigree. He seemed to be much concerned, and asked me how I intended to bestow myself. I informed him of all my resolutions; and so the very next day he went away to Segovia, very melancholy, and I stayed in the house, without taking the least notice of my misfortune. I burned the letter, for fear it

might be dropped, and somebody should read it, and began to provide for my journey to Segovia, designing to take possession of what was my due, and know my kindred, that I might shun them.*

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ME AT MY FIRST COMING TO MADRID, UNTIL NIGHT.

WE got to Madrid at ten o'clock in the morning, and went lovingly together by consent to the house where Don Toribio's friends lived. A very old woman, miserably clad, opened the door; he inquired for his friends, and she answered, they were gone out a seeking. We continued by ourselves until noon, diverting the time, he encouraging me to follow the sponging course of life, and I listening carefully to his advice. Half an hour after twelve, in came a phantom clad in black baize, down to his heels, and so bare, that a louse would not stick upon it; they talked to one another in cant, the result whereof was his embracing me, and offering his service. We discoursed a while, and then he pulled out a glove, in which were sixteen royals, and a letter, by virtue of which he had collected that money, pretending it was a license to beg for a woman in distress. He took the money out of the glove, drew another to it out of his pocket, and folded them together as physicians do. I asked him why he did not wear them? and he answered, because they were both for one hand, and that way they served as well as if they had been fellows. All this while I observed he did not let go his cloak, which was wrapped about him; and being but a novice, for my better information, I took the liberty to inquire, why he still hugged himself up so close in his cloak? He replied, "My friend, there is a great rent down my back, made up with a patch of old stuff, besides a great spot of oil; this piece of a cloak hides all, and thus I can appear abroad." At length he unwrapped himself, and under his cassock I perceived a great bulk sticking out, which I took to have been trunk-breeches, for it looked like them, until he, going in to louse himself, tucked up his coats, and I perceived there were only two hoops of pasteboard tied to his waist, and joining to his thighs, which stuck out under his mourning, for he wore neither shirt nor breeches, but was so naked, that he had

* Several chapters of the work belonging to Book I. have been here omitted, as well in reference to want of space, as to the less interesting character of the adventures.—ED.

scarce anything to lose. He went into the lousing-room, and turned a little board that hung at the door, on which was written, "One is lousing," that no other might go in until he had done. I blessed God with all my heart, to see how he had provided for men, giving them ingenuity if they wanted riches. "For my part," said my friend, "I am sick of the breeches with travelling, and therefore must withdraw to mend." He asked, whether there were any rags? The old woman, who gathered them twice a week about the streets, as the rag-women do for the paper-mills, to cure the incurable diseases of those gentlemen, answered, there were none; and that Don Lorenzo Ynignez del Pedroso had kept his bed a fortnight for want of them, being sick of his coat. At this time, in came one booted, in a travelling garb, a grey suit, and a hat bridled up on both sides. The others acquainted him who I was, and he saluted me very lovingly, laid down his cloak; and it appeared—who would imagine it?—that the forepart of his coat was of grey cloth, and the back part of white linen, saturated with sweat. I could not forbear laughing, and he very demurely said, "You'll come into our row, and then you won't laugh; I'll lay a wager you don't know why I wear my hat with the brims bridled up." I answered, "To look big, and remove all obstacles from your sight." "That's your mistake," said he, "I do it to hinder the sight; it is because I have no hat-band, and this hides it." This said, he pulled out about twenty letters, and as many royals, saying he could not deliver those. Every one was marked a royal postage, and they were all folded alike. He signed any name that came into his head; writ news of his own making, and delivered them in that habit to people of fashion, receiving the postage, which he practised once a month, all which to me was very amazing.

Next came two others, one of them with a cloth coat, reaching but half way down his wide-kneed breeches, and a cloak of the same sort, with his band ruffled up, to hide the rents in it. The wide breeches were of camblet, but only as far as appeared, for all the rest was of red baize. This man was jangling and brawling with the other, who wore a ruff for want of a band, a hanging coat for want of a cloak, and went upon a crutch, with one leg bound up in rags and furs, because he had but one stocking. He pretended to be a soldier, and had been so, but a scurvy one; and by the privilege of a soldier, intruded into any house. He in the coat and half-breeches, cried, "The one half, or at least a considerable part, is due to me; and if you do not give it me, I vow to God——" "Do not vow to God," replied the other, "for I am not lame at home, and if you prate, I'll lay this crutch about your ears." This threat inflamed both parties; they came to high words, and gave one another the lie; then falling to blows, in a moment the clothes flew all about in rags at the first handling. We parted them, and inquiring into the cause of the quarrel, the soldier cried, "Put

tricks upon me! you shall not have the value of a cross. You must understand, gentlemen, that being at St. Saviour's Church, there came a child to this poor fellow, and asked him whether I was the ensign John de Lorenzana! who answered, I was, because he saw he had something in his hand. With this he brought the child to me, and calling me ensign, said, 'Here, Sir, see what this child would have with you.' I understood the trick, and said I was the man, took his message, and with it a dozen of handkerchiefs, returning an answer to his mother, who sent them to some person of that name. Now he demands half, and I'll be torn in pieces before I'll part with them; my own nose shall have the wearing of them all out."

The cause was adjudged on his side, only he was forbid blowing his nose in them, and ordered to deliver them up to the old woman, to make ruffles and hand-wrists to appear in sight, and represent shirt-sleeves, for blowing the nose was absolutely prohibited. When night came, we all went to bed, and lay as close together as herrings in a barrel, or tools in a tweezer-case. As for supper, there was not so much as a thought of it; most of the gang never stripped, for they were naked enough to go to bed as they went all day.

CHAPTER II.

THE SAME SUBJECT OF THE FOREGOING CHAPTER CONTINUED, WITH OTHER STRANGE ADVENTURES.

DAY came, and we all roused. I was as well acquainted with them already, as if we had been one mother's children; for there is ever an easiness and satisfaction in what is not good. It is very pleasant to see one put on his shirt at ten several times, because it consisted of as many several clouts; and say a prayer at every one, like the priest that is vesting to go to the altar. One could not find his way into his breeches; another called out for help to put on his doublet, for none of them knew the right side from the wrong, or the head from the heels. When this was over, which afforded no little pleasure, they all laid hold of their needles and thread, and began to darn, stitch, and patch. One fixed an arm against the wall, to draw together the rents in a sleeve; another kneeled down to botch up the holes in his hose. No Dutch landscape afforded such variety of strange figures as I saw there; they botched, and the old woman supplied them with materials, as rags and clouts of all the colours of the rainbow, which she had picked up on Saturday night.

When the mending time was over, as they called it, they all viewed one another narrowly, to see what was amiss, in order to go abroad a-shifting. I told them I would have them order my dress, for I designed to lay out the hundred royals I had on a suit of clothes, and leave off my cassock. "That must not be," said they, "let the money be put into the common stock, we will clothe him immediately out of our wardrobe, and appoint him his walk in the town, where he alone shall range and seek out." I consented, deposited the money, and, in a trice, they made me a mourning cloth coat out of my cassock, cut my long cloak into a short one, and trucked the remains of it for an old hat new dressed, making a hat-band, very neatly, of some cotton picked out of inkhorns. They took off my band and wide-kneed breeches, and, instead of these, put me on a pair of close hose, slashed only before, for the sides and the back part were nothing but sheep-skins. The silk stockings they gave me were not half stockings, for they reached but four fingers below the knees, the rest being covered with a tight pair of boots over my own red hose. The band they gave me was all in rags, and when they had put it on they said, "The band is somewhat decayed on the sides and behind; if anybody looks at you, Sir, you must be sure to turn about as they do, like the sunflower which still moves as he does. If there happen to be two at once observing you on both sides, fall back; and to prevent being observed behind, let your hat hang down on your neck, so that the brim may cover the band, leaving all your forehead bare, and if anybody asks why you wear it so, tell him it is because you dare show your face in any part of the world." Next they gave me a box, containing black and white thread, sewing silk, packthread, a needle, a thimble, bits of cloth, linen and silk, with other shreds and snaps, and a knife. To my girdle they fastened a tinder box, with a steel and flint in a little pouch, saying, "This box will carry you through the world, without the help of friends or relations; this contains all we stand in need of; take and keep it." They appointed the ward of St. Louis for my walk, and so I entered upon my employment. We all went out together, but because I was a novice, they ordered him that brought and converted me, to be my instructor in the trade of sharping.

We set out very gravely, walking in state with our beads in our hands, and made towards my precinct. We paid respect to all we met, taking off our hats to the men, though we had rather have taken their cloaks; to the women we bowed low, because they are fond of respect, and proud of being honoured. My worthy governor, as he went along, would say to one creditor, "I shall receive money to-morrow:" to another, "Have patience for a day or two, the bankers put me off." One asked him for his cloak, another for his girdle, by which I perceived he was such a true friend to his friend, that he had nothing which was his own. We went in and out from one side of the street

to another, like drunken men, that find it too narrow for them, to avoid duns. Here one whipped out to demand his house rent, there another the hire of his sword, presently a third the lent of his sheets and shirts, so that it appeared he was a hireling gentleman, like a hired horse.

We went on, and at the corner of a street took two slices of gingerbread, and as many drams of brandy, of a wench who gave it us for nothing, after wishing my director welcome to town, who said, "This puts a man in a condition to make shift without a dinner for this day, for at worst he is sure of so much." It went to my very heart to think it was dubious whether we should have any dinner, and answered him very disconsolately in behalf of my stomach, to which he replied, "You are a man of a small faith, and repose little confidence in our mumping profession. God Almighty provides for the crows and jackdaws, and even for scriveners, and should he fail poor pinch-guts? You have but a poor soul." "You are in the right," quoth I; "but still I fear I shall make it poorer, for the belly is the life of the soul."

As we were talking after this manner a clock struck twelve, and being yet a stranger to that profession, my stomach took no notice of the gingerbread, but I was as if I had eaten no such thing. Being thus put in mind again of that want, I turned to my conductor and said, "My friend, this business of starving is very hard to be learned at first; I was used to feed like a farmer, and am now brought to fast like an anchorite. It is no wonder you are not hungry, who have been bred to it from your infancy, like King Mithridates with poison, so that it is now familiar and habitual to you. I do not perceive that you take any diligent care to provide, and therefore I am resolved to shift as well as I can." "God is my life," quoth he, "what a pleasant spark you are; it is but just now struck twelve, and are you in such a mighty haste already? Your stomach is very exact to its hours, and immediately cries out cupboard; but it must practise patience, and learn to be in arrears at times. What, would you be cramming all day? the very beasts can do no more. I told you already that God provides for all men, yet if you are in such haste, I am going to receive the alms at the monastery of St. Jerome, where there are most delicious friars; if you will go along with me, well and good, if not, everyone take his own course." "Farewell," said I, "my wants are not so small as to be satisfied with the leavings of others; every man shift for himself."

My friend walked very upright, now and then looking upon his feet, and took out a few crumbs of bread, which he carried for that purpose in a little box; these he strewed about his beard and clothes, so that he looked as if he had dined. I coughed and hawked to conceal my weakness, wiping my whiskers, muffled up with my cloak upon the left shoulder, playing with my tens, for I had

but ten beads upon my string. All that saw me believed I had dined, and had they thought the vermin were then dining upon me, they had guessed right. All my confidence was in the crowns I had sunk, though I had a scruple of conscience that it was against the rules of our profession to pay for a dinner, being obliged to feed upon the public; but I was resolved to break the fast, and transgress the ordinances. By this time I was come to the corner of St. Lewis's Street, where a pastry-cook lived. On the bulk lay a curious mutton pie, delicately baked, and piping hot out of the oven; my nose stumbled at it, and I made a full set like a dog at a partridge, fixing my eyes and gazing so steadfastly, that it shrunk up as if it had been blasted. It had been pleasant enough to know how many ways I cast about to steal it, and then again resolved to buy it. By this time it struck one, which put such a damp upon me, that I resolved to launch into the next cook's shop. As I was steering towards one, it pleased God that I met with a friend of mine, called the Licentiate Flechilla, who came swinging his cassock down the street, his face all dusty, and his long robes full of doglocks. As soon as he spied me, he ran to embrace me, and yet I wonder he should know me in that condition. I returned his embrace; he asked how I did? and I answered, "I have abundance of stories to tell you, Mr. Licentiate; all that troubles me is, that I must be gone to-night." "I am sorry for that," quoth he, "and were it not late, and that I am going in haste to dinner, I would stay with you; but I have a sister that is married, and her husband expects me." "Is Mrs. Anne here?" said I; "whatever becomes of my business, I'll go and wait upon her; that is a duty I cannot dispense with."

Hearing him say he had not dined, made me sharp; away I went with him, and, by the way, told him, that a wench he had been very fond of at Alcala was then in town, and I could get him admittance into her house. He was mightily pleased at this notion, for I purposely contrived to talk of such things as might be pleasing to him. This discourse held us till we came to his sister's house; in we went; I made very great tenders of service to both husband and wife, and they believing all I said to be true, and that I might be out of countenance for coming at that time of day, began to excuse themselves, saying, that they would have made some provision, had they thought of such a guest. I laid hold of the opportunity, and invited myself, telling them I was no stranger, but an old friend; and should take it unkindly to be treated with ceremony. They sat down, I did so too; and the better to stop the other's mouth, who had not invited me, nor ever thought of any such thing, every now and then I gave him a remembrance of the wench, saying she had asked for, and was infinitely fond of him, with many more lies to that purpose; which made him bear the more patiently with my cramming, for such havoc as I made in the first course was never seen. The boiled meat was served

up, and I tumbled the best part of it down my throat in a moment, without nicety, but in such a hurry, as if I had not thought it safe enough betwixt my teeth. As I hope for mercy, I laid about me at such a rate, as if my life had depended on it, and was so expeditious, that everything seemed to vanish in my presence. No doubt but they observed how I poured down the soup, how soon I drained the dish, how clean I picked the bones, and how cleverly I dispatched the meat; and, to say the truth, at every turn I clapped a good hunch of bread into my pocket, till it could hold no more.

When the table was taken away, the licentiate and I stepped aside, to talk about our going to the aforesaid wench's house, which I represented to him as a very easy matter; but as we were talking at the window, I pretended somebody had called to me from the street, and answering, "Sir, I come this moment," asked leave of my friend, promising to return immediately. I left him waiting for me, and so he might have done to this day, for I slipped away, and my belly being full, I had no more occasion for him. I met him several times after, and excused myself, telling a thousand lies, which are not to our purpose. Rambling thence about the streets at random, I came to the Guadelajara gate, and sat down on one of the benches that are at the mercer's door. As God would have it, there came two of those creatures that borrow money upon their handsome faces to the shop; they were both close veiled, with only one eye bare to see their way, and attended by an old woman, and a boy, half footman, half page. They asked for some very rich, new fashion, wrought velvet. To commence a discourse, I began to play and pun upon the velvet, turning and winding, till I brought it to all the waggish meanings I had a mind to. I perceived my freedom had put them in hopes they might carry off some present from the shop, and knowing I could be no loser, I offered them whatsoever they pleased. They stood out a little, pretending they did not use to accept of any from persons they were not acquainted with. I laid hold of that opportunity, telling them, I owned it was a presumption in me to offer them anything there; but that I desired them to accept of a parcel of rich silks sent me from Milan, which that page of mine should carry them at night; pointing to one that stood over the way bareheaded, waiting for his master, who was in a shop. And that they might take me for some man of quality, and well-known, I pulled off my hat to all the judges, privy-counsellors, and peers that went by, bowing as if we had been very well acquainted, though I knew none of them. These outward shows, and my taking out a piece or two of gold of my hidden treasure, on pretence of giving an alms to a poor body that begged of me, made them conclude I was some gentleman of note. They thought fit to go home because it grew late, and took their leave, charging me to be sure the page should go as privately as might be. I begged of them

only as a favour and token of their good will, a pair of beads, all set and linked in gold, which the handsomest of them had in her hand, as a pledge for me to visit them the next day without fail. They made some difficulty to part with it, till I offered them a hundred crowns in pawn for it, which they refused, hoping by that means to draw me in for a better penny; asked where I lodged, and told me their quarters, desiring me to observe, that they could not receive messages at all times, because they were persons of quality. I led them through the high street, and before we turned out of it, made choice of the largest and fairest house I could find, which had a coach without horses standing at the door, telling them it was mine, and at their service, as were the horses and master of them. My name I told them was Don Alvaro de Cordova, and in I went before their faces. At our coming out of the shop, I remember I called over one of the pages from the other side of the way, beckoning to him very statelily with my hand, and pretending to order him and the rest of them to wait there till I came; but in reality only asked whether he did not belong to my uncle the privy-counsellor; he answered me he did not, and so I dismissed him, setting myself off with borrowed feathers.

When it was dark at night, we all went home, and coming in, I showed them the beads, and told them the story; they applauded my ingenuity, and the old woman took them into her custody to sell them, and went about saying they belonged to a poor maiden gentlewoman, who was fain to sell them for bread, having her story ready for every occasion. The old jade wept whenever she pleased, wrung her hands, and sighed most bitterly; she called all people children; and over a good smock, jerkin, gown, and petticoats, wore a tattered long robe of sackcloth, given her by an anchorite, her friend, who lived on the mountains by Alcala. Her business was to manage all the goods, to direct and conceal; but the devil, who is always kind to his servants, so ordered it, that going one day to a house to sell some clothes and other things, somebody there knew their own goods, sent for an officer, secured the old hag, whom we called Mother Lebrusca, and she presently discovered all the plot, told how we all lived, and that we were gentlemen of prey. The officer left her in the gaol, and came to our house, where he found me and all my companions. He had half-a-dozen under-catchpoles along with him, and removed the whole of our sharping congregation to the prison, where our gentility availed us very little.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRISON DESCRIBED; WITH AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED TO US IN IT, TILL THE OLD WOMAN WAS WHIPPED, MY COMPANIONS EXPOSED TO PUBLIC SHAME, AND I CAME OUT UPON BAIL.

As soon as we came into the gaol, we were loaded with irons, and going altogether to be clapped into the dungeon; but I made use of the money I had to prevent falling into that hell, pulling out a pistole, and making it glitter in the gaolor's eyes, saying, "Pray, Sir, be pleased to hear me a word in private." He having seen a glimpse of the gold, took me aside, and I went on, "I beseech you, Sir, pray take pity on an unfortunate man." Then I took him lovingly by the hand, and clapped in the piece, which he greedily grasped, being used to such ceremonies, and answered, "I will examine into your distemper, and if it is dangerous, you shall not go down into the hole." I understood, and submitted myself peaceably, so that he left me out, and turned down my companions. I will not take up time in relating what sport we made in the prison, and as we went along the streets; for being hunched along, bound, some of us without cloaks, and others with them, dragging along, it was comical to see such a parcel of ragamuffins, all patches, and parti-coloured black and white, like magpies.

The officers knew not how to take fast hold of them, they were all in such tatters; some they thought to grasp by the flesh, and finding none, for it was starved all away, they feared to be answerable for disjointing the bones. Others lost their coats and breeches, by the rough handling of those unmerciful fellows. When they unbound the rope they led them all in, the rags and clouts dropped off with it. At night I was carried to the common side, where I had a little bed allotted me. It was odd to see some lie down in their whole case, without taking off the least rag they wore in the day. Others, at one motion, put off all the clothes they had; others played, but at last we were all made fast, and the light put out. We all forgot our irons, and took our rest very favourably. When it was day, we all came out of the dungeon, saw one another's faces, and presently our companions demanded the usual garnish money, on pain of a good liquoring. I presently disbursed six royals, but my companions having nothing to give, their cause was referred till night. When it came, we were put into the dismal vault; they put out the light, and I presently secured myself under my bed: two of them began to whistle, and a third to lay about him with a rope's end. The sparks perceiving it was like to go ill with them, crowded themselves up so close together, all the flesh

of their bones being before devoured by the mange and lice, that they found room enough in a cranny between the boards, lying like so many fleas in a seam, or bugs in a bedstead. The lashes sounded on the boards, but the parties they were designed for lay close, without saying a word. The whipsters observing they did not complain, laid aside their discipline, and began to pelt them with stones, bricks, and rubbish, they had gathered to that effect. This project succeeded better, for a stone hit Don Toribio on the neck, and raised a bump as thick as his fist. He cried out murder, and the knaves, that he might not be heard, fell a singing all together, and rattled their chains. Don Toribio struggled with his companions to get undermost, and in the scuffle their bones rattled like castanets, their coats fell all in tatters, and not a rag was left upon them. The stones flew about so thick, that in a short space poor Don Toribio had as many knobs on his head as there are on a pine apple. Finding there was no manner of protection against that dreadful shower of hail that fell upon us, but that there he was like to die a martyr without being guilty of the least piety or religion, he cried out, begging they would let him get out of that place, and he would pay immediately, delivering up his clothes in pawn. The persecutors consented, and though his companions would have held him because he sheltered them, he got up the best he could, all battered, and came over to my side. The rest were not so quick at promising the same, but that they had as many knocks as hairs on their heads, yet offered up their clothes towards paying the garnish, thinking it was better to lie abed for want of clothes than for broken bones. Accordingly, they were discharged for that night, but in the morning had orders to strip; they did so, and it appeared that all their clothes put together would not bring one halfpenny loaf. They lay abed, that is, wrapped up in a blanket belonging to the public, on which all the prisoners used to louse themselves. As soon as they were warm, they began to feel their friends about them, for the lice had kept a long Lent, some of them had not broke their fast for a week before, and yet were as big as nutmegs, and laid in their teeth as close as a sharp bull-dog. They expected nothing but to be devoured that morning for a breakfast; threw away the blanket, cursing their fate, and clawing the very skin off their bones with their hands.

I slipped out of the dungeon, desiring them to excuse me for not bearing them company, because it was not convenient. I greased the gaoler over again with three pieces of eight, and being informed who the clerk was that had the charge of prosecuting us, sent for him by a young running thief. He came; I got into a room with him, and after some discourse concerning our business in general, I told him I had some little money, which I desired him to keep for me; and that as far as might be done with safety, he would favour an unfortunate young gentleman, who had been unadvisedly drawn into that offence.

"Believe me, Sir," said he, when he had grasped the ready, "the whole matter depends upon us; and he that has a mind to be a knave, may do a great deal of mischief; I have sent more men to the gallows without any cause but for my pleasure, than there are words in an indictment. Leave it to me, and do not question but I'll bring you off safe and sound." This said, he made as if he was going away, but came back again from the door, to ask something for honest James Garzia, the constable, for it was convenient to stop his mouth with a silver gag; something more he hinted at concerning the clerk of the court, saying; "It is in this clerk's power, Sir, to undo a man by turning up the white of his eyes, raising his voice, making a noise to rouse a lord mayor or recorder when they are asleep, as it often happens, and many other such dangerous actions." I apprehended him, and lugged out fifty royals more, in return for which he bid me set my cloak right, taught me two cures for a cold I had got in the prison; and to conclude, said, "Make yourself easy, the gaoler will be kind to you if you give him but a piece of eight, for these sort of people do nothing out of good nature, but all for interest." I could not but smile at his observation; he went his way, and I gave the gaoler a crown; he knocked off my irons, and gave me leave to go to his house.

In short, I managed this tack so well, that he kept me at bed and board in his house, and then the honest clerk, what at the gaoler's request, and what for the bribe I gave him, ordered the business so well, that the old woman went out foremost upon a dapple grey ass, instead of the cart used in England; with a crier before her, making proclamation that she was a thief, and close at her heels the hangman, laying on her as he had been directed by the gentlemen of the long robe. Then followed all my companions upon braying palfries, bareheaded and faced, thus to be exposed to public shame, like standing on the pillory, and so ragged that they could not hide their nakedness. After this solemnity they were banished for six years. For my part I was bailed out with the assistance of the clerk; and the other at the court played his part, for he changed his tone, spoke low, skipped over his words, and swallowed whole sentences.

CHAPTER IV

HOW I TOOK A LODGING, AND OTHER ADVENTURES.

BEING out of prison, I went away to a lodging, where I contrived to alter my dress into the genteel fashion, to put on small breeches and a great band, and got a scoundrel by the name of a page, and two rakes as footmen, as the mode then was. One Licentiate Brandalogas, of the town of Hornillos, and two friends of his, encouraged me to do so, shewing how I might make myself at once by that means, getting a wife with a great fortune, by making such a figure, which frequently happened at Madrid, adding, that they would put me in the way, finding out one for my turn, and contriving how I might gain admittance.

Covetousness prevailing, and the desire of a wife, I consented; searched all the brokers' shops, bought my wedding clothes, hired a horse, and mounted in great state that very day, but could not light on a footman. Away I made to the high street, and stopped at a saddler's shop, as if I were buying some furniture. Two gentlemen on horseback accosted me, "Whether I was about buying a rich embroidered saddle and housing I had in my hand?" I laid it down immediately, saying, "It was at their service, if they liked it;" and kept them awhile with a thousand compliments. At length they said they would go and divert themselves in the prado, where the ladies go in their carriages, and the gentlemen on horseback, to take the air. I told them I would wait on them, if they would give me leave; and left word with the saddler, that in case my pages and footmen came thither, he should send them after me, describing the livery to him; which said, I clapped in between the two gentlemen, and away we went. By the way I considered with myself, that none who saw us could possibly guess or decide to which of us the pages and footmen belonged, or which of us had none. I began to talk very loud of the tilting and other sports on horseback at Talavera, and of a piebald horse I had, highly commending a lusty stallion I expected from Cordova.

When we came to the prado, I took my feet out of the stirrups, turning my heels out, and walked easily, with my cloak hanging upon one shoulder, and my hat in my hand. Everybody gazed at me; one said, "I have seen that spark walk on foot;" another, "The scoundrel makes a pretty figure." I made as if I did not hear them, and walked on. The two gentlemen went up to a coach full of ladies, and desired me to banter awhile. I left the side where the young ones were, and

went to the other, where there was a mother and an aunt, two pleasant old jades, the one about fifty years of age, the other a little less. I told them a thousand amorous lies, and they listened to them; for there is no woman, though never so old, but has a good conceit of herself; offered to treat them, and asked, whether the other ladies were married? they replied, they were maids; and it was easy enough to guess at it by their talk. Then I made the usual compliment, wishing they might see them well preferred to their mind, and they were much taken with it. Next they asked how I spent my time at court? To which I answered, that I kept out of the way from a father and mother, who would fain marry me against my will, to a woman that was ugly, foolish, and of a mean family, only because she had a vast portion; "and for my part, ladies, I would rather have a wife well born, in her smock, than the wealthiest Jew that is; for, God be praised, my patrimony is worth about forty thousand ducats a year; and if I succeed in a law-suit, which goes hitherto well on my side, I shall want no more." The aunt hearing this account, very hastily cried, "Lord sir, I admire you for that humour; do not marry without you like, and with a woman of good family; for I do assure you, that though I am not very rich, I have refused to marry off my niece, who has had very rich pretenders, because they were not of quality. She is poor, it is true, for her portion is but six thousand ducats, but as for birth, she is inferior to none."

"I do not question that, madame," said I.

By this time the damsels had ended their discourse with the gentleman, asking a collation. The two gazed upon one another, and began to shrink for fear; but I, laying hold of the opportunity, told them I was sorry my pages were out of the way, because I had nobody to send home for some boxes of sweetmeats. They returned thanks, and I desired them to be the next day at the summer-house in the prado, and I would send them a cold treat. They accepted of the invitation, told me where they lived, and inquired after my quarters; so the coach went off, and my companions and I made towards our homes. They observing that I was so generous in offering the treat, began to take a fancy to me; and the more to oblige me, desired I would sup with them that night. I stood off a little, but not too long, and supped with them, sending out several times to seek my servants, and swearing I would turn them away. When it struck ten, I told them that was the appointed time for an intrigue, and therefore begged they would excuse me for that time; and so went away, first engaging them to meet the next day at the summer-house. From them I went to deliver the hired horse to the owner, and thence home, where I found my companions playing at all fours; told them what had happened, the engagement I had made; we resolved to send the collation without fail, and to lay out two hundred royals on it. Having thus

ordered affairs, we went to bed, where I own I could not sleep all night, for thinking how I should bestow the portion; for I could not resolve whether it were better with it to build a good house, or to put it out to interest, not knowing which would be most advantageous.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE COLLATION WAS MANAGED, WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS AND NOTABLE MISFORTUNES.

In the morning we got up to provide the plate, servants, and collation; and there being nothing in this world but money can command, as being a thing worshipped by all men, I found a nobleman's butler that furnished plate, and undertook to wait himself, with three of his fellow-servants. The forenoon was spent in disposing affairs; and after dinner I hired a nag, and at the appointed time set out for the summer-house. I had abundance of papers sticking out of my pockets; besides that, my coat being unbuttoned, some peeped out of my bosom, as if I had been a man of mighty business. When I came to the place, the ladies and gentlemen were there. The former received me with much show of love, and the latter talked to me by plain *thee* and *thou*, in token of familiarity. I had told them my name was Don Philip Tristian, and nothing was to be heard in all their mouths but Don Philip and Don Philip; but I told them I had been so entirely taken up with some business of the king's, and the accounts of my estate, that I had much ado to be as good as my word; and therefore they must expect a collation provided in a hurry. By this time the butler came with all his tackle, plate, and servants; the gentlemen and ladies looked at me and held their peace. I ordered him to go into the eating-room and lay the cloth, whilst we went to divert ourselves at the fish-ponds. The old women drew near to fawn and flatter, and I was glad to see the young girls barefaced; for since I was born, I never saw so delicate a creature as that was I designed for my wife. A skin as white as alabaster, delicate fair hair, a curious fresh colour in her cheeks, a little mouth, fine small teeth standing close together, a well-shaped nose, large black eyes, tall of stature, charming hands, and she lisped a little. The other was not amiss, but more wanton. We went to the fish-ponds, saw all that could be seen, and by her talk I found that my intended bride would have been in danger, in Herod's days, of being taken in among the innocents. In short, she had not a grain of sense.

We went towards the banqueting-house, and as I passed along, some twig of the hedge got hold of the lace of my band, and tore it a little; the young lady stopped and pinned it with a silver pin, and her mother bid me send it to her house the next day, and Donna Anna, so was the maiden called, would mend it. All the treat was in excellent order, hot and cold, fruit and sweetmeats. When the cloth was taken away, I spied a gentleman coming along the garden with two servants after him; and who should this be but my old master, Don Diego Coronel. He drew near, and seeing me in this habit, could not take his eyes off me; talked to the women, calling them cousins, and all the time turned to look again and again. I kept talking to the butler, and the other two gentlemen, being my master's friends, were in deep discourse with him. He asked them, as afterwards appeared, my name, and they answered it was Don Philip Tristian, a very honest gentleman, of a great estate. I saw him bless himself, and at length he came up to me before them all, and said, "Sir, will you pardon me? for by the Lord, till I heard your name, I took you for a different person than you are; in my life I never saw anything so like a servant I had at Segovia, called Paul, the son of a barber in that town." They all laughed heartily, and I used all the art I could to forbear betraying myself by blushing, and said, "I long mightily to see that man, because abundance of people had told me I was extremely like him." "Good God!" cried Don Diego, "like him, I never saw such resemblance; his very shape, voice, and mien. I declare to you, sir, it is prodigious, and I never beheld anything so exactly alike."

The old women, mother and aunt, asked how it was possible that a gentleman of such quality should be so like that mean scoundrel? and that I might conceive no jealousy of them, one said, "I know Don Philip very well, it was he that entertained us at Ocanna, by my husband's order." I took the cue, and answered, "I should always be ready to do them all the service I could, in all parts." Don Diego offered his service, and begged pardon for the affront of taking me for the barber's son, adding, "Sir, you will scarce believe it, but his mother was a witch, his father a thief, his uncle the hangman, and he himself the wickedest base fellow in the world." It is easy to guess what I felt, hearing such scandalous things said of me to my face; I sat upon thorns, though I did all I could to dissemble my uneasiness. My two new acquaintance and I took our leaves, and Don Diego went into the coach with the ladies. Then he asked them what was the meaning of the treat, and their being with me? The mother and aunt told him I was heir to so many thousand ducats a year, and had a mind to marry Nancy; that he might inquire into the matter, and he would see how convenient it was, and how advantageous to their family. This discourse held them home, which was near the church of St. Philip. My comrades and I went together to their house, as we had done the

night before, and they having a mind to fleece me, asked me whether I would play. I guessed at their meaning, and set to it; the cards were brought, I let them win at first, but soon fetched it about, won about three hundred royals, took my leave, and went home.

There I found my two companions, the Licentiate Brandalagas, and Peter Lopez, who were practising new cheats upon the dice. As soon as they saw me, they left off to inquire how I sped. I only told them that I had been in great danger; how I had met with Don Diego, and how I came off. They comforted and encouraged me to proceed, and not to desist from the enterprise by any means. We had now notice given us that they used to play at lanskenet at an apothecary's house close by. I understood the game at that time tolerably well; had cards made for the purpose, and knew all sorts of cheats; so we resolved to go and put in for the plate among them. I sent my friends before me, who coming, asked them whether they would please to play with a monk of the order of St. Benedict, who was just come to town to be cured of a tedious distemper among his relations and friends, and was well stocked with crowns and ducats? This set them all agog, and they cried, "Let the friar come, in God's name." "He is a man of note in the order," added Peter Lopez, "and being of the monastery, has a mind to divert a few hours, and does it only for company's sake." "Let him come," quoth they, "we do not care what his motive is." "We tell you so much in regard to the privacy it requires," answered Brandalagas. "Enough," said the man of the house, "you need say no more."

This satisfied them that the thing was so, and the lie went down glib. My two supporters came for me, and I was dressed with my night-cap on, in a Benedictine habit, which I had got by the wheel of fortune in my rambles, a pair of spectacles on my nose, and short brushy beard, to show as if it were grown since my sickness. I walked in very demurely, sat down, and we began to play; they all combined to put upon me, but I swept all before me, being much sharper at it than they; so that in about three hours' time I won upwards of a thousand three hundred royals. I scattered some small bounty, and took my leave with the usual compliment of "The Lord be praised," charging them not to be scandalised to see me play, for it was mere diversion and nothing else. They who had lost their money, cursed themselves to the pit of —. I took my leave again, away we went, got to our lodging, about an hour after one, parted our booty, and so to bed.

This was some satisfaction to me for the unlucky accident before it. I got up in the morning to hire a horse, but they were all let, by which I perceived there were more in my circumstances besides myself. To walk the streets afoot did not look well, especially at that time. Not knowing how to mend myself, I went towards St. Philip's church,

where I found a lawyer's footman with a horse in his hand, waiting for his master, who had just alighted to hear mass in that church. I clapped four royals in his hand to let me ride two or three turns along the next street, where my mistress lived. He consented; I mounted, rode twice up and down the street without seeing anybody, but the third turn Donna Anna looked out. When I saw her, thinking to gallant her, showing my horsemanship, and being but an indifferent jockey and unacquainted with the horse's qualities, I gave him two lashes, reining him at the same time; he reared first, then struck out behind, set a running full speed, so that I came clear over his head into a puddle. I had no other recourse in this pitiful plight, all beset with boys and in the presence of my mistress, but to cry out, "A cursed dog, my sorrel would never have done so; I shall pay for these mad pranks one time or other. They told me he was unlucky, and yet I would needs be trying tricks with him." By this time the footman brought me the horse again, for he stopped as soon as he had thrown me; I mounted again, and Don Diego Coronel, who lived in the same house with his kinswoman, hearing the noise, looked out. The sight of me startled him very much; he asked whether I had any hurt? I answered, no, though at the same time one of my legs was almost crippled. The footman pressed me hard to give him his horse, for fear his master should come out of the church and see me, for he was going to court. It was my misfortune, that as he was calling me to be gone, the lawyer came behind us, and knowing his steed, ran at the footman, laying him about the head and face with his fist, and asking him, as loud as he could cry, how he durst have the impudence to let anybody ride his horse? and what was worst of all, he turned to me, and in a very angry manner bid me get down, in the name of God.

All this was in full view of my mistress, and Don Diego Coronel, which put me as much out of countenance as if I had been whipped at the cart's tail. I was wonderfully cast down and melancholy, and with good cause, to have two such misfortunes befall me upon so small a spot of ground. In fine, I was fain to alight, the lawyer mounted and went his way; and I, the better to palliate the business, stayed in the street, talking to Don Diego, and said, "I never mounted such an unlucky jade in all my days. My cream-coloured horse is yonder by St. Philip's church, and is very hard-mouthed when he sets a running. I was telling some there how I used to ride him at full speed, and take him off at one check. They told me I could not do it with a horse that stood there, which was the lawyer's you saw; I resolved to try; you cannot imagine what a restive jade it is, and has such a base saddle, that it was a wonder he did not kill me." "It was so," answered Don Diego; "and yet, sir, you seem to feel some hurt in that leg." "I do so," replied I, "and therefore I'll go take my

own horse, and get home." The young lady was fully satisfied that all I said was true, for I could perceive she was much concerned at my fall; but Don Diego, who saw farther, grew mistrustful upon what had happened with the lawyer in the street.

This proved the cause of my ruin, besides many other unlucky accidents that befel me; and the greatest of all, that when I went home, and came to a chest, where in a portmanteau I had left all the remains of my inheritance, and what I won at play, except only an hundred royals I had about me, I found my good friends, the Licentiate Brandalagas and Peter Lopez, had seized it, and were fled. This was a mortal stroke, and I stood amazed, not knowing which way to turn myself. At last, for fear of spoiling my marriage, which I looked upon as secure, and that it would make amends for all losses, I resolved to stay and push it on vigorously. I dined, after dinner hired a horse, went away towards my mistress's street, and having no footman, because it was not decent to be seen without one, I waited at the corner of the street until some man passed by that looked like one, and away I went after him, making him a footman though he was none. At the other end of the street I did the like, standing out of sight, until another went by like the former, and then rode down again.

I know not whether it was the certainty of the truth that I was the very scoundrel Don Diego suspected, or the fresh cause of jealousy on account of the lawyer's horse and footman, or what else that did it, but Don Diego took care to inquire who I was, what I lived on, and observed all my actions. At last he took so much pains, he discovered the whole intrigue the strangest way that could be imagined, for I pressed on the business of matrimony very hotly, plying the ladies continually with letters; and Don Diego being as eagerly importuned by them, who were in haste to conclude it, as he was upon the scent after me, met the Licentiate Flechilla, the man I invited myself to dine with when first I entered myself among the sharping gang at Madrid, before my imprisonment. This man, taking it ill that I had not gone to see him again according to promise, happening to talk with Don Diego, and knowing I had been his servant, told him how I met him when I went to dine with him; and that but two days ago he had met me on horseback, and that I informed him I was going to be married to a great fortune. This was enough for Don Diego, who, returning home immediately, met with the two knights I had made myself so familiar with, gave them an account of the whole affair, and desired them to be ready at night to give me a good thrashing in his street, where he would contrive I should be, and they might know me by his cloak, which he would take care I should have on. They agreed, met me immediately in the street, and all of them carried it so fair at that time, that I never thought myself so secure of their friend-

ship as then. We continued talking together how to divert ourselves at night, till towards the close of the evening the two knights took their leave, and went down the street. Don Diego and I being left to ourselves, turned towards the church of St. Philip. When we came to the next turning, Don Diego said to me, "Let me beg the favour of you, Don Philip, to change cloaks with me, for I have occasion to go this way, and would not be known." "With all my heart," answered I; took his coat very innocently, and gave him mine in an unhappy hour, offering to go along, and stand by him if need were; but he having projected to stand by me to break my bones, replied he was obliged to go alone, and therefore desired me to leave him. No sooner had I parted from him, but the devil contrived, that two who waited to thrash him on account of a wench, thinking by the cloak that I was Don Diego, fell on a cudgelling me as thick as hail; I cried out, and by my voice and face they discovered I was the wrong man at which they ran away, and I was left with my beating, put up three or four good bumps they had raised, and made a halt, not daring to go into my mistress's street for fear. At last, about twelve, which was the time when I talked with her, I came up to the door, where one of Don Diego's friends that waited for me, being ready with a good cudgel, gave me two blows across the shins which laid me flat on the ground; as soon as I was down the other played his part, giving me a slash across the face from ear to ear. They then took away my cloak, and left me on the ground, saying: "This is the reward of false, deceitful, base scoundrels."

I cried out for help, not knowing to whom I was beholden for that usage, for to say the truth, I expected that cut from so many places, that I could not be positive from whom it might come. Don Diego was the person I least suspected, and I was farthest from the mark; but still cried out, "Thieves! thieves!" which at length brought the watch, who took me up, and spying a gash a quarter long on my face, and that I had no cloak, nor could tell how that misfortune came, they carried me away to a surgeon's house, where I was dressed; then they asked me where I lived, and thither they conducted me. I went to bed, and lay all night awake, full of remorse and confusion, my face being cut in two, my body bruised, and my legs so crippled with the cudgelling, that I could not stand, nor had scarce any feeling in them. In fine, I was wounded, robbed, and in such a condition, that I could neither follow my friends, nor proceed towards matrimony, nor stay in Madrid, nor get away.

CHAPTER VI.

MY TEDIOUS CURE; WHAT PASSED BETWEEN MY LANDLADY AND ME; HOW I TURNED BEGGAR, PICKED UP A CONSIDERABLE SUM OF MONEY, AND WENT TO TOLEDO.

THE next morning, by break of day, my landlady appeared at my bed side. She was a choice old woman, at the years of discretion, past fifty-five, a great pair of beads in her hand, and a face like a chitterlin, or a walnut shell, it was so full of furrows. She was always very fond of proverbs, and began her speech after this manner; "A drop of water, continually falling on a stone, makes a hole in time; as you sow, so will you reap; if you walk barefoot among thorns, you must expect to be scratched. My child, Don Philip, to deal plainly, I do not understand you, nor can I conceive how you live. You are young, and it is no wonder you should be somewhat wild, without considering, that even whilst we sleep, we are travelling to our end. I, who have now one foot in the grave, have the privilege to tell you so much. It is very odd I should be told that you spent so much money, and nobody knows how; that you have, since you came to town, sometimes appeared like a scholar, sometimes a sharper, and sometimes like a gentleman. All this comes of keeping company, for, my child, tell me where you herd, and I'll tell you what you are, and birds of a feather flock together, and many a good bit is lost between the lip and the dish. Go, you fool, if you had a hankering after women, did you not know that I had always a good stock of that commodity by me, and that I have them ready at my beck. What occasion have you to be drawn away by one scoundrel to-day, and by another rascal to-morrow; picking up a dirty drab here, and a pickled jade there, who fleece you to keep another. By my father's soul, and as I hope for mercy, I would not have asked you now for what is due for lodging, but that I want it for some private uses, and to make a little ointment." Perceiving that all her discourse and long speech ended in a dun, for though that was her text, she did not begin with it as others do, but made it her conclusion; when I found that I was not at all to seek for the occasion of her loving visit, which was the first she had made me whilst I lodged in her house, excepting only one day, when she came to answer for herself, because she heard that I had been told some story about her witchcraft, and that when the officers came to seize her she had cast such a mist before their eyes, that they could neither find the house nor the street; she came then to tell me it was all a mistake, for they meant another of her name, and no wonder, for there were more of the name and profes-

sion,—I paid her down the money, and as I was telling it out, ill fortune, which always attends me, and the devil, who never forgets to plague me, so ordered it, that the officers came to seize her for a scandalous liver, and had information that her gallant was in the house. They came directly into my room, and seeing me, and her by me, they laid hold of us both, gave me half a score good bangs, and dragged me out of bed. Two others held her fast, saluting her with all kind of ill titles. Who would have thought of it, a woman that lived as I have said. The noise the constables made, and my cries, gave the alarm to the gallant, who was a fruiterer, and lay in the next room within; he set a running; they observing it, and being informed by another lodger in the house that I was not the man, scoured after, and laid hold of him, leaving me well beaten, and my hair torn off; yet, for all I had endured, I could not forbear laughing, to hear how the dogs complimented the old woman. One cried, "How gracefully you will look in a cart, mother; by my troth, it will be a great satisfaction to me, to see a thousand or two rotten oranges and turnip tops fly after you." Another said, "There is care taken that you shall make a good shew, and be well attended." At last they caught her bully, bound them both, begged my pardon, and left me to myself.

I lay eight days in the house under the surgeon's hands, and was scarce able to go abroad at the end of them, for they were fain to stitch up my face, and I could not go without crutches. By this time my money was spent, for the hundred royals all went in lodging, diet, and cure; so that to avoid further expenses, when my treasure was gone I resolved to go abroad on crutches, and sell my linen and clothes, which were very good. I did so, and with part of the money bought an old leather jerkin, a canvas waistcoat, a patched beggar's great coat down to my ancles, gamashes on my legs, and great clouted shoes, the hood of the great coat on my head, a large brass crucifix about my neck, and a pair of beads in my hand. A mumper, who was a master at his trade, taught me the doleful tone and proper phrases for begging, so I began immediately to practise it about the streets. Sixty royals I had left I sewed up in my doublet, and so set up for a beggar, much confiding in my cant. I went about the streets for a whole week, howling in a dismal tone, and repeating my lesson after this manner:—"Merciful Christians of the Lord, take pity on a poor, distressed, miserable, wounded, and maimed creature, that has no comfort of his life." This was my working day note; but on Sundays and holidays I altered my voice, and said, "Good charitable people, for Christ Jesus' sake, give one farthing or a halfpenny to the poor cripple whom the Lord has visited." Then I stood a little, which does good service, and went on again, "See my poor limbs were blasted, unhappy wretch that I am, as I was working in a vineyard; I lost the use of all my precious limbs, for I was as strong and as

sound as any of you are, the Lord be for ever praised, and preserve your health and limbs." Thus the farthings came dropping in by shoals; I got abundance of money, and was in a way of getting much more, had I not been thwarted by an ill-looking lusty young fellow, lame of both arms, and with but one leg, who plied my very walks in a wheelbarrow, and picked up more pence than I did, though he begged not half so genteelly; for he had a hoarse voice which ended in a squeak, and said, "Faithful servants of Jesus Christ, behold how the Lord hath afflicted me for my sins; give one farthing to the poor, and God will reward you:" and then he added, "For the sweet Jesu's sake." This brought him a mighty revenue, and I observed, and for the future I cut off the *s*, and said only *Jesu*, because I perceived that it took with the simple people. In short, I altered my phrases as occasion served, and there was no end of my gettings; I had both my legs bound up in a leather bag, and lay in a surgeon's porch, with a beggar that plied at the corner of a street, one of the arrantest knaves that ever God put life into, and who was, as it were, our superior, and earned as much as all of us. He was broken bellied, and it hung out in a bunch; besides, he bound up his arm hard with a rope above the shoulder, which made his hand look as if it were lame, swelled, and had an inflammation. He lay flat on his back, with all the rupture naked, which was as big as his head, and cried, "Behold my misery, see how the Lord chastises his servants." If a woman happened to pass by, "Sweet beautiful lady, the Lord bless your dear soul." Most of them would give him an alms for calling them handsome, and would make that their way to their visits, though never so much about. If any ragged soldier came by, he called him, "Noble captain;" if any other sort of man, "Good worthy gentleman;" if he saw anybody in a coach, "Right honourable lord," and if a clergyman on a mule, "Most reverend archdeacon." In short, he was a most intolerable flatterer, and had particular ways for begging on holidays. I contracted such intimacy with him, that he acquainted me with a secret, which in a few days made us rich; which was that he kept three little boys who begged about the streets, stole everything that came in their way, brought it to him, and he was the receiver; besides, he had two small children that learned to pick pockets, and he went halves with them. Being so well instructed by such an able master, I took to the same courses, and he provided me with fit instruments for my purpose. In less than a month's time, I had got above forty crowns clear, besides all extravagant expenses; and at last designing that we should go away together, he disclosed to me the greatest secret and cunningest design that ever beggar had in his head, which we both joined in; and was, that between us we every day stole four or five children, which being cried, we presently appeared, inquired what marks they had to be known by, and said, "Good God, sir, I

found this child at such a time, and had I not come as I did, a cart had run over it, but I have taken care of it." They readily paid us the reward, and it throve so well that I got above fifty crowns more, and by this time my legs were well, though I still wore them wrapped in clouts. I resolved to leave Madrid and go away to Toledo, where I knew nobody, and nobody knew me. Having made this resolution, I bought an old suit of grey clothes, a sword and bands, took leave of Valcazar, the beggar I last mentioned, and went about the inns to find some conveniency to go to Toledo.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW I TURNED PLAYER, POET, AND GALLANT. THE MISFORTUNES THAT ENSUED, TILL I QUITTED THE EMPLOYMENT.

AT an inn, I met with a company of strolling players, who were going to Toledo, and had three carts. It pleased God that, among the gang, I found one who had been my companion at Alcala, left the school, and was turned actor. I told him what a mind I had to go to Toledo, and he had much ado to know me, the scar across my face had so altered me, and he could not forbear blessing himself, standing in admiration. In conclusion, for a small spill of money, he was so much my friend, as to prevail with the rest to let me go with them. We were all higgledy-piggledy, men and women together; and I was mightily taken with one of the crew, who was the chief dancer, and acted the queens and other great parts in plays, for she was a notable jilt. She asked me whither I was going, and some questions concerning my life and circumstances; and in conclusion, after much talk, referred it to Toledo to act there.

We diverted ourselves by the way the best we could; and I happened to act a piece of a play that I had borne a part in when I was a boy; which I did so well, that they took a liking to me; and being informed by my friend who was in the company, of all my misfortunes and hard circumstances, which I had made him acquainted with, she asked me whether I would make one among them? They so highly extolled their strolling course of life, and I was then in such want of some support, and so fond of the wench, that I agreed with the head of them for two years. Writings were signed between us, to oblige me to stay with them; so they gave me my allowance and allotted my parts, and thus we came to Toledo. They gave me two or three prologues to get by heart, and some other grave parts,

which suited well with my voice. I applied myself to it, and spoke the first prologue in the town, where we had a simile of a ship in distress, and wanting provisions, which put into that port: I called them noble audience, begging their attention, pardon for all faults, and so went off. There was great clapping of hands, and I was liked on the stage. We acted a play, written by one of our actors, and I admired how they should come to be poets, for I thought it belonged only to very learned and ingenious men, and not to persons so extremely ignorant. But it is now come to such a pass, that every head of them writes plays, and every actor makes drolls and farces; though formerly I remember no plays would go down, but what were written by the greatest wits in Spain. In short, the play was acted the first day, and no soul could make anything of it. The second day we began it again, and, as God would have it, there was some warlike exploit to begin with; and I came on the stage in armour, and with a target on my arm, which was a great mercy, or else I had infallibly been pelted to death with oranges, quinces, and all things that came next to hand. Such a storm of hail was never seen, and the play deserved it, for it represented a king of Normandy in a hermit's habit, without any sense or reason; had two scoundrel footmen to make sport, and when they came to unravel the plot, there was nothing but marrying of all the company, and there was an end: so that to say the truth, we had but what we deserved.

By that time we had been a month at Toledo, acting several new plays, and endeavouring to retrieve our first fault; I was grown famous, and had given out that my name was Alonzo, to which the generality added the title of the Cruel, because I had acted a part of that nature, to the great liking of the mob and upper galleries. I had now got several new suits of clothes, and some heads of other strollers endeavoured to enveigle me away from my company: but I pretended to criticise upon plays, and railed at the most celebrated actors; finding fault with one man's gestures, censuring another's gravity, and allowing another to be a tolerable actor. My advice was always taken in contriving the scenes, and adorning the stage; and if any play came to be offered, it was left to me to examine. Being encouraged by this applause, I launched out as a poet in a song, and then wrote a small farce, which was well approved of. Next I ventured at a play; and that it might gain respect, made it all of devotion, and full of the blessed Virgin. It began with music, had fine shows of souls departed, and devils appearing, as was the fashion then, with old gibberish when they appeared, and strange shrieks when they vanished. The mob was mightily pleased with my rhyming to Satan, and my long discourses about his falling or not falling from heaven. In short, the play was acted, and well liked. I had more business than I could turn my hands to, for all sorts of lovers flocked to me; some would

have songs on their mistresses' eyes; others on their foreheads; others on their white hands; others on their golden locks. There were set rates of all sorts; but I sold cheap to draw the more custom, because there were other shops besides mine. As for godly ballads, I supplied all the country clerks, and runners of monasteries; and the blind men were my best friends, for they never allowed less than eighty royals; and I always took care that they should be bombastic, and stuffed with cramp words, which neither they nor I understood. I brought up many new fashions in verse, as tailors do in clothes, and was the first that concluded my songs like sermons, praying for grace in this world and glory in the next.

It happened, as it frequently does to that sort of people, that the chief of our company being known to have got considerably in debt at Toledo, was arrested for some old debts, and thrown into goal, which broke up our gang, and everyone went a several way. As for my part, though my comrades would have introduced me into other companies, having no great inclination to that calling, for I had followed it out of mere necessity, I thought of nothing but taking my pleasure, being then well dressed, and in no want of money. I took my leave of them all; they went their ways; and I, who had proposed to quit an ill course of life, by desisting from being a stroller, to mend the matter, dropped out of the frying-pan into the fire, for I fell into much worse, making it my whole business to gallant grates, and aim at impossibilities by courting nuns. The encouragement I had to commit this madness, was, that I understood there was a most charming nun, at whose request I had written abundance of little devout pastorals, and she had taken some liking to me on that account, and seeing me act St. John the Evangelist in a holiday spiritual sort of play. The good lady had made very much of me, and had told me, there was nothing troubled her so much as my being a player; for I had pretended to her that I was the son of a gentleman of quality, and therefore she pitied me; and I at last resolved to send her the following lines:—

"I have quitted the company of players, rather to comply with your desires, than because it was otherwise convenient for me to do so; but to me all the company in the world without yours is solitude. I shall now have the more opportunity of being yours, as being absolutely my own master. Let me know when there will be admittance to the grate, and that will inform me when I may be happy, &c."

The runner carried the note, the good nun was wonderfully pleased to hear of my change of life, and answered me as follows:—

"I rather expect to be congratulated, than to congratulate you on your good fortune, for my wishes and your prosperity are inseparable. You may be looked upon as recovered out of a desperate estate; it only remains that you persevere as I shall do. I question whether there will be any liberty at the grate to-day, but do not fail to come at

even-song, for there at least we shall see one another, and perhaps I may find means to put some trick upon the Lady Abbess. Farewell."

I liked the note, for the woman was really witty, and very handsome. After dinner I put on the best suit I used to act the gallant in on the stage, went to the church, pretended to pray, and then began to examine every inch of the grate and veil before the choir, to see if I could discover her. At length it pleased God I had the good fortune, or rather the devil contrived me the ill luck, that I heard the old sign; I began to cough, she answered, and there was an imitation of a cold, or as if the church had been full of lily of the valley. I was quite weary of coughing, when a phthisical old woman appeared at the grate, and I discovered my mistake; for this is a very uncertain sign in a monastery; because as it serves for a sign among young ones, it is habitual with old ones, and when a man thinks it a call to catch a nightingale, he finds nothing but an owl. I stayed a long time in the church, till even-song began, which I heard out, for the admirers of nuns have this madness, besides all the rest, that they must play the hypocrite, and pray against their will, besides that they never go beyond the eve, being ever in expectation, but the day of enjoyment never comes. I never failed being at even-song, and stretched out my neck a handful longer than it was, to endeavour to see into the choir. The clerks were my constant companions, and I was well received by the priest, who was a pleasant man, and walked as stiff and upright as if a spti had been run through him. I went betimes to take my place in a court the nuns' windows looked into; it was comical to see the strange postures of others as mad pretenders as myself. One gazed without ever so much as winking; another stood with one hand on his sword, and his beads on the other, like a statue upon a tomb; another with his arms stretched out as if he were flying; some gaping as if they would have had their hearts fly out of their mouths; some leaning against the walls, as if they had been to support them; some walking as if to be bought for their pacing like horses; and others with *billets doux* in their hands, like falconers bringing the hawk to the lure. The jealous lovers were some laughing in rings, and looking up; others reading verses and showing them. All this was below, where we were; but above the place for the nuns was a little old tower, all full of cracks, chinks, and peeping holes, where appeared nothing but confusion, here a hand, there a foot, in another place a head, in another a handkerchief, a glove, or the like; some walked, others coughed, and so every one had her particular way. In summer it is pleasant enough to see the men parch themselves in the sun, whilst the women are little concerned at their sufferings. In winter some of us stay so long in the wet that we become mouldy, and the moss grows upon us; neither snow nor rain can drive us away, and all this is only to see a woman through a grate and a glass, like some holy relic, or curious

piece of workmanship, for that is all we can ever expect. It is just like falling in love with a blackbird in a cage, if ever she talks, or with a fine picture if she doth not. The greatest favour ever to be attained is to touch the ends of her fingers. They lean their heads against the double grates, and shoot volleys of fine conceits through those loop-holes. This is perfect love at hide and seek, and yet for this we study to talk fine and whisper, must endure every old woman that chides, every door-keeper that commands, and everyone at the wheel that gives what answer she pleases.

I had followed this cruel employment so long, that I was well looked upon by the lady abbess, civilly treated by the good priest, and a familiar with the clerk, for we hide our folly from them, and this is all the happiness such madmen can aspire to. I began to be weary of the door-keepers turning me away, and of the nuns begging, and considered how dear I endeavoured to purchase a place in hell, which others have at so easy a rate, and that I even anticipated to take share of it in this world, by such extravagant means. It was plain that I rode post to perdition, and threw away my soul for a few looks. When I talked to her, for fear of being overheard by the rest, I used to thrust my head so close to the grate, that the print of it would not come out in two days, and at the same time spoke so low, that she could not understand one word without a trumpet at her ear. Everybody that saw me, cried, "A curse on thee, thou wicked nun-hunting dog," besides many other worse compliments. All these things brought me to my senses, and I resolved to quit my nun, and to this purpose got of her the value of fifty crowns of her work, in silk stockings, rich purses and sweetmeats, pretending to have them raffled for; but as soon as I had them in possession, I set out for Seville, to try my fortune there, as the greater city. The reader may guess how much the nun was concerned, not for me, but of what I cheated her.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ME AT SEVILLE, TILL I TOOK SHIPPING TO THE WEST INDIES.

I HAD a good journey from Toledo to Seville, for I was sharp at play, had loaded dice both high and low, and could palm a dice, hold four, and throw out three; besides, I had false cards, and knew how to pack any, and turn up what I pleased, and abundance of other fine arts and

sleights of hand, which I pass by as tedious, and for fear they might rather serve to teach others evil practices than for warnings of what they are to shun; but perhaps some few words of advice may be of use to such as are not skilled in those practices; and they who read my book, if they are cheated, may thank themselves. Never think yourself safe because you find the cards, for they will change them upon you whilst the candle is snuffing. Take care they make no scratches or other impressions on the cards; and if my reader is a poor scoundrel, he must observe, that among that gang of rake-hells, they prick the cards they would know with a pin, or fold them to leave a crease. If you happen to play among a better sort of people, take heed of cards which are originally falsified, and have private marks on the pasteboard. Never trust to a clean card, nor think yourself safe with a foul one, for the cheat is equal in both. I will not let you further into this secret; this is enough to make you always stand upon your guard; for you may be assured that I do not tell the hundredth part of the cheats.

Being master of these arts, I got to Seville, at my fellow travellers' expense, winning all the hire of the mules, my other charges and money to boot, of them, and my landlords at the inns. I alighted at what they call the Moor's Inn, where I was found out by one of my schoolfellows at Alcala, whose name was Mata, but he thinking it did not make noise enough, changed it to Matorral. He dealt in men's lives, and sold cuts and slashes, which throve well with him; he carried the sign of his trade on his face, where he had received his share. He always made his bargain to a nicety for length and depth, when he was to bestow any, and said, "No man is so absolute a master, as he who has been well hacked and hewed himself." And he was in the right, for his face was all over seams, and he was a downright drunken bully. He told me I must go sup with him and his comrades, and they would bring me back to the inn. I went with him, and when we were in his lodging, he said, "Come, spark, lay by your cloak, and look like a man, for this night you shall see all the brave fellows in Seville; and that they may not look upon you as a cully, tumble your band, thrust out your back, and let your cloak hang loose, as if it were dropping off, for we hate to see any man's cloak set fast upon his back. Wind about your chops, and make faces with both sides of your mouth, then talk big, swear, and be very rude." I learned his lesson, and he lent me a dagger, broad enough to have been a scimitar, and for length it wanted nothing of a sword but the name. "Now drink off this quart of wine," said he, "for without you blunder you will not look like a true bully." We had gone so far in my instructions, and I was half seas over with what I had drank, when in came four of the gang, with four vizards instead of faces, bound about the middle like monkeys, with their cloaks instead of ropes,

their hats standing a tiptoe on their heads, and cocked up, as if the brims were nailed to the crowns; a whole smith's shop about their swords and daggers, and the points of them beating against their right heels. Their eyes stared, their whiskers turned up, and their beards like brushes. They made their compliment with their mouths, and then, in a hoarse tone, and clipping their words, saluted my companion, who returned in like manner. They sat down, and spoke not one word to ask who I was; but one of them looking at Matorral, and opening his mouth, thrust out his under lip, by way of pointing at me. My introducer answered in the same language, laying hold of his beard and looking down, after which, they all got up, embraced, and expressed a great deal of kindness for me. I returned the same compliments, which were like smelling to so many hogsheads of wine. When it was supper time, in came a parcel of strapping scoundrels, to wait at table, whom the topping bullies called under-spur-leathers. We all sat down together at table, and the first they served up was a dish of pickles, which, as soon as they had tasted, they all fell a drinking to my honour, by way of welcome; and till I saw them drink it, I must confess I never knew I had any. Next came fish and flesh, all of it high seasoned, to promote drinking. There was a great bowl full of wine, like a half tub, on the ground, and he that was to pledge lay all along to drink by wholesale. I was taken with the contrivance; but by that time a few healths had gone about, we none of us knew one another. They fell to talk of warlike affairs; oaths flew as thick as hail, a matter of twenty or thirty persons were cut out for destruction; amidst their cups, the mayor of the city was adjudged to be cut in pieces; then they reaped up the heroic actions of several famous cut-throats and murderers, and drank to the souls of some that were hanged. Some that were maudlin wept bitterly, calling to mind the untimely end of Alonzo Alvarez, one of their brethren, whose body was exposed on a gibbet for the crows to feast on. By this time my companion's brains were turned topsy-turvy, and laying hold of a loaf, and looking earnestly on the candle, he said with a hoarse voice: "By this, which is the face of God, and by that light, which came out of the angel's mouth, if you think fit, gentlemen, we will this very night maul the serjeant's man that pursued our poor one-eyed friend."

They all set up a dismal cry, ratifying the proposal made by an oath after this manner. They drew their daggers, laid their hands on the edge of the bowl, and lying along with their chops to it, said, "As we drink this wine, so will we suck the blood of every informing catchpole." "Who was this Alonzo Alvarez," said I, "whose death is so much regretted?" "He was," answered one of them, "a brave fighting lad, a man of spirit, full of mettle, and a good companion. Let us go, for the devil begins to be strong in me." This said, we all went out a catchpole hunting. Being quite overcome with wine, and all my

reason drowned, I never reflected on the danger I was running myself into. We came to the strand, where we met the round, which no sooner appeared, but our swords were drawn and we attacked them. I did like the rest, and at the first charge we made way for the filthy souls of two catchpoles to fly out of their bodies. The constable took to his heels, and ran up the street crying out for help. We could not pursue because he had too much the start, but took sanctuary in the cathedral, where we were sheltered against justice, and slept as much as was requisite to discharge the fumes of the wine we had drank. When we came to our senses I could not but admire, that two catchpoles should be killed by, and a constable fly from, a parcel of mere hogsheads of wine, for we were no better at that time. We fared well in our sanctuary, for the termagant damsels of the town flocked to, and spent all they had upon us. A strapping jade called Grajales, took a fancy to, and clothed me from head to foot after her own humour. I liked this sort of living better than any I had yet tried, and therefore resolved to stick to my trusty Grajales till death. I learnt all the cant, and in a short time was absolute master among the ruffians. The officers of justice took all possible care to observe us, and kept rounds about the sanctuary; yet for all that we took our rambles after midnight in disguise. Perceiving this was like to be a tedious business, and that ill fate pursued me every where, though it made me never the wiser to take warning for the future, yet it tired me out like a true obstinate sinner; and therefore, with the advice of Grajales, I resolved to go to the West Indies, taking her along with me, to try whether I could meet with better fortune in another country; but it proved worse, for they never mend their condition who only change places without mending their life and manners.

Montalvan.

DOCTOR DON JUAN PEREZ DE MONTALVAN

WAS a native of Madrid, and the son of a bookseller, whose resources, though not great, were sufficient to enable him to give a liberal education to his son, who early discovered a remarkable attachment to letters. At the age of seventeen, young Montalvan had already composed several comedies, which for some time disputed the popular favour and admiration with those of Lope de Vega; with whom, at the same time, he lived on such terms of intimacy, as to be honoured by that celebrated man with the title of his pupil and his friend. In one of the frequent pieces in which his name was extolled in the theatres of the court, Montalvan had the misfortune to be cruelly hissed; and to this disgrace was added the mortifying ridicule heaped upon him by the caustic genius of Quevedo, who even published a very piquant letter upon the subject. Incited by these strictures at once to emulation and revenge, he vindicated his dramatic honour by producing his comedy, entitled, *No has vidā como lu honra;* and he contrived to have it represented on the same day, and at the same hour, at both the Madrid theatres; when, in spite of the exertions of his rivals, of his past condemnation, and the satiric traits of the caustic Quevedo, the author had the delight to find that it made its way with the public. It received the most marked applause, which continued during many nights at both theatres; where, it is a remarkable fact, that it was repeated, with emulative spirit, for a considerable period; an extremely rare occurrence in the annals of the drama. Were such a comedy, indeed, revived at the present period, it could not fail, we think, to elicit some portion of the same interest and applause.

Notwithstanding his engagements in the clerical profession, Montalvan was one of the most assiduous and strenuous co-operators in getting up those *improvised farces*, and sacramental autos, with other light, and often fine, compositions of the same class, in which the wits of that age, and during the capricious era of Philip IV., seemed to take so much delight. Indeed, that monarch himself is known not

unfrequently to have played a conspicuous part in these singular dramatic representations, within the precincts of the royal palace.

The well known Quevedo and Montalvan were at one period the bitterest rivals in the display of these serio-comic performances; and it sometimes happened that they entered into rather close and personal controversy.

Upon one occasion, it is related, that the two poets being one day in the presence of the king, surrounded by a number of courtiers, all engaged in admiring a picture representing a St. Jerome in the act of being scourged by the angels, for the sin of having yielded to the perusal of profane books, the monarch requested Montalvan to make some *improvised* verses on the subject. The complacent poet, drawing as promptly as he could upon the resources of his wit, forthwith uttered the following curious lines:

Los angeles a porfia
Al santo azotes le dan
Porque a Ciceron leia....

When here, without permitting his rival to take breath, Quevedo interrupted him, completing for him the quintaine in a style highly amusing to all but Montalvan:

Cuerpo de dios! qué seria
Si lejera a Montalvan?

MONTALVAN.

With pious zeal the angels plied
The lash on Jerome's back
Because he would read Tully.

QUEVEDO.

Ye gods! what death had the saint died
What tortures suffered on the rack,
Had he read Doctor Juan's folly!

On this keen and sudden stroke at his companion, the monarch and his court could not restrain their mirth, which so disconcerted the unfortunate Montalvan, that it was in vain he attempted to stand on the defensive, and resume the subject. Apart, however, from the satirical sallies of his witty adversary—weapons at which he had no equal—it is only fair to observe, that Montalvan justly assumes a high rank in Spanish literature, as a writer of comedies and novels. In the year 1624, he published a volume, entitled, "*Novelas, o Fabulas ingeniosas i elegantes;*" and it was translated into French by Pedro Recollet, in 1644. There was a reprint of the same work at Seville, in 1633, under the title of *Sucesos i Prodigios de amor.* Montalvan was also the author of *La Vida i Purgatorio de san Patrisco;* "*Los Elogios a Lope de Vega, o Famu Postuma;*" and of two volumes

of comedies. He also published another work, called *Para Todos*, for everybody. While engaged in preparing a second volume of the same, he was attacked by an access of fever, which, depriving him of his intellects, left him in a state of incurable derangement, in which he survived during six years, and died at the early age of thirty-six. His fate was sincerely lamented by numerous friends and contemporaries, whose united suffrages and poetical eulogies have handed down his name with honourable regard to posterity.

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

A YOUNG gentleman of Toledo, of the name of Felesardo, having involved himself in an adventure which threatened serious consequences, was compelled to leave the place of his birth with as much expedition as possible. He was proceeding on his journey, accompanied only by his servant, and had arrived within a few leagues of the city of Valencia, when, on entering a wood, he suddenly encountered a lady, who was in the act of descending in the utmost haste from her carriage. In her agitation she had neglected to veil herself, and discovered a countenance so lovely, and at the same time so full of affliction, that the cavalier resolved at once to offer her all the protection and assistance which she might require, and place at her disposal his well-tried courage and his sword. This generous determination was gratefully acknowledged by the lady, who did not reject the seasonable interposition of the stranger. "Heaven itself," she exclaimed, "seems to have sent you hither to save me from the misery that hangs over me. Let me beseech you to follow me. Hasten with me to separate two combatants, who have arranged to meet in this wood, and who have entered it, as I myself saw, but a few minutes since. They are already engaged." As she uttered these words she rushed into the wood, and the Toledan, leaving his horse in his servant's hands, hastily followed her footsteps.

They had advanced but a few paces, when they heard the clashing of swords, at the sound of which they redoubled their speed, and soon arrived at the spot where two men were fighting with the utmost fury. The Toledan, running forward, exerted himself to separate them, in which, partly by entreaty, and partly by force, he at length succeeded. When tranquillity was in some measure restored, he enquired into the origin of their quarrel. "Don Fabrique de Mendoza," answered one of the combatants, "has the honour of replying to your question, and the name of my enemy is Don Alvaro Ponce.

"The cause of our dispute has accompanied you hither. The lady who stands here—this cruel Donna Rosaura—is the object of our love; but all our devotion has not produced any return of affection, nor could the most assiduous attentions on our part soften the austerity of

her manner. Notwithstanding this cold indifference, I had intended to persist peacefully in my solicitations, but my rival has adopted another course; he has compelled me to meet him here." "Which," interrupted Don Alvar, "is the only step I could take. If I had no competitor in Donna Rosaura's affections, she might be induced to listen to me; my object, therefore, is, by his death, if by no other means, to remove the obstacle to my happiness." In reply to this statement, the Toledan did not hesitate to express his disapprobation of their conduct. He represented it as injurious to the character of the lady, whose reputation ought to be dearer to them than their own happiness or lives, but which might be implicated, when it was known throughout the kingdom of Valencia that they had fought on her account. "Besides," continued he, "what results can the conqueror expect from his victory? Can he imagine that after he has made her name the topic of public scandal, she will regard him with a more favourable eye? Impossible! Listen to me. I would entreat you jointly to make an effort more worthy of the noble names you bear. Restrain your furious passions, and consent to bind yourselves by an oath to abide by the arrangement which suggests itself to me. I see a mode by which your differences may be adjusted, without the shedding of blood. It is this,—let the lady declare that her choice has fallen on one of the two, and let the unsuccessful lover, renouncing all hostile measures, take his departure in peace." "With all my heart," exclaimed Don Alvar, "I swear by everything that is sacred that I will conform to your proposal. Only let Donna Rosaura take her resolution; if it is to be so, let her prefer my rival to myself. Even this misfortune would be more tolerable than my present state of uncertainty." "And I call Heaven to witness," said Don Fabrique, "that if the dear object of all my adoration does not pronounce in my favour, I will banish myself at once from her presence, and though I may not be able to forget her charms, at least I will never see them more."

"Now, Madam," said the Toledan, turning to Donna Rosaura, "the rest depends upon you; with a single word you can disarm these enraged rivals. You have only to name the happy man who is to reap the reward of his constancy." The lady hesitated—"I should prefer," she said at last, "some other mode of accommodation. Why am I to be made the price of their reconciliation? I do not refuse my esteem to either of these gentlemen, nor for either of them do I feel any livelier sentiment. Is it reasonable that I should be called upon to encourage hopes which my heart does not sanction, in order to protect myself from the injurious surmises to which their quarrels may give rise?"

"Madam," replied the Toledan, "this is no longer a time for evasion; you must, if I may be allowed to say so, speak your senti-

ments explicitly. These gentlemen appear to have equal merit, but I feel assured that one of them has a preponderating influence over your heart; of that fact I am sufficiently apprised, by the overwhelming terror which possessed you on our first meeting." "On that terror," replied the lady, "you put a wrong construction. I do not deny that the loss of either of these gentlemen would affect me deeply, and that, innocent as I might be of his fate, I should yet reproach myself with being the cause of it; but I must say, that if I exhibited any symptoms of terror, it was from a consideration of my own situation, and a regard for my own honour, that they sprung."

The disposition of Don Alvaro Ponce was naturally impetuous, and his patience at these words was exhausted. "This is too much," he exclaimed passionately; "since the lady declines the proposal, and we cannot settle the matter peaceably, let the chance of arms decide it." As he spoke, he assumed an offensive attitude, and prepared to attack his enemy, who, on his part, put himself into a position of defence.

At this demonstration all the lady's terrors revived; and influenced more perhaps by these than by any secret partiality, she exclaimed in the utmost distress: "Hold your hands, gentlemen! your demand shall be complied with; since no other method can be found to prevent a conflict which so immediately affects my reputation, I declare that Don Fabrique de Mendoza is the object of my preference." No sooner had she pronounced these words, than the disappointed suitor, darting a furious glance at his mistress and his happy rival, ran to his horse, which he had tied to a tree, and disappeared without uttering a syllable. On the other hand, the joy of the fortunate Mendoza was at its height. He cast himself at the feet of Donna Rosaura; he embraced the Toledan again and again; and could not find expressions sufficiently strong to convey the full force of his gratitude and joy.

When the lady, however, had somewhat recovered her serenity, and perceived that Don Alvar had departed, she began to reflect with some concern that she had consented to admit the addresses of a lover, whose good qualities she certainly esteemed, but to whom her heart was yet indifferent. She addressed herself to Don Fabrique, and appealed to his sense of honour, not to make an ungenerous use of the preference she had declared in his favour, which only proceeded from the absolute necessity of making a choice between him and Don Alvar. "Not," said she, "that I have not always distinguished your superior claims to my regard; I know very well that you possess many good qualities to which he cannot pretend. I will do you the justice to say, that I believe all Valencia cannot produce a more accomplished gentleman than yourself. I will even go further, and will admit, that the attentions of a man like you might gratify the vanity of any woman; but whatever reason I might have to enjoy such a triumph, I must

candidly confess that it has so few charms for me, that I regret exceedingly to see the marks of attachment you show to me. It is possible that this insensibility may have its source in the grief I yet feel for the loss I sustained a year ago, when my husband, Don Andrea de Cifuentes, died. Our union was but of short duration, and he was already advanced in age, when my parents, influenced by his great wealth, compelled me to marry him; but, notwithstanding these circumstances, I was much afflicted by his death, and mourn for him every day. And was he not worthy of regret?" continued she; "he in no respect resembled those ill-natured and jealous husbands, who make their age a plea for watching, either in person or by their deputies, every step of a wife who happens to be younger than themselves. The confidence which he reposed in my virtue could not have been exceeded by a husband whose youth and passion might have been a guarantee for my fidelity. There were no bounds to his indulgence, and his only study appeared to be to anticipate all my wishes. Such was Don Andrea de Cifuentes; and you will readily conceive, Don Fabrique, that it is not easy to forget a man endowed with such a disposition. His image is ever present to my mind; and it cannot be doubted, that this circumstance contributes in no small degree to draw my attention from the efforts which others may make to attract my regard."

Unable to control his feelings, Don Fabrique here interrupted the beautiful widow—"With what delight," he exclaimed, "do I hear from your own mouth, the admission that the indifference you have shown to my advances does not arise from any personal dislike. My persevering constancy will, I trust, at last prove me to be worthy of your love." "I shall throw no impediments in the way," replied the lady; "you have my permission to visit me; nor do I restrict you from speaking to me of your love, and endeavouring to establish an interest in my heart. Should any success attend your efforts, I will not disguise my sentiments; but if, notwithstanding the opportunity thus afforded, you should happen to fail in your object, I must entreat you to recollect, that it will not be of any conduct of mine that you will have a right to complain."

At these words, without permitting Don Fabrique to utter the reply which was upon his lips, the lady took the hand of the Toledan, and returned abruptly by the way she came. The disconcerted lover followed her, leading his horse by the bridle, until arriving at the spot where her equipage awaited her, she re-seated herself with as much agitation as she had shown on her arrival; though from a very different cause. The two cavaliers accompanied the carriage to the gates of Valencia, where the parties separated. The widow took the road to her own mansion, and Don Fabrique entertained the Toledan as his guest. When their spirits were sufficiently recruited with repose,

and an excellent repast, their conversation turned on the object of the stranger in visiting Valencia, and the stay that he proposed to make in that city. "I shall leave it," observed the Toledan, "as soon as I possibly can. I am merely passing through it, in my way to the nearest seaport, where I propose to take my passage in the first vessel which may be leaving the coast of Spain. I care little in what part of the world I terminate my unfortunate career, provided it be far enough from this ill-fated land." "You surprise me," returned Don Fabrique; "what calamity can have excited feelings like these, and caused you to abhor the great object of our natural affection—our native land?" "After what I have undergone," replied the Toledan, "my country is hateful to my sight, and my only desire is to quit it for ever." The sympathy of Don Fabrique was roused by this avowal, and he expressed much impatience to be made acquainted with the cause of his companion's grief. "If I cannot soothe your pangs," said he, "I can, at least, share them with you. At our first interview, your countenance prepossessed me in your favour. Your manners have added to the charm, and I cannot refrain from taking a lively interest in every thing that concerns you."

"The sentiments you express," returned the Toledan, "form the only consolation I can now receive. As some acknowledgment of the kindness you have shown me, I will, on my part, confess, that when I first saw you in company with Don Alvara Ponce, I felt a partial inclination for you, which I do not recollect to have before experienced on my first meeting with any one, and which made me very uneasy, lest Donna Rosáura should prefer your rival to yourself. My joy, therefore, was great when she determined in your favour. This first impression has been since so fully confirmed, that, so far from designing to conceal my sorrows from you, I promise myself some degree of pleasure in laying before you all my feelings. My unhappy story will be soon told.

"My name is Don Juan de Zarata; my family resides in Toledo, where I first saw the light. In my infancy, I had the misfortune to lose both my parents, from whom I inherited a considerable property. When I had arrived at an age which entitled me to the absolute control of my estates, finding myself free from engagements, and sufficiently wealthy to consult only my own wishes in the disposal of my hand, I married a young lady of great beauty, in whose small fortune and inferior condition I saw no obstacles to our union. Intoxicated with my happiness, and anxious to secure the complete possession of the object of my love, I conducted her, a few days after our marriage, to one of my estates at a little distance from Toledo. Here we resided for some time in the enjoyment of perfect happiness, until the Duke de Naxera, who possesses a mansion in the neighbourhood of my property, called one day to refresh himself after the fatigues of

the chase. The sight of my wife inspired him with a licentious passion. This, at least, was my impression; and I was more fully persuaded of the fact, when he began to court my society with an eagerness which he had not before shown. He invited me to join his hunting excursions, loaded me with presents, and made abundant professions of his desire to serve me.

"I was at first alarmed at these indications, and resolved to return with my wife to Toledo, a resolution which my better angel certainly suggested to me. In fact, if I had deprived the Duke of all opportunities of seeing my wife, I should have escaped all the evils which have fallen upon me; but my confidence revived when I reflected on the virtues of my wife. I flattered myself, too, that a person whom I had married without a fortune, and whom I had raised from an inferior station in society, could not possibly repay my benefits with ingratitude. Alas! little did I know her heart. The two great vices of the sex, ambition and vanity, exercised their full empire there.

"As soon as the Duke had found an opportunity of apprising her of his sentiments, she seems to have congratulated herself on having made so brilliant a conquest. To be worshipped by His Excellence, was an exquisite gratification to her pride. Her head was filled with the dreams of inflated consequence. She valued herself more, and loved me less. Nay, all that I had done for her, instead of exciting her gratitude, now called forth only her contempt. She began to think that her beauty might have won a worthier husband; and she did not doubt, but that if this distinguished nobleman had seen her before her marriage, he would have shared with her his rank and fortune. Carried away by these silly ideas, and influenced by his prodigal presents, she abandoned herself to the criminal pursuit of the Duke. A secret correspondence was carried on by them, of which I had not the least suspicion; but it unfortunately happened that my eyes were at length opened to my situation. Returning one day from the chase at an earlier hour than usual, I entered the apartment of my wife when I was least expected. She had just received a letter from her lover, to which she was preparing to reply. Her embarrassment at my sudden appearance was sufficiently evident to fill me with the greatest uneasiness, and seeing the pen in her hand, I desired her to let me see what she had been writing. Her refusal led me to conclude that I was betrayed; and it was only to actual force that I was indebted for the satisfaction of my jealous curiosity. In spite of her opposition, I plucked from her bosom a letter, of the contents of which I have but too faithful a recollection.

"'How long am I doomed to languish in the expectation of a second delightful interview? How long will you persist in permitting me to nourish the sweetest hopes, which you cruelly delay to realise? Don Juan is absent every day in the city, or at the chase, and why

should we not avail ourselves of these opportunities? Show some commiseration for the ardent passion which is destroying me. Grant me at least your pity. If it is the greatest of pleasures to obtain the object of our wishes, think what a torture it must be to wait long for its possession.'

"Transports of rage overpowered me when I had perused this production. My hand was already on my dagger, and the first impulse of my frenzy was to lay dead at my feet the faithless woman who had dared to sport with my honour. A moment's reflection convinced me that this would be an imperfect revenge, to the full satisfaction of which another victim was required. I suppressed my rising fury; I assumed a tranquil air, and addressed my wife with as little appearance of emotion as possible:—'You have been to blame,' I said, 'to listen for a moment to the Duke's solicitations. The splendour of his rank ought not to have made any impression on you; but I am aware that youth is dazzled by these vanities, and that, I trust, is the extent of your offence. I therefore look upon your indiscretion as not unpardonable, provided you listen henceforward to the dictates of your duty, and endeavour to prove yourself worthy of my affection, and of the lenity I have now shown to you.'

"With these words I left her apartment, and endeavoured in solitude to subdue the violent transports of my passion. If I could not regain my peace of mind, I at least succeeded in affecting an air of tranquillity for several days, at the end of which I pretended that business of importance required my presence in Toledo. Having informed my wife that I was under the necessity of quitting her for some time, and besought her to regulate her conduct carefully during my absence, I took my departure.

"Instead, however, of continuing my journey to Toledo, I took advantage of the night to return secretly to my house, where I concealed myself in the chamber of one of my domestics, in whom I could confide. From this station I could see everybody that entered the house. I fully expected that the Duke would be informed of my departure, and that he would not fail to profit by such a favourable opportunity. I then proposed to surprise them together, and to enjoy a signal revenge. It so happened, however, that I was deceived in all these anticipations; I could not perceive any indications of the expected arrival of my enemy. Everything, on the contrary, proceeded with the greatest regularity; and when three days had elapsed without the Duke or any of his retainers making their appearance, I began to believe that my wife had really repented of her error, and had broken off all correspondence with her lover.

"Under this revulsion of feeling, I dismissed all further thoughts of revenge, and yielding to the dictates of love, which returned with increased force after the exhaustion of my indignation, I proceeded to

my wife's apartment; I embraced her with transport, assuring her that she was fully restored to my esteem and love. I acknowledged that I had not been at Toledo; that the journey was only pretended, that I might prove her fidelity. 'But,' I continued, 'you must forgive me for employing this stratagem. My jealousy had some foundation; I doubted whether you had strength of mind to throw off those false ideas to which you had given way; but, heaven be thanked, I find that you have seen your error, and henceforward we will hope for undisturbed tranquillity.'

"These words appeared to affect my wife, who could not refrain from tears. 'It was an unhappy hour for me, indeed,' she replied, 'when I gave you the slightest reason to suspect my fidelity. The misconduct which so justly raised your displeasure, appears detestable in my eyes. The tears I have shed might suffice to wash away the traces of my folly; but all my sorrow, all my remorse, cannot restore me to the place I once held in your heart!' 'It is all forgiven,' I exclaimed; 'everything is forgotten; your sincere repentance makes amends for all!' I was, in fact, much moved by her apparent contrition, and from that moment began to regard her with as much affection as formerly. We resumed our usual habits of life, and enjoyed again the happiness which had been so cruelly disturbed. It seemed indeed to be my wife's wish to efface every vestige of doubt from my mind; and she took more pains to please me than she had ever done before. Her affection displayed itself with increased vivacity, and I almost congratulated myself on the misunderstanding which had produced such pleasing results.

"At this period I was attacked by a distemper, which, though not very formidable, alarmed my wife much. You can hardly conceive the terror she displayed. She spent the whole day in my chamber, and though I slept in a separate apartment, she insisted on coming two or three times in the course of the night, to learn in person how I was going on. With the most earnest attention she anticipated all my wants. One would have thought her existence had depended on mine. For my part, I was so struck with the marks of tenderness which she lavished on me, that I was never weary of assuring her how sensible I was of her cares. It will soon appear what sincerity there was in all this display.

"My health was now pretty well re-established, when one night I was awakened by my valet, who seemed much agitated. 'I am sorry, Sir,' he said, 'to interrupt your repose; but I think it my duty not to conceal a fact that has come to my knowledge. The Duke de Naxera is at this moment with your lady.'

"This intelligence came upon me like a thunderbolt. I looked at my valet for some time in silence; in fact, I could not speak. The more I reflected on the account he gave me, the less I was inclined to

credit it. 'It is utterly impossible,' I cried, 'that my wife can be guilty of such monstrous perfidy. You know not what you say.' My valet assured me that there was no doubt of the facts, and that he had not relied on questionable grounds. He had suspected that, since my illness, the Duke had been introduced every night into my wife's chamber, and having concealed himself for the purpose of ascertaining the truth, he had obtained but too certain evidence of my dishonour.

"I sprung from my bed like a madman, seized my sword, and rushed to my wife's apartment, followed by my servant. The Duke was in fact there, and rising from the bed, as we approached, he seized a pistol, advanced towards me, and fired. In his hurry and confusion he missed his aim; and in another moment I sprung upon him, and plunged my sword into his heart. I then turned to my wife, who lay more dead than alive. 'Infamous wretch!' I exclaimed, 'take the reward thy treachery deserves!' and with these words, I buried in her bosom the weapon still reeking with the blood of her admirer.

"I am far from justifying my violence, Don Fabrique; and I must confess, that I might have sufficiently punished that unhappy woman, without having her blood upon my hands; but what man can, under such circumstances, continue master of his reason? Recollect all the attentions she had bestowed on me during my illness; all the exaggerated demonstrations of affection; all the enormity of her treachery and deceit; and then say if a husband, animated with such just indignation, is not worthy, at least, of pardon.

"A few words more will complete this tragic story. When I had satiated my revenge, I was well aware that I had no time to lose. I knew that the family of the Duke would pursue me, wherever I might be in Spain; and that as the influence I could exert was very far inferior to theirs, I could only find safety in a foreign land. Before daybreak, I left my house, attended only by my valet, taking with me two of my best horses, and all the money and jewels I could collect. I took the road to Valencia, with the design of embarking in the first vessel which might sail for Italy. I have only further to say, that as I was passing near the wood where you were, I met Donna Rosaura, and complying with her request, followed her, and assisted her in putting a stop to your combat."

When the Toledan had finished his story, Don Fabrique assured him that he had taken a just revenge upon the Duke de Naxera. "Dismiss all uneasiness," said he, "as to any pursuit which his relations may institute. Make my house your abode, till you find a convenient opportunity of passing into Italy. My uncle is the governor of Valencia; you will find a safer refuge here than elsewhere, and you will have for your host, one who henceforward binds himself to you by the ties of the sincerest friendship."

Don Juan made a suitable reply to these generous professions, and

accepted the asylum which had so opportunely presented itself. They frequently went in company to the house of Donna Rosaura, by whom the assiduous attentions of Don Fabrique were received with the same indifference. He felt greatly mortified at his ill success, and sometimes complained to his friend, who endeavoured to encourage him, by representing to him that the most insensible heart must yield to continued marks of devotion; that it was a lover's duty to wait with patience for this favourable change; that he had only to persevere, and, sooner or later, his mistress would reward his constancy. Such topics as these, though well supported by the lessons of experience, could convey no confidence to the apprehensive lover; he despaired of ever being able to touch the heart of the lovely widow, and this fear threw him into a state of languor and despondency, which excited the pity of Don Juan. The latter, however, soon became an object of much greater commiseration.

Notwithstanding the very sufficient reasons which this gentleman had to hold the fair sex in eternal odium, after the notable treachery he had experienced, he could not protect his heart against the charms of Donna Rosaura. At the same time, he was far from abandoning himself to a passion so injurious to the duty he owed his friend; he contended vigorously against it, and feeling assured that he could only overcome it by absenting himself from the object which had excited it, he resolved to see that lady no more. Conformably with this determination, he always excused himself from accompanying his friend in his frequent visits to her house. On those occasions the lady remarked his absence, and never failed to inquire why Don Juan had ceased to visit her. At length, when she was one day urging her customary inquiries, Don Fabrique informed her, with a smile, that his friend had his own reasons for his conduct. "Reasons for avoiding me!" exclaimed the lady, "and what can they be?" "Madam," replied Mendoza, "when I urged him to accompany me to-day, and showed some surprise at his refusal, he informed me in confidence—and to explain his conduct I must make the same communication to you—that he has formed a tender attachment, and that the short stay he is making in this city renders every moment of consequence to him." "This is a very unsatisfactory reason," replied the widow, with a heightened complexion. "Because he is a lover, is he to be permitted to forsake his friends?" Don Fabrique remarked the rising colour of his mistress, but he attributed it simply to her wounded vanity, and imagined that the mortification of seeing herself neglected had excited her blush. In that supposition he was mistaken; a more lively sentiment than vanity occasioned the emotion which she could not repress; but, anxious to dissimulate her feelings, she gave a turn to the conversation, and during the remainder of the interview affected a cheerfulness,

which might have baffled the penetration of Mendoza, even if he had not been, as he was, wholly without suspicion.

When Donna Rosaura found herself alone, she abandoned herself to a train of new and unpleasant ideas. She now felt for the first time all the force of the inclination she had conceived for Don Juan, and thinking that she had more cause to complain of his insensibility than was really the case, she could not suppress a sigh. "What unjust and barbarous power," said she, "delights in exciting love which cannot be returned? I am indifferent to Don Fabrique, who adores me, and Don Juan, to whom my heart inclines but too strongly, has attached himself to another. Ah, Mendoza! reproach me no longer for my coldness—thou art amply revenged by thy friend!"

This mingled pang of grief and jealousy found some relief in a shower of tears; but hope, which seldom fails to mitigate the lover's pain, soon began to present brighter prospects to her view. She conjectured that her rival might perhaps not be very formidable; that Don Juan had probably yielded less to her charms than to her complaisance, and that such feeble bonds might not be very difficult to break asunder. To enable herself to form some opinion on this subject, she resolved to have an interview with him, and conveyed to him an intimation of her wishes. Don Juan obeyed the summons, and when they were alone, the lady commenced her investigation.

"I could not readily have believed," said she, "that love could make any cavalier forget what he owes to the fair sex? yet they tell me, Don Juan, that you have yielded up your heart, and that for this reason you have withdrawn from my society. I think I have grounds for complaining of your conduct; yet I cannot believe that in taking this step you have acted without compulsion. Confess at once that your mistress has forbidden you to see me; that may be some excuse. I know very well that lovers are not masters of their own actions, and that they dare not disobey the commands of their mistresses."

"Madam," answered the Toledan, "I candidly own that you have reason to be surprised at my conduct, but I must beseech you not to call upon me to justify it. Be satisfied when I inform you that I have substantial grounds for what I have done." "Whatever these may be," replied the lady, with emotion, "I insist upon your explaining yourself fully." "Well, Madam," rejoined Don Juan, "you shall be obeyed; but do not throw the blame on me, if you are thus made acquainted with more than you would wish to know."

"You have heard from Don Fabrique the particulars of the transaction which drove me from Castile. I fled from Toledo with my heart full of indignation against all the sex, whom I defied ever to ensnare me more. In this stubborn temper I approached Valencia, and sustained your first glances, which is more, perhaps, than any man ever

did before, without being vanquished; I even saw you again and again with impunity, but dearly, alas! have I since atoned for my temerity. Your beauty, your intelligence, your united charms, at last obtained a complete victory. I am conquered—I am the victim of the most intense passion that you are capable of inspiring. You now know why I have shunned you. The amour in which I was said to be engaged is wholly imaginary. I suggested this, as a confidential communication, to Don Fabrique, that I might not, by my continued refusal to visit you, excite in him any suspicion of the real cause."

This information, which was wholly unexpected by Donna Rosaura, delighted her so much, that she could not disguise her feelings. Indeed, she did not exert herself greatly to repress them, and instead of assuming a severe air, she cast a tender glance on the Toledan, and replied: "Well, Don Juan, since you have unbosomed yourself to me, I will be as sincere with you. Listen to me.

"Utterly indifferent to the attentions of Don Alvaro Ponce, and little regarding the attachment of Mendoza, my time was passing pleasantly and tranquilly away, when we chanced to meet for the first time on that unhappy day. Notwithstanding my agitation at the moment, my attention was attracted by the grace with which your services were proffered; and the manner in which you separated the two incensed rivals, gave me a high opinion of your courage and address. The expedient which you suggested for the termination of their dispute, displeased me. I could not, without much pain, come to the resolution of deciding in favour of one or the other. To tell you the plain truth, I believe that some part of my repugnance might be attributed to yourself; for at the very moment, when yielding to necessity, my tongue pronounced in favour of Don Fabrique, I felt my heart give its suffrage to the stranger. Since that day, which, after the avowal you have made, I will call a happy one, the knowledge of your merit has added to the partiality I then conceived for you."

"You see," she continued, "that I do not affect to conceal my sentiments. I divulge them to you with the same frank sincerity that actuated me when I told Mendoza he had no place in my affections. A woman who has the misfortune to entertain a passion for a person who can never return it, has good reason for putting a strong constraint upon herself, and punishing her weakness by at least imposing on it an eternal silence; but it appears to me that she may, without hesitation, disclose an innocent attachment to a man whose intentions are honourable. I am, I confess, delighted to hear you own your love, and I return thanks to heaven, which has, no doubt, destined us for each other."

At these words the lady paused, in the hope of hearing from the lips of Don Juan a full expression of all the rapturous joy and gratitude with which she believed he was inspired; but instead of exhibiting

any symptoms of pleasure at the information he had received, he preserved a gloomy and thoughtful silence.

"What is the meaning of this, Don Juan?" she resumed. "When I forget the proud reserve of my sex, and lay open my heart to you, a condescension for which any other man would perhaps have felt some gratitude, you repress the feelings which such a declaration must surely have excited. You are silent, you are sad; your eyes betray your melancholy. Ah, Don Juan, what an unexpected effect has my weak confession produced!"

"What other effect, Madam," replied the Toledan, gloomily, "could it possibly produce upon a heart like mine? The more you demonstrate the partiality you have conceived for me, the more miserable I become. You know as well as I, all that Mendoza has done for me. You are aware of the intimate friendship which unites us. Can I build my happiness upon the ruin of his dearest hopes?"

"As to that," replied the lady, "you are much too scrupulous. I have promised nothing to Don Fabrique. I am at liberty to bestow my hand upon you without incurring his just reproach, and you may receive it without subjecting yourself to the imputation of having stolen it from him. The idea of your friend's unhappiness must unquestionably give you some pain, but is that consideration of sufficient weight, Don Juan, to counterbalance the happiness which is before us?"

"It is, Madam," replied the Toledan, with a firm voice. "A friend like Mendoza has greater power over my feelings than you imagine. If you could possibly estimate all the tenderness, all the force of our friendship, how worthy would you find me of your pity! Nothing that concerns Don Fabrique is concealed from me; my interests and his are the same. The slightest matter in which I am interested cannot escape his attention; and to say all in one word, I share his heart with you. Alas, to have enabled me to reap the benefit of your kindness, I ought to have been aware of its existence before I had formed so firm and intimate a friendship. Enraptured with the honour of pleasing you, I should then have regarded Mendoza only as a rival. My heart, put upon its guard against the approaches of his partiality, would have made no return to it, and I should not have incurred the obligations under which I at present lie. That time, Madam, is, unfortunately, past. I have received every possible assistance from his hands. I have yielded to the attachment I felt for him. Compelled as much by gratitude as by my own inclinations, I am reduced to the painful necessity of declining the happy fortune that might otherwise have awaited me."

As he finished these words, the tears rose in Donna Rosaura's eyes, which she attempted to wipe away. This gesture deeply

affected the Toledan, whose firmness began to give way; he could no longer answer for his resolution. "Farewell, Madam," he continued, in a voice broken with sighs—"farewell! I must fly from your presence if I mean to preserve my honour. I cannot bear your tears; they arm you with too much persuasion. I must take an eternal leave of you, and weep over the loss of those charms which I am bound to offer up at the shrine of an inexorable friendship." He then exerted the little firmness which he yet possessed, and hastily withdrew.

The widow of Cifuentes, after his departure, was agitated by a thousand confused sensations. Amongst these predominated the shame of having declared her sentiments to a man who had been able to throw off her charms. She could not, however, doubt that he was strongly attached to her, and that a regard for his friends' interest had alone induced him to reject the hand she had offered. She was reasonable enough to admire so singular an effort of friendship, instead of being offended at it. Nevertheless, under the influence of the mortification which always attends the frustration of our favourite designs, she resolved to set off the next morning for the country, in order to soothe her grief, or, it might rather be said, to augment it; since solitude is better adapted to reinforce, than to diminish, the violence of love.

Don Juan, on his part, not having met with Mendoza on his return home, shut himself up in his apartment, and gave himself up to his grief. After the effort he had made for the sake of his friend, he thought he might at least be allowed to breath a sigh without reproach. Don Fabrique, who shortly after returned, interrupted his meditations, and apprehending from his appearance that he was unwell, he exhibited so much anxiety, that Don Juan was obliged to relieve him, by assuring him that he stood in need only of repose. On this representation, Mendoza withdrew, that his friend might retire to rest, but with so dejected an air, that the Toledan felt still more acutely his very unfortunate position. "Good heavens! why should the tenderest of friendships be thus converted into the greatest affliction of my life?" was the reflection that passed through his mind.

On the following day, Don Fabrique had not yet risen, when he was informed that Donna Rosaura had departed with all her establishment for her country seat at Villa Real, where it would appear that she intended to remain for some time. He was more chagrined at the secrecy which had been observed in taking this step, than afflicted by the absence of the object of his love. Without knowing in what way to account for her conduct, he could not help thinking it was a very unfavourable omen. He soon arose with the intention of visiting his friend, as well to learn the state of his health, as to converse

with him on the subject of his alarm. But as he was on the point of leaving his chamber, he was prevented by the entrance of Don Juan, who came to relieve his uneasiness, and to inform him that his health was perfectly restored. "This good news," replied Mendoza, "in some measure indemnifies me for the unpleasant intelligence that I have received." The Toledan requested him to explain himself; and Don Fabrique, after his domestics had left the room, proceeded; "Donna Rosaura has set off this morning for the country, where she is expected to remain some time. This departure surprises me. Why has it been concealed from me?—what think you, Don Juan, have I not reason to be alarmed?"

But Don Juan took care not to acquaint Mendoza with his real opinion on this affair, endeavouring, on the contrary, to persuade him that Donna Rosaura might be allowed to visit the country, without giving him cause for unhappiness. Mendoza, however, was not to be so amused, and interrupted his arguments, which he treated very lightly. "All this talk," said he, "cannot dispel the suspicions which agitate me. It is possible that I may unconsciously have done something which has offended Donna Rosaura, and to punish me, she may have quitted me without condescending even to explain the nature of my crime. However this may be, I am determined to remain no longer in suspense. Come, my friend, let us follow her. I will give orders to have our horses in readiness." "My advice," replied the Toledan, "is to take no person with you. There ought to be no witnesses of such an explanation." "Your presence cannot be objected to," said Don Fabrique; "Donna Rosaura is well aware that you are informed of all that passes in my breast. She has a regard for you, and far from causing me any embarrassment, you will be of great service to me in effecting a reconciliation." Don Juan still persisted in his refusal—"My presence, Don Fabrique," he urged, "cannot possibly be of any use. I beseech you to depart alone." "My dear friend," answered Don Fabrique, with equal obstinacy, "we will go together. I must rely upon your friendship to indulge me in this." "This is downright tyranny," exclaimed the Toledan, with an air of vexation; "why do you exact from my friendship a concession which I ought not to make?"

The abrupt manner in which Don Juan uttered these words, and the words themselves, which Don Fabrique could not understand, filled him with amazement. He fixed his eyes for some time upon his friend. "Don Juan," said he, "what is the meaning of the words I have just heard? What a frightful suspicion has suggested itself to me. Put an end to this hateful state of constraint on your part, and anxiety on mine. Tell me at once the real cause of your evident repugnance to accompany me."

"It was my earnest wish," replied the Toledan, "to conceal it from

you; but since you have yourself compelled me to disclose it, I will no longer make a mystery of it. We must cease, my dear friend, to think the uniformity of our sentiments a subject for congratulation: it is, unfortunately, only too perfect. The attractions which subdued you, have not had less influence on your friend; and Donna Rosaura—" "Is it possible you can be my rival?" exclaimed Don Fabrique, turning pale as he spoke. "As soon as I perceived my attachment," proceeded Don Juan, "I struggled to repress it. I constantly avoided Donna Rosaura, as you well know. You have even reproached me with my obstinacy in that respect. I at least obtained the victory over my passion, if I could not wholly destroy it. Yesterday, however, the lady intimated to me that she wished to see me at her own house. I waited upon her; she inquired why I appeared to avoid her with such care? I alleged some fictitious excuses, which she rejected. At length I was compelled to acknowledge the real cause; and on making this declaration, I expected that she would approve the resolution I had made to fly from her presence; but, such is my singular destiny—how shall I explain it to you, and yet, Mendoza, you must be told—that I found Donna Rosaura entertained a preference for me!"

No man possessed a more rational mind, or milder manners, than Don Fabrique; but at these words he gave way to an impulse of fury, and indignantly interrupted his friend—"Stop, Don Juan," he cried, "stab me at once, rather than proceed with this fatal narrative. Not content with avowing yourself my rival, you even tell me that you are successful in your love! Good heavens! to dare to make a confidential disclosure like this to me! This is too rude a trial of our friendship.—Our friendship! It exists no longer. It ceased from the time when you conceived the perfidious sentiments you have now declared. What an error was mine! Generous, magnanimous as I thought you, you hesitate not to nourish an affection which is inconsistent with my happiness. You are a false friend. This unexpected blow overwhelms me: its force is aggravated by the hand which deals it." "Do me more justice," interrupted the Toledan, in his turn, "than to think and speak of me thus. Be patient for a few moments. Whatever I am, I am not a treacherous friend. Listen to me, and you will soon regret that you have applied that odious appellation to me."

He then narrated to him all that had passed between the widow of Don Andrea de Cifuentes and himself, the tender confession which she had made to him, and the attempts she had made to induce him to abandon himself to his passion. He repeated also the answer which he had made to these propositions; and as he made more and more apparent the firmness with which he had acted, Don Fabrique felt his indignation gradually subside. "At length," continued Don Juan, "friendship obtained the victory over love. I refused the

offered heart of Donna Rosaura. She wept. I saw her tears, and heaven can witness the agony I endured at the sight. I cannot yet, without trembling, reflect upon the danger to which I was exposed. I began to feel as if I was acting too barbarous a part, and for a few moments, Mendoza, my fidelity to you was shaken. But I did not give myself up to this weakness, and, by a sudden departure, I released myself from that dangerous thraldom. It is not enough, however, that I have hitherto escaped without dishonour, I must provide against the future. I will remain here no longer, nor again expose myself to the glances of Donna Rosaura. Will Don Fabrique, after this explanation, persist in charging me with ingratitude and perfidy?"

"No," replied Mendoza, embracing him with warmth; "No! I esteem you wholly blameless. I now see the whole affair in a proper light. Pardon those unjust reproaches which you must ascribe to the frenzy of a lover, from whom all his hopes are torn at once. Alas! how could I believe that Donna Rosaura would see you often without loving you—without feeling the force of those attractions, which have acquired such influence over me. But you are a faithful friend. I impute all my unhappiness to my evil fortune alone; and so far from hating you as its cause, I feel more strongly attached to you than ever. Is it possible, that for my sake you renounce the possession of Donna Rosaura? Can you make this great sacrifice to our friendship, and shall I not be deeply sensible of its value?—Can you vanquish your passion, and shall I not make an effort to subdue mine? I ought not to yield to you in generosity. Follow, my dear friend, the inclination of your heart. Marry the widow of Cifuentes. My heart may mourn in secret, but it shall not prevent me from contributing to make you happy."

"Not upon these terms," replied Zarata; "my passion for her, I confess, is violent, but I value your repose more than my own gratification." "And ought the repose of Donna Rosaura," answered Don Fabrique, "to be a matter of indifference to you? The affection she entertains for you has decided my fate. I should be in no respect benefited if you should absent yourself from her, and in some distant land drag on a miserable existence, with the intention of surrendering to me the object of our love. If I have hitherto failed to please her, I am very certain that I am never destined to succeed. Heaven has reserved that happiness for you. She loved you from the first moment she saw you. She has a natural predilection for you. In one word, you alone can make her happy. Accept, then, the hand which she extends to you. Let your mutual bliss be complete. Abandon me to my misery, and be not weak enough to make three persons wretched, when all the severity of fate can be directed against one alone."

This generous contention was maintained for some time with equal

warmth, but neither of the friends consenting to avail himself of the generosity of the other, they remained for some days in a state of painful suspense. They ceased to speak of Donna Rosaura; they no longer ventured to pronounce her name. But whilst, in the city of Valencia, friendship was thus effecting a victory over love, the latter was governing elsewhere with despotic sway; and, as if he intended to take a full revenge, would permit no opposition to his authority.

Withdrawn to her country seat at Villa Real, situated near the sea, Donna Rosaura abandoned herself to her sorrowful and tender reflections. All her thoughts were devoted to Don Juan, and she could not prevail on herself to abandon all hope, although, after so remarkable a demonstration of the strength of his friendship for Don Fabrique, there appeared little reason to encourage such an expectation.

One evening, about sunset, whilst she was enjoying on the sea shore the coolness of the breeze, in company with one of her women, her attention was attracted by a small boat which had just reached the land. It carried seven or eight men, of a very suspicious appearance, whom, after surveying them more narrowly, and scrutinising them with some curiosity, she concluded to be masked. This was, in fact, the case, and they were moreover completely armed. She felt some alarm at this sight, and anticipating nothing good from their visit to these shores, she immediately turned, and hastened to regain her home. She occasionally looked behind her as she went, and observing that the crew had landed, and were beginning to follow her, she began to run as fast as possible; but as she by no means rivalled Atalanta in this exercise, and as the masked pursuers were active and strong, she was overtaken and stopped by them, just as she had reached her own door.

The cries of the lady and her attendant soon drew together some of the servants, who spread a general alarm; and all the retinue of Donna Rosaura ran to the scene of action, having armed themselves in the best way they could, some with pitchforks and some with clubs. In the mean time, two of the most robust of the assailers had laid hands upon the mistress and her maid, and in spite of all their resistence carried them towards the skiff; while the remainder of the band made head against the people of Donna Rosaura, by whom they were now vigorously attacked. The conflict lasted some time; but the ravishers at length succeeded in effecting the object of their enterprise, and regained their vessel, fighting as they retreated. And indeed they had no time to lose; for they had not yet all reimbarked, when they perceived a troop of horsemen advancing on the road which led to Valencia, riding at full speed, and apparently with the intention of assisting Donna Rosaura. On seeing this, the strangers lost no time in putting out to sea, and thus disappointed all the hopes which the near approach of the cavaliers had excited.

These were no other than Don Fabrique and his friend Don Juan. The former had that morning received a letter, informing him that it had been ascertained that Don Alvaro Ponce was in the island of Majorca, where he had equipped a small vessel, and engaged the services of a band of desperadoes, by whose assistance he proposed to carry off Donna Rosaura, when she should afford an opportunity by visiting her country seat. Acting upon this information, Don Juan and himself, with their attendants, left Valencia without loss of time, for the purpose of putting the lady on her guard against the meditated abduction. While yet at some distance, they had observed a crowd of persons assembled on the shore, who seemed to be in a state of conflict; and suspecting that this tumult might turn out to be the realization of their fears, they had urged their horses to their utmost speed, to baffle, if possible, the project of Don Alvaro. Notwithstanding all their exertion, however, they arrived only in time to witness the very catastrophe which it had been their object to prevent.

Proud of the success of his expedition, Don Alvaro Ponce in the mean time pushed from the shore with his beautiful prize, and directed the course of his skiff towards a small armed vessel which was standing out at sea, awaiting their return. Never was any grief more heartfelt and impassioned than that of Mendoza and Don Juan; they loaded Don Alvaro with execrations, and made all the shore resound with complaints, equally affecting and useless. The example set by the masters was not lost upon the attendants and the household of the injured lady, who showed no disposition to economise their lamentations; that luckless coast seemed to have become the haunt of fury, desolation, and despair. It may be questioned whether the court of Sparta exhibited such symptoms of consternation, when it was first discovered that the fair Helen had eloped with her gallant Phrygian guest.

Although the servants of Donna Rosaura had not been able to prevent the outrage upon their lady, they had at least shown great courage in opposing it; and some of the people of Don Alvaro Ponce had experienced the effects of their zeal. One of these, in particular, had received so severe a wound, as to be incapitated from following his comrades, who, on their retreat, left him stretched on the ground with little appearance of life. This man was recognised as having been in the service of Don Alvaro, and as he still breathed, he was conveyed to the house, where every means was employed to restore him to his senses. This object was at last accomplished, although the great quantity of blood he had lost left him in a state of extreme weakness. To prevail on him to reveal what he knew, promises were made to him that his recovery should be carefully attended to, and that he should not be delivered up to justice, if he would discover

the place to which it was his employer's intention to carry Donna Rosaura.

Although there was little prospect of his ever reaping the benefit of these indulgences, he was not the less influenced by them. He collected the little strength he had left, and in a feeble voice confirmed the intelligence which had been transmitted to Don Fabrique; to this he added, that Don Alvaro designed to conduct the lady to Lapari in the island of Sardinia, where he had a relation possessed of sufficient authority to ensure him a safe asylum.

This communication somewhat alleviated the despair of Don Fabrique and his friend. They left the wounded man in the house of Donna Rosaura, where he soon after died, and returned to Valencia to consider the steps which they ought to take; nor were they long in coming to the resolution to pursue their common enemy, and attack him in his chosen retreat. They soon after embarked together at Denia, without attendants, and sailed for Port Mahon, in the expectation of there finding an opportunity to proceed to Sardinia. In fact, they had no sooner reached Port Mahon, than they found a vessel about to weigh anchor for Cagliari, in which they immediately secured their passage.

They set sail with a very favourable breeze; but when they had proceeded a few leagues on their voyage, they were becalmed, and the wind having changed in the night, they were obliged to tack, in the hope of its moving into a more friendly quarter. In this manner they sailed on for three days; on the fourth, early in the afternoon, they discovered a vessel, which approached in full sail. They at first supposed it to be a merchant-vessel, but seeing that it approached almost within cannon-shot without hoisting colours, they no longer had any doubt that it was a corsair, in which opinion they were not mistaken. It was a pirate vessel, belonging to Tunis. At first the infidels imagined that their intended prey would surrender without a struggle; but when they saw the cannon pointed, and every preparation made for battle, they concluded that they had a serious business on hand. They furled their sails, and cleared their deck for action.

The battle began with a brisk cannonade, in which the Christians seemed to have the advantage, till an Algerine ship, larger and better armed than either of the combatants, made her appearance, and approaching the Spanish vessel in full sail, placed her between two fires. At this unexpected attack, the crew of the latter lost all hope; and not venturing to continue so unequal a contest, ceased their fire. The Algerine then hailed them, by the mouth of a slave, who shouted to them in Spanish, that if they wished for quarter, they must strike to the Algerine flag. The Turkish flag, of green silk, sprinkled with silver crescents, was then hoisted. Considering all further resistance as useless, the Christians no longer attempted a defence. They

abandoned themselves to all the grief which the prospect of slavery must excite in the breast of freemen; and the commander, apprehending that a longer delay might irritate their barbarian conquerors, lowered his colours, and threw himself with some of his crew into a boat, to yield himself prisoner to the Algerine captain. On the other hand, the latter despatched a party of his crew to board the Spanish vessel, or, in other words to pillage it thoroughly. The Tunisian corsair showed no less alacrity in pursuing the same course, so that the passengers in this unlucky vessel were disarmed and stripped in a moment. They were then removed into the Algerine ship, where they were divided by lot between the two conquerors.

It would have been some consolation to Mendoza and his friend, if fortune had delivered them into the hands of the same master. The weight of their chains would have been more endurable, if they could have borne them together. But, as if they were doomed to all the aggravation of which their condition was susceptible, Don Fabrique became the slave of the Tunisian rover, and Don Juan fell to the share of the Algerine. It would be difficult to describe the despair of these friends, when they were compelled to part. They threw themselves at the feet of the pirates, conjuring them not to tear them asunder. But these Turks, whose barbarian cruelty was proof against the most affecting scenes, were not to be persuaded. On the contrary, as they had reason to believe these two captives were persons of some consequence, and might pay a considerable ransom, they resolved that one should be assigned to each of the victors.

The unfortunate cavaliers, perceiving that they were endeavouring to make an impression on hearts wholly destitute of feeling, looked mournfully at each other, and expressed in their countenances the depth of their affliction. But when the partition of the spoil was completed, and the Tunisian pirate prepared to return to his vessel with the share of plunder allotted to him, it seemed as if the two friends would have died in the paroxysm of their grief; Mendoza ran to the Toledan, locked him in his arms, and exclaimed, "Must we then be separated? What a dreadful necessity! The audacity of that infamous ravisher must escape with impunity, and we are even forbidden to unite our sorrow and despair. Ah, Don Juan, how have we so offended, that the vengeance of heaven should fall so heavily upon us?" "We need not seek far for the cause of our misfortunes," replied Don Juan; "the death of the two culprits whom I sacrificed to my revenge, however excusable in the eyes of men, has, no doubt, excited the Divine indignation, which pursues you also, as guilty of entertaining a friendly feeling towards a wretch, for whose punishment justice loudly calls."

Whilst they thus conversed, they wept so profusely, and were so violently agitated, that the other slaves were scarcely less affected by

the sight, than by their own peculiar sufferings. But the Tunisian sailors, more barbarous, if possible, than their masters, finding that Mendoza was tardy in leaving the ship, dragged him brutually from the arms of the Toledan, and hurried him along, loading him all the while with blows. "Adieu, my dear friend," he cried, "I shall never see you more; Donna Rosaura is not avenged! The evils which these wretches can inflict upon me will be the lightest portion of my slavery."

Don Juan could make no reply. The manner in which he saw his friend treated had such an effect upon him, as to deprive him of the power of speech. As the order of our history requires us to follow the fortunes of the Toledan, we shall for the present leave Don Fabrique, proceeding on his way to Tunis.

The Algerine robber steered for his own harbour, where, immediately on his arrival, he carried his new slaves to the Pacha, and thence to the market-place, where it was the custom to offer them for sale. An officer of the Dey Mezomorto purchased Don Juan for his master, by whom he was sent to work in the gardens of the seraglio. Although this occupation was laborious enough to a man of his rank and habits, yet Don Juan found some consolation in the solitude which his work required, and in which he delighted. In the situation he was placed in, nothing could be more agreeable to him than the liberty of brooding over his misfortunes. Upon these his mind dwelt without intermission; and far from making any effort to detach itself from melancholy reflections, seemed to take increasing pleasure in recalling them again and again.

As he happened one day to be working in the garden, singing all the while a melancholy song, the Dey, unseen by him, passed near and paused to listen. He was pleased with his voice, and from a momentary impulse of curiosity, approached and inquired his name. The Toledan informed him that he was called Alvaro. When he became the slave of the Dey, he had, according to the custom of persons in those circumstances, assumed a feigned name, and had selected this, because from the impression which the abduction of his mistress by Don Alvaro Ponce had made upon his mind, it occurred to him sooner than any other. Mezomorto, who understood the Spanish language tolerably well, put several questions to him respecting the manners of that country, and particularly as to the mode in which lovers endeavoured to make their addresses agreeable to the objects of their affection. To these inquiries Don Juan replied in a manner which was very satisfactory to the Dey.

"Alvaro," said the latter to him, "you seem to me to possess an intelligent mind, and to belong to a superior rank; but whoever you may really be, you have had the good fortune to please your master, and I wish to honour you with a mark of my confidence." At these

words Don Juan threw himself at the feet of the Dey, and having kissed the hem of his garment, and pressed it to his eyes and his head rose and waited his commands. "As a commencement of the trust I mean to repose in you," said the Dey, "I must first inform you, that I have in my seraglio some of the handsomest women in Europe. Amongst the rest, there is one who surpasses all her competitors. I do not believe that the Grand Signor himself possesses so perfect a beauty, although his vessels bring him every day new contributions from every quarter of the world. Her countenance is like the reflection of the sun, and her mien reminds the spectator of the stem of the rose planted in the garden of Eram. You see that I am enchanted with her charms. But this miracle of nature, possessed of all these attractions, is buried in a deep melancholy, which neither time nor my attentions can dispel. Although fortune has placed her in my power, I have put no force upon her inclinations. I have restrained my passion, and, contrary to the custom of princes in such circumstances, who seek only for sensual gratifications, I have applied myself to win her love by the greatest indulgence, and by a profound respect which the meanest Mussulman would scorn to show to a Christian slave. Yet all my efforts tend only to aggravate her despair, and I begin to be weary of the contest. The idea of slavery makes no such deep impression on the mind of others; my favour has always succeeded in effacing it. This obstinate depression exhausts my patience. Yet before I determine to adopt another course, I wish to make one effort more, and with that view to avail myself of your mediation. As she is of the Christian faith, and a native of your country, she may perhaps repose confidence in you, and thus enable you to exercise a beneficial influence over her. Set before her the splendour of my rank and wealth. Inform her that I will raise her far above my other slaves. If everything else fails, lead her to hope that she may one day even aspire to be the wife of Mezomorto; and assure her that I shall hold her in greater esteem, than if she were a Sultana bestowed upon me by the hand of the Grand Signor himself."

Don Juan prostrated himself a second time at the feet of his master, and although inwardly annoyed at the duty that was required from him, assured him that he would use every exertion to bring the matter to a successful issue. "It is enough," said Mezomorto; "leave your work and follow me. Though contrary to our customs, I shall admit you to an interview with this beautiful captive. But beware how you abuse my confidence. Torments unknown even to the Turks, would be the reward of such temerity. Endeavour to dissipate her gloom, and remember that your liberty is gained when I am relieved from this perplexity." Don Juan quitted his work and followed the Dey, who had gone before to prepare the afflicted captive to receive his new intercessor.

He found his beautiful prisoner attended only by two female slaves, and these disappeared as soon as they saw the Dey approach. She received him with every mark of respect, but could not refrain from shuddering, which indeed was the case whenever he came into her presence. He perceived her emotion, and addressed her in an encouraging tone: "Amiable captive," said he, "I visit you for the purpose of informing you, that I find amongst my slaves a person of your nation, with whom, perhaps, it would give you pleasure to have an interview. If you have any desire to see him, I will give him permission to attend you, when you can converse with him if you please, even without the presence of witnesses." Being assured by the beautiful slave that his offer was received with gratitude, "I will immediately send him to you," said the Dey; "I shall be delighted if your melancholy should find any relief in his company." With these words he left the room, and meeting the Toledan, who had just arrived, he said to him in a low voice, "You may go in, and after your interview, you will come to my apartment, and give me an account of what passes between you."

Zarata accordingly advanced, and opening the door, saluted the lady, without raising his eyes from the ground; and she, on the other hand, received his salutation without observing him very attentively; but when after a few moments they looked at each other more earnestly, they simultaneously uttered a cry of surprise and of joy. "O heavens!" cried the Toledan, "is it not an empty vision that deceives my eyes? Is it in truth Donna Rosaura that I see?" "Ah! Don Juan," replied the fair captive, "can it be you who speak to me?" "Yes," replied he, tenderly kissing her hand, "it is himself. Recognise me and my love in these tears, which my eyes, overjoyed at the sight of you, cannot refrain from shedding. In these transports of pleasure, which your presence alone is capable of exciting, I no longer exclaim against fortune, since she has restored you to my arms. But whither is this excess of joy hurrying my thoughts? I forget that you are in chains. Through what new caprice of fate are you placed in this situation? How were you enabled to extricate yourself from the power of the rash Don Alvaro? What anxiety have I suffered! How I tremble to hear that virtue may not have found timely aid from heaven!" "Heaven," replied Donna Rosaura, "has amply avenged me upon Don Alvaro Ponce. If I had time to inform you—" "You have sufficient leisure," interrupted Don Juan. "The Dey permits me to remain with you, and, what you will be surprised to hear, to converse with you without restraint. Let us avail ourselves of these fortunate moments; tell me all that has occurred from the time of your abduction to the present moment." "How have you learned," replied she, "that Don Alvaro was the person who carried me off?" "I am but too well informed on that point," rejoined Don

Juan; and he then related in a few words the way in which that fact came to his knowledge, and how Mendoza and himself, having embarked for the purpose of rescuing her, and punishing the ravisher, had been made prisoners by the corsairs. When his narrative was finished, Donna Rosaura pursued her story in the following words:—

"I need not tell you that my surprise was great indeed when I found myself in the power of a troop of masked ruffians. I fainted away in the arms of the man who was carrying me, and when I recovered my senses, which did not happen for a considerable time, I found myself alone with Inez, one of my women, far out at sea, in the cabin of a vessel, which was pursuing her voyage in full sail.

"My attendant began to exhort me to be patient under this calamity; and from the drift of her conversation, I had reason to suspect that she was in league with my enemy. He dared to introduce himself to me, and throwing himself at my feet, 'I beseech you, madam,' he cried, 'to forgive Don Alvaro for employing the only means in his power to possess himself of you. You know the devotion I have paid to you, and with what a perfect attachment I contended with Don Fabrique for the prize of your approbation, up to the day when you declared your preference of him. If my passion for you had been of an ordinary description, I might have subdued it, and consoled myself elsewhere for my ill fortune; but fate has destined me to admire only your charms. Despised as I am, I am unable to emancipate myself from their influence. Yet fear nothing from the violence of my love. I have not been guilty of this attempt upon your liberty to subject your virtue to more unworthy outrage; and it is my ardent hope, that in the retirement to which I am now conducting you, an eternal and sacred bond may unite our fate for ever.' To this he added many other speeches, which I cannot now recall to mind; but from what he said, he seemed to think, that to compel me to marry him was by no means a tyrannical act, and that I ought rather to regard him as an impassioned lover, than as an insolent ravisher.

"During this address, I did nothing but weep and abandon myself to my grief. He therefore left me to myself, without losing further time in vain persuasions; but, as he retired, I saw a sign of intelligence pass between him and Inez, from which I collected that he desired her to support with all her dexterity the arguments which he had been addressing to me.

"Inez did not fail to obey her instructions; she represented to me, how necessary it was, after the publicity of my departure with him, to bestow my hand upon him, and sacrifice, to the preservation of my reputation, the feelings of my heart. To set before my eyes the prospect of such a detestable alliance, was not the way to assuage my grief, which I consequently indulged without restraint. Inez no longer

knew what topics of consolation to suggest; but at this moment we heard a great uproar on deck, which attracted all our attention.

"This tumult amongst the retainers of Don Alvaro was occasioned by the appearance of a large vessel, which was approaching us in full sail; escape was impossible, as the stranger far outsailed us. As he drew near, he hailed us, and ordered us to send a boat on board, but Don Alvaro and his people, preferring death to submission, desperately resolved on fighting. The contest was furious; without describing it more particularly, it will suffice to say that it terminated in the destruction of Don Alvaro and all his crew, after every effort of desperate courage had been exerted in vain. We found that the large vessel, into which we were now transported, belonged to Mezomorto, and was commanded by Aby Aly Osman, one of his officers.

"Aby Aly, on his first interview with me, surveyed me for some time with attention, and perceiving that I was a Spaniard, he addressed me in the Castilian language:—'Moderate your grief,' he said, 'be not too much afflicted by the unfortunate occurrence which has made you a slave. Unfortunate, do I call it? I should say that it is a happy incident, on which you should congratulate yourself. Beauty like yours was not intended to exercise a narrow empire over the Christian world alone. Heaven did not form you for the pleasure of that contemptible race. You are worthy of the love of the masters of the world; the Mussulmans alone are worthy of you. I shall without delay turn my course towards Algiers, for although I have not taken any other prize, I am convinced that the Dey, my master, will be satisfied with my conduct. He will unquestionably applaud the eagerness I shall have shown to place in his hands a beauty, who will be the delight of his heart, and the great ornament of his harem.

"At this address, which explained to me all the wretchedness of my situation, I redoubled my lamentations; but Aby Aly, who looked upon the subject of my fears in a very different light, only laughed at my cries, and steered for Algiers, while I indulged my grief without any restraint. At one time I addressed my passionate supplications to Heaven, and implored its aid; at another, I wished and hoped that we might be overtaken by some Christian vessel, or that the waves would swallow us up. Vain expectations! we arrived without any accident at the port, and I was conducted to this palace, where I was presented to Mezomorto.

"As they spoke in the Turkish language, I could not understand the address of Aby Aly to his master on introducing me to him, nor the reply of the latter; but I collected from the gestures and looks of the Dey, that I was so unfortunate as to please him, and the discourse which he afterwards addressed to me in Spanish, confirmed my suspicions and completed my wretchedness.

"I threw myself at his feet, and offered any ransom he would name

but in vain. The offer of all my property could not tempt his avarice; he valued my person, he said, above all the riches of the earth. This apartment, the most magnificent in the palace, was prepared for me, and from that time to the present, the Dey has tried every means to dispel the melancholy which overwhelms me. He brings to me all the slaves of both sexes, who excel in singing or playing on any instrument. He has removed Inez, under the impression that she encouraged my gloomy thoughts, and I am waited upon by old slaves, who continually talk to me about the love their master entertains for me, and the endless pleasures that are reserved for me.

"All these attempts to divert my grief have produced only a contrary effect; nothing can afford me any consolation. A prisoner in this detestable palace, which never ceases to re-echo the cries of injured innocence, I suffer less from the loss of my liberty, than from the odious tenderness which the Dey professes for me. It is true that I have hitherto found in him only a submissive and respectful lover; but this does not divest me of an apprehension that, tired of a constraint to which he is unaccustomed, he may at last abuse his power. I am incessantly haunted by this dreadful fear, and every instant of my life brings with it a new pang."

Donna Rosaura could not finish her recital, without giving way to her tears. Don Juan was deeply moved. "It is not without reason, Madam," said he, "that your fancy represents to you the future in such frightful shapes. I am as much terrified as yourself. The assumed delicacy of the Dey is likely to be dismissed sooner than you might suppose. The gentle adorer will soon throw aside his pretended mildness. I am well assured of this, and see all the danger to which you are exposed. But," he continued, with an altered voice, "I shall not be a quiet witness. Slave as I am, my despair is to be dreaded. Before you shall suffer any indignity from Mezomorto, I will plunge my dagger into his bosom." "Ah, Don Juan," interrupted the lady, "what design do you meditate? I implore you not to yield to such rash thoughts. With what barbarities would his death be avenged! with what frightful torments! I shudder to think of them. And, after all, you would only expose yourself to a useless danger. By taking away the life of the Dey, would you restore me to liberty? Alas! I should perhaps be sold to some brutal master, who would treat me with less consideration than Mezomorto has shown. Oh! heaven, it is thy justice that I implore; the wickedness of the tyrant's heart is known to thee. Thy word forbids me to release myself by my own hand, and it becomes thy province to prevent a crime which is hateful to thee."

"Yes," replied Zarata, "and heaven will prevent it. I already feel its inspirations. The project which at this moment suggests itself to me, is no doubt prompted by a superior power. The Dey has per-

mitted me to speak to you, in order that I might persuade you to return his love. I must give him an account of what passes between us. In such an emergency, I must have recourse to dissimulation. I shall report to him that you are not inconsolable; that the treatment you have met with from him begins to soothe your affliction, and that if he perseveres, he may hope for the most favourable result. You, on your part, will second my endeavours. When he next waits upon you, you will let him find you looking more than usually cheerful, and you will appear to take some degree of interest in his conversation."

"What constraint," interrupted Donna Rosaura. "How can a mind like mine, simple and sincere, succeed in such an attempt? And what benefit can we expect from such hateful deceit?" "The Dey," replied he, "will be delighted with the change, and will wish to complete his conquest. In the meantime, I will use every exertion to effect your deliverance. The task, I own, is difficult, but I am acquainted with an ingenious fellow-slave, whose assistance will, I hope, be of the greatest use to us." "It is enough," replied Rosaura; "I will do all that you desire, since my misfortunes leave me no alternative. Go, Don Juan, exert all your faculties in rescuing me from this dreadful situation. It will be an additional happiness to me, to owe my liberty to you."

Pursuant to the orders of Mezomorto, the Toledan repaired to him to give him an account of his embassy. "Sir," said he to him, "you will not be compelled to have recourse to violence for the gratification of your desires. It appears to me, that this haughty Spaniard will soon, like others, be reconciled to her situation. I may even say, that her fetters have already begun to press lightly upon her. All that is necessary is, that you should cultivate this favourable temper. If you continue to demonstrate the same affectionate respect for your beautiful captive, I have no doubt that in a short time she will yield to your wishes, and forget in your arms the liberty she once desired."

"You delight me with this intelligence," cried the Dey; "but are you not deceiving me, or are you not yourself mistaken? I will see her immediately, and learn whether her eyes confirm the flattering indications which you have remarked." He went accordingly to visit Donna Rosaura; and the Toledan returned to the garden, where he found the gardener, whom he had mentioned to her as the slave whose services might prove effectual in restoring her to liberty. The name of this man was Francisco. He was well acquainted with Algiers, having served several masters before he passed into the hands of the Dey. "Francisco, my friend," said Don Juan, "you see me greatly afflicted. I find there is in the palace a Valencian lady of the first quality. She has requested Mezomorto to name himself the amount of her ransom but he is enamoured of her, and will not allow her to be set at liberty." "And why should that give you so much concern?" replied Francisco.

"Because we are natives of the same city," answered Don Juan; "her parents and mine are intimate friends, and there is nothing I would not do to contribute to her escape." "That would be no easy matter," observed Francisco, "but I would venture to say I could accomplish it, if the relations of the lady were disposed to reward the service well." "There is no doubt of that," replied Don Juan; "I will answer for their gratitude, and, above all, for her own. She is named Rosaura, and is the widow of a gentleman who has left her great wealth, nor is she less generous than rich. In one word, I am a Spaniard and a nobleman, and my assurance ought to satisfy you."

"Well," said the gardener, "on the strength of your promise I will go in search of a renegade, and propose it to him." "How!" interrupted the Toledan with surprise, "Do you mean to confide in a wretch who was not ashamed to renounce his faith?" "Renegade as he is," interrupted Francisco in his turn, "he is not the less a worthy man. He appears to me to be rather an object of pity than of hatred, and I should say he was excusable, if any circumstances could excuse such a crime. His story is short.

"He is a native of Barcelona, and a surgeon by profession. When he found that he did not succeed as he could have wished at Barcelona, he determined to remove to Carthagena, in the hope that a change of residence might induce an alteration in his fortunes. He embarked therefore for Carthagena with his mother, but they fell in with an Algerine pirate, who took them and brought them to this town. They were both sold—the mother to a Moor, and himself to a Turk; from whom he experienced such barbarity, that he embraced the Mahometan faith, in order at once to put an end to his own sufferings, and to procure the release of his mother, who, as he knew, was treated with great severity by the Moor, her master. He then entered into the service of the Dey, and made several voyages, by which he acquired some wealth. Part of this he applied to the ransom of his mother, and the rest he proposed to turn to account, by trying his fortune on the sea. He became captain of a vessel, and with some soldiers who agreed to attach themselves to him, he began to cruise between Alicant and Carthagena. He returned loaded with booty, and his subsequent enterprises succeeded so well, that he was enabled at length to arm a large ship, and make considerable prizes. But his good fortune at last deserted him. He attacked a French frigate, which gave him so rude a reception, that he was hardly able to regain the port of Algiers. In this place the merit of pirates is determined by the degree of their success, and the renegade, after this reverse, fell into universal contempt. This disgusted him. He sold his ship, and retired to a house in the suburbs, where he has since resided, living on the remains of his property, with his mother and a few slaves.

"I frequently call upon him, for we are good friends, and he dis-

closes to me his inmost thoughts. A few days since he told me, with tears in his eyes, that he had had no peace since he renounced his faith; and that he felt strongly inclined to trample upon the turban, at the risk of being burned alive, that, by a public exhibition of his repentance, he might make some amends for the crime he had committed.

"This is the character of the renegade," continued Francisco, "to whom I am about to apply, and I think we have nothing to fear from a man of this description. Under the pretext of going to the baths, I will now to proceed to his house, and represent to him, that, instead of nourishing feelings of useless regret for having abandoned the church, he should consider how he may restore himself to her bosom. I shall then suggest that he might equip a vessel, as if he was weary of an inactive life, and wished to rove the sea again; and that by this conveyance we may reach the coast of Valencia, where Donna Rosaura will enable him to pass the rest of his days in peace."

Don Juan was enraptured with the prospect which the scheme of Francisco developed to him. "Yes, yes," he exclaimed, "my dear friend, you may promise everything to the renegade. Depend upon it, you shall both be rewarded beyond your expectations." "There may be difficulties," replied Francisco, "in executing our project, but I augur well of our success, and I hope on my return to bring you happy news."

He then proceeded on his mission, and was expected with much impatience by the Toledan, to whom he soon communicated the result of his interview. It was agreed that the renegade should purchase a small vessel, completely equipped, which he should man with his own slaves; that to obviate suspicion, he should engage some Turkish soldiers, as if he actually meditated a cruise, but that two days before the time fixed for their departure, he should embark with his slaves at night, weigh anchor silently, and take up the fugitives at a little gate of the garden opening on the sea.

How great was Zarata's joy to be able to convey such encouraging assurances to Donna Rosaura! He hastened to obtain permission to see her, and with this view on the following day prostrated himself before Mezomorto, and found him charmed with the advances he had apparently made in his captive's good opinion. Don Juan professed to be greatly pleased with this result; and to improve the favourable impression already made, was again allowed to converse with the lady, whom he was thus enabled to apprise of the projected attempt of the renegade and Francisco, and of the promises he had held out to them, if they conducted it to a prosperous issue.

Great was the delight of the afflicted lady, when she was informed that such measures were concerted for her deliverance. "Is it possible," she exclaimed in the excess of her joy, "that there is a shadow

of hope that I may once more see Valencia, my own dear native land! What happiness, after so many dangers and alarms, to live there in peace with you. Ah, Don Juan, how sweet is that thought to my mind; but do you participate in its pleasures? Do you consider, that in rescuing me from the power of the Dey, it is your own wife whom you save?"

"Alas," replied Zarata, heaving a profound sigh, "with what rapture should I hear such words from your mouth, if the remembrance of my unhappy friend did not interfere to poison all my pleasure. This is a sentiment which you cannot but forgive, nor can you deny that Mendoza is deserving of your pity. For your sake he quitted Valencia, and lost his liberty; and I am convinced that, enslaved as he is at Tunis, he suffers less from his chains than from the reflection that he has failed to avenge you."

"He deserved no doubt a better fate," said Donna Rosaura. "I call heaven to witness that I am grateful for all that he has done for me; I greatly regret the misfortunes into which I have innocently led him, but I shall never be able to prevail on my heart to reward him with its affections."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the slaves, who waited on Donna Rosaura, and Don Juan took his leave. Nothing occurred to interfere with the plan of the renegade, who bought a small vessel, tolerably well equipped, and hastened the preparations for his departure. In the meantime, Don Juan had again seen the fair captive, and apprised her of the time when the ship would be ready. A window of her apartment opened on the garden, and from this it was arranged that the lady should descend, with the help of a ladder, which the confederates were to bring. Eager was the impatience with which she awaited the important night. At length it came, and by good fortune proved to be dark and gloomy. At the appointed moment, Don Juan placed the ladder under the window, from which the lady descended with much hurry and agitation, but in safety. Leaning on the arm of her courageous friend, they turned their steps towards the little door of the garden, which opened on the sea. They proceeded with as much speed as possible, and were already anticipating the pleasure of finding themselves at liberty, when fortune, still hostile to these unfortunate lovers, overwhelmed them with a misfortune, more difficult to be guarded against, and more painful to endure, than the worst of those which had hitherto afflicted them.

They had already left the garden, and were hastening along the shore towards the boat, which was waiting for them, when a man, whom they supposed to be one of the companions of their flight, and of whom they had no distrust, rushed on Don Juan, with his sword in his hand, and plunging it in his bosom, exclaimed, "Perfidious Alvaro Ponce, it is thus that Don Fabrique de Mendoza ought to take his

revenge on a dastardly ravisher. A wretch like thee deserves not a fair encounter." The Toledan, yielding to the force of the unexpected blow, fell to the ground, and, at the same moment, Donna Rosaura, whom he had supported, overcome at once with astonishment, fear, and grief, fainted at his side. "Ah, Mendoza," exclaimed Don Juan, "what have you done? Do you not know me? You have killed your friend. But I die content, since I can now restore to your arms your beloved Donna Rosaura, who can bear witness for me, that my attachment to you has never abated." "Gracious powers?" cried Don Fabrique, "is it possible I have destroyed my friend? But he shall not die alone; the same weapon shall punish his murderer. My ignorance may be some excuse for my crime, but cannot reconcile me to life." With these words he turned the point of his sword against his own bosom, drove it to the hilt, and fell on the body of Don Juan, who had fainted away, no more from loss of blood, than from horror at the sight of his friend's desperation.

Francisco and the renegade, who were waiting at a little distance, and who had their private reasons for not advancing to the succour of the supposed Don Alvaro, were much astonished at hearing the last words of Don Fabrique; and observing the action which accompanied them, they perceived that there had been some misunderstanding, and that the wounded cavaliers were affectionate friends, and not sworn enemies, as they had believed. They then hastened to their assistance, but finding them all without sense or motion, they were at a loss what course to pursue. Francisco was of opinion, that they should carry off the lady, and leave the cavaliers on the shore, where, to all appearance, they must soon expire, if they were not already dead. But this was opposed by the renegade, who would not consent to abandon the wounded, whose injuries might not prove mortal; and it was resolved that they should be carried to the vessel, where the renegade, who had not forgotten his old profession, and still possessed his instruments, undertook to dress their wounds. In a few minutes they had all embarked; and while some got the vessel under sail, and spread all their canvas, the others, with fervent prayers, implored the favour of heaven on their adventure, with all the earnestness which could be inspired by the liveliest apprehension of being pursued by the galleys of Mezomorto.

After having committed the management of the vessel to a French slave, in whose skill and experience he could confide, the renegade directed his attention in the first instance to Donna Rosaura. He succeeded in restoring her to her senses; and his remedies had so favourable an effect on Don Fabrique and the Toledan, that they also soon revived. Donna Rosaura, who had fainted on seeing the blow which Don Juan received, was much surprised to see Mendoza in the vessel; she easily conjectured, on seeing his condition, that he

wounded himself in a fit of remorse for the injury he had inflicted on his friend, but even this circumstance could not induce her to look upon him in any other light, than as the assassin of the man she adored.

After some time spent in silence, equally sorrowful and affecting, Don Fabrique, in a feeble tone, addressed the object of all his desires. "Before I die, Madam," said he, "I have at least the satisfaction of seeing you released from slavery. Would to heaven that you had been indebted to me for your liberty; but it has pleased Providence that the lover whom you prefer should lay you under that obligation. I love my rival too much to complain of this, and I earnestly hope that the wound which I have been so unfortunate as to give him, will not prevent him from receiving the reward he has a right to expect from your gratitude." To this address the lady made no reply; far from showing any concern for the deplorable fate of Don Fabrique, she could not disguise the feelings of displeasure excited by the state to which he had reduced her beloved Don Juan.

The surgeon now proceeded to probe and dress the wounds of the two friends. He found that Zarata was not dangerously hurt, the weapon having only glided under the left breast, without injuring any vital part. This report of the surgeon diminished the sorrow of Donna Rosaura, and was received by Don Fabrique with the greatest pleasure. He turned towards the lady,—"I am content," said he, "I leave the world without regret, since my friend's recovery is certain; I shall not now die loaded with your hatred."

He pronounced these words with so touching a tone, that Donna Rosaura was moved. Her enmity to Don Fabrique disappeared with her fears for Don Juan, and seeing only in the former a man who merited all her sympathy, she entreated him to think only of restoring himself to health, assuring him that if she could not render him happy, she would at least not confer her hand on another, but would imitate Don Juan in the sacrifice which he made of his love to his friendship. Don Fabrique would have replied, but the surgeon, apprehensive that the effort might injure him, enjoined silence, and examined his wound; this he conceived to be mortal, the sword having pierced the upper lobe of the lungs, which was sufficiently evident from the alarming loss of blood. As soon as he had applied the first dressings, he left the two patients to repose in the cabin on two beds placed side by side, and he removed Donna Rosaura, whose presence might prove injurious to them.

In spite of these precautions, Mendoza was seized with fever, and about the close of day the hæmorrhage increased. The surgeon then thought it proper to inform him, that the evil was beyond remedy, and that if he had anything to say to his friend or to the lady, he had [illegible] time to lose. This intimation was received by the Toledan with

great agitation; by Don Fabrique himself with indifference. He expressed a wish to see Donna Rosaura, who repaired to his bedside in a state more easy to conceive than describe; her face was bathed in tears, and her sobs excited deep emotion in the breast of the unhappy Mendoza. "Shed not those precious tears for me, Madam," he feebly said, "pray be composed, and listen to me; I entreat the same of you, my dear friend. I know this separation is a severe blow to you, for your friendship has stood the severest test; yet delay a little, till I leave you, to honour my memory with so many touching marks of your tenderness and compassion. Indeed I feel it more keenly than the loss of life itself. Hear by what strange accidents fate brought me to this fatal shore, now stained with the blood of my friend and with my own. You will naturally inquire how I came to mistake Don Juan for Don Alvaro; and this, if time be permitted, I will explain before my death. A few hours after the vessel, in which I was, had left that in which Don Juan sailed, we met a French corsair, which attacked us. It made itself master of the Tunis vessel, and landed us near to Alicant. No sooner was I free, than I bethought myself of ransoming my friend. For this purpose I repaired to Valencia, where I got the money, and hearing that at Barcelona the holy fraternity for redeeming captives was on the point of setting sail for Algiers, I hastened thither. Before leaving Valencia, however, I entreated the Governor, Don Francisco de Mendoza, my uncle, to employ his influence with the court of Spain to obtain the pardon of Zarata, whom I intended to take with me and reinstate in the enjoyment of his property, which had been confiscated since the death of the Duke de Naxera.

"On arriving at Algiers I repaired to the slave-mart; but in vain there, and everywhere, did I seek the object of whom I was in search. I met, indeed, the Catalonian renegade, to whom this vessel belongs; and I recognized him as a servant who had formerly lived with my uncle. I informed him of my purpose, and requested that he would unite with me in making the strictest search. 'I am sorry,' he replied, 'that I can be of no use to you. I am going to leave Algiers this night with a Valentian lady, the slave of the Dey.'

"'And what is her name?' I inquired. 'She goes by the name of Rosaura,' was the answer.

"The astonishment evinced in my countenance convinced the renegade that I was deeply interested in the matter. He then told me of a design he had formed to free her from captivity; and as he alluded to the slave Alvaro, I had no doubt but it was Alvaro Ponce himself. 'Aid me to accomplish an act of vengeance,' I cried with vehemence; 'it is rightful and just.'

"'You shall soon be satisfied,' replied the renegade; 'but inform me of your cause of complaint.'

"I explained it fully, and when he had heard it, 'It is enough,' he said; 'come with me to-night, I will point out your rival, and when you have punished him, you shall take his place, and escort Donna Rosaura along with us to Valencia.'

"My impatience, nevertheless, did not make me unmindful of Don Juan: I left money for his ransom in the hands of an Italian merchant, named Francesco Capati, a resident at Algiers, who promised to fulfil my wishes. Night at last came; I went to the house of the renegade, who guided me to the sea-shore. We stopped before a little gate, from which there issued a man, who came directly towards us, and pointing to another man and woman who followed him, he said: 'Here are Alvaro and Donna Rosaura.' At this sight I grew altogether frantic; I drew my sword, I ran towards the unhappy Alvaro, in the idea that it was a hateful rival whom I saw. But, thanks to heaven," he continued, "my error will not affect his life, nor prove an unceasing source of tears and regret to the excellent Rosaura."

"Ah! Mendoza," interrupted the lady, "you do not appreciate my affliction; I shall never recover the sad event of losing you; even should I espouse your friend, it would but be to unite our grief and regrets together. Your love, your friendship, your misfortunes, would be the sole topic of our discourse."

"It is more than I merit that you should so long regret me; it is my wish that my friend should espouse you, when he shall have avenged your wrongs."

"Don Alvaro lives no more!" exclaimed the widow of Cifuentes; 'he was killed on the very day when he carried me off, by the corsair who captured me."

'Lovely Rosaura," replied Mendoza, "these tidings give me much pleasure; my friend will the sooner be happy for them. Indulge your mutual attachment. I am glad to think the sole remaining obstacle to your wishes is about to be removed. May all your days run in a pleasing and quiet tenor, blest in a union which neither jealousy nor fortune can disturb. Farewell, Rosaura; and farewell, my Juan; do not forget sometimes to think of me—of one who has never loved anything on earth with the devotion that he loved you!"

While the gentle lady and the knight of Toledo mingled their tears at these touching words, Don Fabrique, who saw their grief, as he felt fast sinking into death, faintly whispered: "I must, by my own, add to your natural and kind expression of grief; death is on me,—I have nothing but to supplicate the Divine mercy for cutting short a life that heaven only had the right to dispose of." Saying these words, he raised his eyes to heaven, and in a few moments all was over.

Don Juan was no sooner aware of the fact, than in utter despair he tried to tear open his wound; but the renegade and Francisco were

near, and prevented him. Rosaura, terrified at his violence, united her efforts to theirs to mitigate his anguish. She did this in so affecting a manner, that he could not resist the appeal; he let them re-dress his wound; and at length the feelings of the lover began to throw a calm over those of the friend. Yet, with the return of reason, his sorrow was not less poignant; it resembled only the calmness of despair.

The renegade, among other precious articles which he was bearing with him to Spain, had some fine balm and perfume, with which, at the solicitation of the lady and Don Juan, he preserved the body of Mendoza, that they might have the sad pleasure of bestowing on it the honour of sepulture in his own country. The lovers ceased not to lament his fate during the whole of the voyage; but as the wind continued constantly favourable, they were not long before they descried the shores of Spain.

At that sight, all the captives gave vent to the most passionate exclamations of joy; on the vessel entering the port each pursued his particular destination. The widow of Cifuentes, and her lover, sent off letters for the governor and family of Donna Rosaura. Tidings of her return were received by them with joy; and as for Don Francisco de Mendoza, he showed the greatest affliction on hearing of his nephew's death. He shed tears abundantly over the body; every spectator was affected at the scene; and he soon after, turning towards them, inquired by what fearful accident he had met his early fate?

"I will inform you of all," returned the knight of Toledo; "far from wishing to banish it from my memory, I take a sad pleasure in the indulgence of my grief." He then began a recital, which drew tears from every eye; while, on the other hand, the parents of Rosaura congratulated themselves on the almost miraculous manner in which she had been rescued from the tyranny of Mezomorto.

After a general explanation on all points, the body of Don Fabrique was placed in a coach, and conducted to Valencia; but it was not there interred, on account of the viceroyship of Don Francisco being on the eve of expiration. That cavalier, therefore, had it transported to Madrid, to which city he was himself bending his course.

Meanwhile, the widow of Cifuentes lavished the richest presents on Don Francisco and the renegade. The Navarrese returned to his province, and the renegade went with his mother to Barcelona, where he was restored to the true faith, and where he lives in comparative comfort till this day. Don Francisco received a packet from the court, which contained the pardon for Don Juan, which the king was unable to refuse to the united influence of the Mendoza family, spite of the opposition of the house of Naxera. These tidings were the more agreeable to the knight of Toledo, as giving him liberty to

accompany the body of his friend, which he could not have otherwise done.

At length the procession set out, with a suite of illustrious personages; and, on reaching Madrid, the body was interred with every mark of honour, and a grand monument raised to their friend's memory in the church. They did not content themselves with this; they bore deep mourning for him they had lost during the space of a year, as if desirous, with his memory, to perpetuate their sorrow and their friendship.

Having thus shown their respect to him by every mark of attachment in their power, they gave their hearts and hands to each other; but it was long ere Don Juan ceased to cherish the remembrance of his friend with feelings of overpowering melancholy. He often appeared to him in his dreams; and still more often he again witnessed him breathing his last sighs. Yet at length the irresistible tenderness, combined with the many charms possessed by Rosaura, had begun to dissipate his morbid and suffering state of mind. He was just beginning to feel restored to his former health and happiness; a cheerful future seemed to open before him, when one day, in following the chase, to which he was exceedingly attached, he had the misfortune to be severely injured on the head. An abscess formed, to remove which the efforts of art were employed in vain. He died; and that lady whom you behold in the arms of the two females, who attempt to soothe the anguish of her despair, is his unfortunate consort, Rosaura; and, from all appearances, it may not be long before she will rejoin him.

THE EFFECT OF BEING UNDECEIVED.

SIX leagues from the court of Spain, is situated the splendid town of Alcala, which, being interpreted, means Castillo Ricco, from the circumstance of its being ennobled by having given birth to so many distinguished citizens. Its aristocracy is very ancient; and in the time of Leovegildo, King of the Goths, it already boasted a grand cathedral, as we learn from Father Juan de Mariana, in the fourth book of his celebrated history. The climate is almost the finest in Europe; its public edifices are numerous and noble, and the character of its schools such as is known to the whole world. Finally, it is the work of that holy prince of the church, Cardinal Ximenez de Cisneros, who founded this our celebrated university upon the model of that of Paris.

Alcala, moreover, is watered by the pleasant river Henares, so celebrated by poets, which runs through a delightful and refreshing public walk, ornamented with beautiful trees and flowers.

There arrived about the time of which we are speaking, at the university, a young cavalier, called Teodoro el Galan, or the gallant, such was the extreme spirit and loftiness he displayed on every occasion. Nature had been prodigal to him in all her gifts, no less of mind than of person; a combination which is too rarely met with, inasmuch as we often find prudence allied to parsimony, beauty to silliness, ignorance to wealth, and plain features to superior taste and intellect. It was the good fortune of Theodore to combine only the best of these qualities; wealth, valour, judgment, and kind and courteous manners. As these, too, in youth, are found seldom unaccompanied with some noble pursuit or passion—the favourite object of "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy"—there was one which fired the secret soul of Theodore, and seemed to him as the beacon by which he steered his path through the rough and tumultuous voyage of life. This was his adored Narcissa, a lady of distinguished family and fortune, and still more celebrated for her virtues, and her beauty. It was not to be expected that Theodore would carry away such a prize without opposition; he had a formidable rival in Valerio, a young noble of still higher birth and fortune than he could boast.

In the eyes of the lady's father, these were no despicable advantages;

but in the estimation of Narcissa herself, and that of the friends by whom she was surrounded, Theodore had every title to superior attention and regard. To counterbalance this, however, the artful Valerio had gained over to his side one of Narcissa's favourite companions, and the whole of the domestics were in his interest. Narcissa, it is true, was attached to Theodore, and by no means relished the company of his rival. The graceful bearing and distinguished gallantry of the former excited her admiration, and won her love; but her pride and reserve had left her lover hitherto a stranger to his good fortune.

Valerio, on the other hand, by no means despaired; he was extremely cautious in his conduct, and while he daily made advances in the parent's favour, took care not to incur the risk of the daughter's refusal.

But Theodore was only anxious to declare his love; and one evening, having observed Narcissa leave the house unaccompanied, he instantly joined her. As he approached, she happened to drop her glove, which, on presenting to her, he pressed to his lips, at the same moment inserting a letter in it as he gave it to her. She received it with a smile, and then feeling what it contained, a deep blush suffused her countenance; she beckoned him away, she hid the glove in her bosom, and fearful of exciting her father's anger, Theodore hastily retired.

On returning home, Narcissa eagerly perused the contents of her lover's note: "I have ever heard," it ran, "that those who love are bold and fearless as the lion: yet how I dread the very thoughts of your displeasure; how I tremble when I approach you, fearful of raising my eyes to yours, lest one look of anger or disdain should flash from those bright and beauteous orbs! Ah, in pity would you turn them on me with sweet and heavenly beams, and temper the strange awe I feel in your presence, so that I might find words in which to dare to tell how wildly, passionately I love—I adore you."

Theodore was little aware that this eager expression of his feelings was altogether superfluous; that the heart of Narcissa had before acknowledged him for its lord. Frequently he passed great part of the night in the open air near her residence, heedless of the cold air, storm, or rain. For how could he tear himself away, so long as Narcissa deigned to gladden his soul by sweet converse, and his sight by lingering at her window during the "chiming hour of night?" Only with the dawn would he be seen stealing from her presence, with folded arms and lingering step; hoping, fearing, sighing, murmuring, exulting; in short, the very soul and expression of an impassioned lover. Often too would he seek to gratify his beloved with the "concord of sweet sounds;" with music of old and pathetic airs, such as we now no longer hear. Fed upon thoughts and tones like these,

the passion of the beautiful Narcissa, overmastering every fear and opposition, stooped to solicit of her lover that he would unfold the secret of his love to her father, if it were true he loved her. The delighted Theodore was easily persuaded; for he felt that he was *his* equal, though not of her he sought; and confided in the strength of his love. Alas! he was doomed to be undeceived; for spite of his noble birth, his fortune, and deserts, he was opposed on the ground of that very gallantry which had acquired for him so brilliant a reputation at his adversary's cost. Yet since he had become attached to Narcissa, he had wholly abandoned his former pursuits; he had grown gentle, studious, and eager to oblige all around him, the better to merit the love of one so good and beauteous as he felt she was. But her parents, apprehensive of his passionate disposition and eager spirit, received his proffers coldly; and in as gentle terms as possible, informed him they had already selected another party, to whom they had promised their daughter's hand.

Theodore seemed thunderstruck at this reply; he retired without saying a word, and early on the same evening sought an interview with Narcissa. "I have had a bitter struggle," he said, in deep and mournful accents, "to prevail on myself to see you this evening. I did hardly think I could outlive the day; for to live without you is death. This very day I spoke to your parents; they assured me you were already betrothed to another; that they had passed their word, and that it was impossible for them to recall it. They had the heart to say this to the being who has loved you for years! I have lost you, unless you, my Narcissa—you—love like I do, and dare to put your affection to the proof. My God! I shall live to see you in the arms of another; but if you have not deceived me, you will save us both from such a fate. Say only the word, and I shall be *your* own, *your* promised, *your* betrothed; spite of parents and all the world."

"Theodore," replied the lovely girl, "if it be possible for parents to marry a child without her own knowledge, then, then only can I be lost to you; for with my will and consent it never shall be done. Your love is worthy of me. Oh, yes, more! deserving more than all I can do. Should my prayers and tears be of no avail, such is my affection, that it could urge me to anything sooner than yield my hand to one from whom my heart recoils. While my parents forbear to use compulsion, however, I will do nothing to grieve them. You may confide in my word; in my heart, more, Theodore; and God bless and protect you; a thousand times, dare I stay to say them, a sweet good night." More encouraged and consoled, her lover then took his leave, counting the hours and moments until he should again revisit his beloved.

About this time, a brother of Narcissa's, a rash and headstrong young man, arrived at his father's house from his travels. On the

ensuing evening, happening to see Theodore approaching, he conceived it was incumbent upon him to compel him to retire; and he accosted him. Aware who he was, Theodore bespoke him fair, anxious not to offend anyone dear to his Narcissa, let alone a brother; but neither courtesy nor entreaties produced the least effect. The young man attacked him, and Theodore was compelled to draw in his defence. He retired at the same time, without once taking advantage of his adversary; until imputing it to cowardice, the brother grew still more enraged, calling on him by his name, and venting every opprobrious epithet at his expense. "I am no coward," replied the gallant lover; "whoever says it is deceived—not to say he lies. I would not hurt you; you look too like your sister, whom I love to distraction. You know my name, and I know yours! forbear, sir, at your peril, and let me retire." It was in vain he warned and besought him; till, tired almost beyond patience by the desperate onset, Theodore at length wounded him in the sword arm, to prevent yielding his own or taking his enemy's life. He then sought refuge in the nearest monastery, to avoid the first burst of the father's anger; torn with regret and trouble at the idea of having offended the family, and incurred the displeasure of her he adored; for he knew the whole would be laid to his charge.

During this interval Theodore's rival, Valerio, had not been idle; presuming upon the former's ill-fortune, and his own merits, he concerted with Narcissa's favourite maid, whom he had bribed into his interest, to be admitted to a secret, premeditated interview, for which they had so artfully laid their schemes, as would put it out of the power, they flattered themselves, for the unfortunate young lady longer to refuse his suit. Accordingly, one evening, as the unsuspecting girl was folding up a letter addressed to her beloved Theodore, she suddenly saw the shadow of a man upon the side opposite where she was sitting; and at the same moment hearing a noise as if from the place of his concealment, she ran to the window in great alarm, and began to cry out for help. Her brother, who was within hearing, instantly rushed into her apartment, with his sword drawn, and was only just in time to behold the figure of a man, which that moment issued from a place of concealment, and rushed past him. He was masked, and fired at the idea of his being Theodore, the brother pursued him, but he made his escape by leaping out of an open window into the garden, whence he got clear off. Unluckily for his rival, who had just then approached the house, the persons in pursuit mistook him for the man who had already made his escape, and seeing the alguazils at no great distance, the father and brother instantly called upon them to secure Theodore, as he had only that night broken into their house. He was instantly seized and conveyed into prison; and on their return home the father bade Narcissa prepare to depart for the residence of an uncle, where it was believed she would be more secure

The indignation of Narcissa's family at the injury thus aimed at their honour, and which they laid to the charge of Theodore, was beyond bounds. They also accused him of having corrupted their domestics, and succeeded in impressing the same belief upon Narcissa, assuring her that they had surprised him as he was attempting to make his escape from the garden. Valerio thus triumphed in his malice; while the unhappy Theodore, a prey to grief and jealousy, was maddened with the idea that the person found concealed might possibly be some more favoured rival. But what most confirmed his worst fears, was the conduct of Narcissa's family, who now insisted that Theodore should instantly receive her hand, as the only means of repairing the wounded honour of the lady. The whole of her relations united in this demand, insisting on its fulfilment in the most haughty terms; all which made Theodore only the more recoil from it, eagerly as he had before sought an union with her. It was a bitter struggle; for he still maintained his innocence, and consequently some other person must have obtained admittance to the lady's room; for all which he was to be made answerable. He therefore refused to accept Narcissa's hand until the real culprit should be discovered, dearly as he valued such a prize. Truth, honour, justice both to himself and his Narcissa, forbade it.

These tidings threw Narcissa into an agony of grief. She appealed to heaven against the injustice of Theodore, and, unacquainted with his motives, in the first burst of indignation she threw herself at her father's feet, weeping, and entreating his forgiveness for having placed her heart's affections upon so unworthy an object. She prayed, too, for death, attesting her innocence in the whole of that unhappy night's adventure. She knew nothing of the treacherous transaction which had deprived her of all happiness and peace. This, however, soon came to light; for it was part of the traitor's project to confess it to the father, who, making a secret of it to his daughter, instantly sent for him, insisting, as he had done with Theodore, that he should wipe off the insult by marrying his daughter without delay.

In the tumult of her anguish and despair, that unhappy daughter redeemed the pledge of obedience she had just given her father, and put a climax to her misery, by suffering herself to be conducted to the altar, pronouncing the fatal vow which must ever separate her from the object of her first choice. She became the wife of Valerio, whose cruel and malignant feelings only gave a keener edge to his success. What sensations, alas! were hers, when, after the storm of passionate indignation against Theodore had subsided, she was restored to reflection, and found herself united to one whom she had never loved! It was a living death; but, as if not content with the affliction he had caused, her husband had the audacity to make public, under the plea

of vindicating his wife's honour, that it was he who had been discovered in her apartment. Thus, too, was vindicated the honour of Theodore, who had already been released, and made acquainted with all that had passed. We shall not attempt to describe his feelings, nor those of his lost Narcissa; both had become the victims of a consummate villain; and both vainly lamented in secret over the bitterness of their lot. "Oh, fatal haste," exclaimed the unhappy lover; "full speedily didst thou revenge thyself, Narcissa, on my imputed offence. Hadst thou but delayed one day, once seen thy Theodore, ere this fatal error, these burning tears—these agonies of tortured love—hate—revenge—would not have been mine. But tremble, traitor! tremble both! for I must have a twofold revenge."

By their mere intensity, however, these fiercer feelings wore themselves out, and gave place to darker and gloomier; and then more fixed and resigned sorrow. Though often brooding over revenge, he seemed to have lost the power of action: and feeling he had it still in his hands, he grew irresolute how to employ it. Poor Narcissa's fate was not less pitiable—she was consumed by secret grief. They had never met since the fatal marriage; but after some interval, Theodore resolved to seek an interview with her, previous to inflicting the vengeance he still nurtured in his breast, and then abandon his native place for ever. But how should he effect this, for the jealous Valerio watched over his prize with the avidity of a miser over his treasure, and the vigilance and fierceness of a bird of prey. He accompanied her wherever she went, and arrayed her in the most splendid and costly attire, the better to enhance her dazzling beauty in the eyes of her admirers, and enjoy the secret satisfaction their envy excited.

What hope of Theodore obtaining access to one thus guarded? but what is impossible to disappointed love and despair? How deeply would he once have felt the humiliation of having recourse to the stratagem he now did. He doffed his courtly robes and manly dress, and, disguised in that of a woman, set himself to pry into the movements of Valerio; until one evening, observing him leave home on a visit to the court, he took the opportunity, and sought admittance at the house. Without the least suspicion, he was conducted into Narcissa's apartment, and found himself in the presence of her for whom he had suffered so much. What a trial for both! Narcissa begged the stranger to throw aside her cloak, and be seated. "Certainly, if you wish it!" At the sound of that voice, Narcissa started, trembled, and fixing her eyes steadfastly on the stranger's face for some time, uttered a piercing cry, and fell into his arms.

"Alas," she exclaimed, "my Theodore, what have you done, thus to risk the loss of life and honour—yours and my own? Have I suffered so little, that you should add this last pang, the loss of your dear life, to all the rest? for assuredly it were lost, were you to be seen here,

Away, away! for you know I loved—that it is you who steep my soul in tears and bitterness; no peace by day, and worse, oh worse—wretched as I am—why did you ever love me?"

"Would to God," replied Theodore, in deep, hollow tones, "that it had so been; for keenly as I feel my wrongs, yours cut me to the very soul. I see it all. I came not to grieve you; I wish only to know one thing,—are you resigned to your lot, to live as you do; are you happy in your second choice? if so, I ought to bid you farewell, and no longer shed these unmanly tears. Is your lord as happy as he is fortunate, for treason hath won the prize? are you not his? are you not prepared to grant his smallest wishes, and to play the cruel tyrant only with me? Yes—do it, do it; and in return, I will do things that shall make the world weep and wonder, for the power, the vengeance is mine. I brood over it day and night; the consciousness is sweet. I delay it for that; but when it comes, it shall sweep you all like a whirlwind from the earth."

It was long before Narcissa had power to reply; a flood of tears drowned her voice. At length she sobbed out, "My cruel parents married me, but they could not make me love, they could not make me forget you." "You love me, then? tell me you yet love," cried Theodore, in an exulting tone, "that you were deceived—compelled—anything—only that you never loved Valerio, that you do not love the traitor now." "Never, never," said the lady, bitterly; "you know I always loved you. It was my father, it was you, Theodore, who did it all; you refused to accept my proffered hand," and she covered her face with her hands, and wept. "Wretch, madman that I was," exclaimed Theodore, "but you know not how vilely I was treated, aspersed, dishonoured; you know not all, or you would weep too for me. It is past—I was doomed; let it be so. Only declare you yet love me, and I will forget all and bless you, for I still adore you." "Kill me, but do not ask me, Theodore; I cannot, I ought not to tell." "What, what?" enquired her lover, eagerly, "quick, tell me, or this night shall end my agonies and doubts." "How I love you, then," cried the affrighted girl, "fondly, truly love you, Theodore," and her head sunk upon his breast, as she murmured the words. He pressed her madly to his bosom; their lips met, and that moment seemed to repay both for all the sufferings they had endured.

Narcissa started from his embrace. "Hark! I hear someone; away, Theodore; my love, we shall meet again." He hastened away; but he was no longer like the same being, full of anguish and despair, but rejoicing in thoughts of love and revenge. What new emotions, also, now shook the bosom of Narcissa. Love, honour, virtue, truth to her marriage vow, however fatally given—all struggled for the mastery; but love, her first, only love, asserted its rights over all the rest. She dashed away her tears; a bright beaming smile illumined

her glowing face, too long a stranger there. She adjusted her flowing tresses, and rose with light elastic step, no longer the woe-worn being she had been. A new world of joy and love seemed to open before her, and she instinctively claimed the right of being happy in it; as her own—her first vows were pledged to Theodore, and his, his only would she be.

He had no sooner left her, than she sat down to write to him; and she no longer tried to conceal the feelings which he had inspired, and which actuated her every thought. Just at this period, and ere it reached Theodore, he received tidings of the death of a worthy relative, and being the sole heir, he was required to set out instantly for Talavera. Desirous of despatching the affair, and returning as soon as possible, he dropped a few lines to Narcissa, announcing the event, and his speedy return. He then set out, while Narcissa, supposing he had received her letter, of which he said not a word, and eager to take measures for her joining him, instantly replied to his communication that she entreated he would not set out; that she must first see him, and that he would then hear of a plan which might not perhaps displease him. This was no less than to unite her fate to his, and fly the hated protection of her husband; and she conjured him not to leave her another day in his power, if he really loved her as sincerely as he professed, and as truly, as distractedly as she now loved him. "Were he once to depart without her," she concluded, "he might rest assured he would never again see her alive—never more his."

To a woman who thus loved; who had so long loved; and in the power of a tyrannical husband, who had obtained her hand by an act of cruel treachery, which she abhorred as much as she did the author of it: what a shock to her feelings when she heard that Theodore had really set out, and, as she imagined, in spite of all her prayers and entreaties, notwithstanding even her offer to accompany him, and be for ever his. She now recalled to mind his former refusal to receive her hand at the peremptory injunctions of her father; and a strange suspicion flashed across her mind, even from what had recently occurred in that very chamber, that Theodore had possibly never intended to make her his wife, and sought her less from feelings of attachment than from pique and revenge against a more fortunate rival. Her agony was extreme; she felt she had been neglected, if not scorned; her whole soul was up in arms against the supposed ingratitude of her lover; and she now almost congratulated herself that she was yet safe,—that she had not sacrificed herself,—that he could not at least sport with her good name; she was still virtuous, and she would revenge herself on the author of this last and heart-breaking trial, by remaining so. Her pride came to her assistance; she had lived to be scorned, she thought, by one for whom she would have sacrificed all her hopes here and hereafter; for with strong

passions, Narcissa had a religious mind; and after many tears and struggles, she began to consider the subject in a more reasonable, if not a more religious, point of view. She could not die as she wished, because she would live to return scorn for scorn, and show him, too, the neglect and indifference he had himself taught her.

While tossed in this tumult of passionate grief and indignation, her husband, Valerio, returned home, and soon afterwards entered the apartment. Well aware of his own treacherous conduct, and what little title he had to her affections or regard, he felt that he had hitherto only been tolerated, if not hated by his own wife; and having already gratified his vanity by displaying her charms to the envy of the world, he now became eager, by every means in his power, of conciliating her, and inducing her by the most unwearied solicitude and kindness to forget what had passed. He knew he did not possess her heart; and as he now both admired and loved her, this had at length become the favourite object of his hopes and wishes, in order to crown his good fortune, and secure her safety and his own, by making himself master of her affections, as well as of her person and her fortune.

Nor did his usual good fortune forsake him here; he could not have addressed himself to the task at a more propitious moment. He brought with him a variety of the most costly and splendid presents, such as he conceived most adapted to gratify the elegance of her taste. He presented them with a delicate and humbled air; he then seated himself near her, and after a pause of some moments, he bent his knee to the ground, and with deep emotion besought her forgiveness; assuring her of his heartfelt contrition, his remorse and sorrow at having so often given her cause to complain of his conduct. At the same time he declared his unalterable regard and attachment; his unceasing love; if she could only flatter him that the moment would come, when, having expiated his offences by sincere regret for what had occurred, she would gratify him by the hope of a return. Narcissa was strangely surprised and affected; such language was new to her, but it was not the less agreeable at that moment. At any other it might perhaps have excited pain, if not vexation and disgust; but smarting as she then was under conflicting emotions of disappointed confidence, of duty, passion, honour, religion, this sudden appeal to her best feelings gave a new impulse to her being. Her husband was at her feet entreating her to forgive, to love him; and as if impelled to seek refuge somewhere from the bitter feelings she had sustained, she sought it in his arms; and, throwing herself upon his bosom in a burst of passionate tears, she forgave and blest him; entreating his forgiveness in return, if she had in aught injured him, and declaring she would never more allude to what had passed. Valerio stood, as if doubting the evidence of his senses, transfixed with pleasure and surprise. In a transport of gratitude and love, he clasped his young

and beautiful wife to his bosom ; and from that moment their reconciliation was complete. Valerio, by a series of the most unremitting kindness and assiduities, obtained the summit of his wishes, in the full possession of Narcissa's affections ; who often blamed herself that she had not before loved him, and that she could not love him as well as he now deserved. She no longer wept,—no longer thought of Theodore, or the cause of his neglect and absence ; and in the new and virtuous sentiment that absorbed her, had so far conquered her love or indignation, that she prayed he might never return.

Meanwhile, the unfortunate Theodore had been pursued by the same unlucky destiny which had attended him from the first. After his arrival at Talavera, he had written twice to his Narcissa ; but both his letters fell into Valerio's hands, and served to confirm him in the course he wished to pursue, of repenting of his previous faults and errors, and striving to obtain the affections of his wife. These he had now effectually secured, and was beloved with an excess of tenderness and devotion, that surprised even Narcissa herself, and made him one of the happiest of mankind.

On his return from Talavera, Theodore sent a secret message to his Narcissa, to inform her of his arrival, and to complain of her never having answered his two previous letters. He received no reply; and on making further inquiries from those well acquainted with the parties, the invariable reply was, that they were quite well ;—a pattern of benevolence and excellence to all around them—courteous, charitable, and beloved ; most affectionately and passionately attached to each other : in short, one of the happiest couples in the place.

Reflecting on the short interval that had elapsed, this strange and astounding intelligence grated harshly on Theodore's feelings ; nor were those of Narcissa less painful, though arising from a different source. She trembled only for the safety of her husband ; and the violence of Theodore led her to apprehend some serious result. Yet she was resolved neither to speak nor write to him, and avoided going out of her house, or ever walking alone.

Stung with jealousy and rage at her continued silence, from which he truly inferred that he was forgotten, Theodore exclaimed in the bitterness of his heart :—" Thou fickle wanton ; hast thou indeed so soon forgotten me? What love-spell hath he cast upon thee, that hath turned thy abhorrence for him into love, thy love for me into abhorrence? Of what stream of oblivion hast thou quaffed? what sorceries have been practised to banish me so wholly from thy thoughts? Were it virtue ; were it honour which opposed me, I might reverence them, and submit ; but to know your scorn springs from the love you bear the traitor—the wily seducer—the destroyer of my peace, is too much. Had I given occasion for such treatment, it might appear just ; but in what have I offended, to deserve such utter

indifference and contempt?" Thus lamented the unhappy Theodore, while the object of his reproaches was only anxious for the safety of Valerio, to whom she now became more devotedly attached than ever, from the circumstance of finding herself likely soon to become a mother. At this period an incident occurred, which produced a sudden and terrific change in the mind and feelings of Theodore; from that moment he no longer indulged in hopeless sorrow and sullen despair, but roused himself to fearful and desperate action. On returning one evening from the public walks, which skirt the river, he heard the sound of mirthful voices approaching him, and suddenly turning into another path, he came opposite to the party. It was Narcissa, accompanied by her husband and several of his friends; she seemed in the highest spirits, and it was her gay laugh which had first struck upon his startled soul, the same he had so often heard in the golden days of their young and happy love. He had instinctively fled from it; but it was only to come opposite the whole party, and to fix his eyes upon her face—upon the wife of the proud and happy Valerio, who joined in her free and careless laugh. Theodore stood rooted to the spot; mingled rage and horror shot from his eyes;—all of injured pride—the blackest hatred, and the bitterest reproach, were concentrated in that one look. It met the eye of Narcissa; and smote on her heart like the bell that tolled her doom. She uttered a cry of terror, and would have sunk to the earth, had not her friends hurried her from the spot. They passed on; but there stood the unhappy Theodore, motionless as a statue, in the same attitude; his glaring eye fixed as when it met the basilisk glance of its enemy; his hands clenched in the same agony of rage and despair; and in his whole figure and expression, the picture of him writhing under the folds of the destroying serpents, yet defying and struggling with his doom; for the serpents of hatred and revenge were fast coiling around his soul. When he started from his trance, he was no longer the same—the demon had taken possession of his soul. He was mad with hate and revenge; and his brain was busy with a thousand cunning projects how to inflict the speediest and most deadly retribution on the heads of his persecutors.

From this time he resolved to watch the motions of Valerio, to dog his footsteps wheresoever he went. Unsatisfied with any common mode of vengeance, he determined to make him feel the terrible destiny that hung over him; and with this view sought means to entrap him into his power. He took his station near where he knew his hated and successful rival was accustomed to pass on his way to his own mansion. Night by night he watched for him (it was not a deed to be perpetrated by day), till he should come by the entrance of the place he had fixed upon as the scene of the terrific catastrophe that was to close the gloomy tragedy of his life. This was a remote and

dilapidated building, apart from the more frequented spots, and which he had engaged for his especial purpose. There, disguised and armed, he awaited the favourable moment to dart forth upon his foe, and drag him alive into its fatal precincts. It came, and swift as the winged vengeance of the thunderbolt, he seized upon his prey. Wounding him with a dagger in the neck, he then hurled him over the threshold, thrust a gag into his mouth, and bound him hand and foot with cords. The wound was not mortal, and under threat of instantly dispatching him, he compelled Valerio to write an account to his Narcissa of his having met with a dreadful accident, and beseeching her to hasten to him, but wholly unaccompanied, as she valued his life. This he had conveyed to the lady with the utmost secresy and despatch; and it was not long before she made her appearance, in extreme agitation and alarm. The door opened, and the features of the indignant Theodore met her startled gaze. She shrieked aloud, and attempted to retreat; but it was too late; firmly grasped by the arm of Theodore, she was hurried forward into the apartment where lay the form of Valerio, pale, wounded, and in bonds. What an object for his fond and distracted wife! She flew towards him; she threw her arms around him; while bitter and piercing cries attested the agony of her feelings. But Theodore, excited to the utmost pitch of rage and jealousy at the marks of love and tenderness she displayed, lost sight of his previous intentions of inflicting the lingering torments of separation he had prepared for them; he rudely tore the weeping lady from her husband's arms, and after heaping upon her every epithet of scorn, and every indignity he thought could give a fresh pang to the soul of his once hated rival, he stabbed her before his eyes, and the next instant plunged the weapon still deeper into his own bosom. It would have been an act of mercy first to have freed her husband from the horrors of that sight; but he was left alive, as if by a refinement of the cruellest revenge, in a state of suffering and distraction not to be described. He was thus found by some of the police of the city, early in the ensuing morning; to whom, before breathing his last, he communicated the particulars of this horrid instance of infuriated love, despair, madness, and revenge.

Antonio de Eslava.

ANTONIO DE ESLAVA.

OF this novelist we meet with no account, either in Nicholas Antonio, or any other biographical author of his age, that would be in the least deserving of extraction for the eye of the English reader.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TRUTH.

In the province of Syria, there was once a large and populous city called Palmyrina, amongst the noble inhabitants of which, was a young lady of more than ordinary attractions, who forms the subject of our tale. She was named Libia, and was possessed of great beauty, enhanced moreover by virtue and discretion. Her parents were dead; and as she had inherited considerable wealth, opportunities were not wanting wherein she might have chosen with advantage, amongst the numberless suitors to her regard. But it was in vain that her attention was courted by the crowd, for her heart had been long engaged to one alone. The youth who had been so fortunate as to gain the affection of this beauty, for whom so many sighed, was a native of the same city with herself, named Justino. His family was rich, and he was distinguished as a young man of a handsome and prepossessing appearance, and great gallantry of character.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the youthful lover should have taken advantage of the favourable disposition of his mistress, and pressed his suit with such effect, that her coy, yet not unwilling consent, was obtained to make him the happiest of men. It often happens, however, that the urchin god takes a perverse pleasure in raising obstacles to the happiness of his votaries, and such was unhappily the present case. At this period of our tale, when the Emperor Galienus swayed the sceptre of the Roman empire, there arose in the East a great warrior named Admetus. His great successes had rendered him tyrannical, and the inhabitants of Palmyrina had great reason to fear that he looked with a longing eye on their wealthy and populous city. They were not long left in doubt respecting his intentions, for assembling a numerous army, he invested their city, and called on them to surrender. It was then that the spirit of the people was displayed. Bands of volunteers were speedily raised, and experienced officers appointed to repel the invaders. It was a trying time for the lovers; their vows were scarcely plighted, when Justino, whose devotions had hitherto been offered at the soft shrine of love, was called by the god of war to a sterner duty. He was not deaf to the call. He had been reared in splendour, and had drank deeply of the cup of luxury, but

his soul was not debased by the enervating draught, and he burned with a noble ardour to signalise himself amongst his country's defenders.

Libia beheld these symptoms with dismay. She thought not of the danger or glory of her country, but she loved like a tender and confiding woman, and saw nothing but the danger which was shortly to encompass the only object of her heart's adoration. But there was little time for reflection, for the affairs of the city rapidly approached their crisis. The enemy made their approaches with such skill, that daily advantages were gained before the walls, and the soldiers of the garrison, irritated by the temerity of their foes, became clamorous for a sally. It was therefore determined to abandon the defensive, and give battle to the enemy on the following day. On that night the disconsolate Libia shut herself up in her apartment, and indulged freely in the sorrows which the unhappy aspect of affairs created. It was the first real grief her young heart had ever known. She wept; but tears brought no relief, for she knew not but on the morrow she might be deprived of all that endeared her to the world. She was soon joined by Justino, whose grief was scarcely less vivid than her own, notwithstanding his eager anticipation of the victory in which he hoped to bear a part.

"Dear Justino," cried the weeping Libia, "if it be true that you love me, why should you wish to render me the most afflicted of human beings? Go not forth to-morrow; stay with me, and let others meet the danger they are better enabled to bear?" "And is this the advice Libia gives to her Justino? that he should be dishonoured amongst his countrymen. No, if you have the slightest regard for me, you would not be anxious that I should show my love for you in the idle and useless pursuits which have hitherto occupied my attention, but rather that my energies should be directed to some nobler enterprise. You may then be proud of your lover, ennobled by such deeds as Orlando formerly achieved for his Angelina; Zerbino for his Isabel and Rugero for his Bradamanta. No, let me enter the lists of fame, dear Libia, and become more worthy of thee."

"Then if such be your determination, deny me not this request which can alone console me. Take me with you, and I swear by the faith which I have already plighted, to possess myself with a courageous heart, and armed and accoutred as yourself, to fight by your side, with a resolution that should not disgrace the bravest of your soldiers; but this, alas, is for thy sake, Justino, and not for my country." Justino could not be otherwise than moved with the devotedness of her whom he loved. "No, sweet Libia," he said, "I could deny thee nothing but this, but for thy honour and mine I must refuse it. How would thy delicate limbs endure the weight of arms, or thy gentle spirit the alarms of war. Remain where thou art, and pray for our victory; and remember

that, while I tread the earth, thou art ever sure of the love of thy Justino." Libia threw herself into his arms at these words; but notwithstanding the sentiments which the firm language of her lover manifested, the gentle desires of his heart were clearly visible in his eyes.

When the first rays of the morning sun began to glimmer in the east, the tocsin of war was sounded, and each prepared for the coming fight. With great parade, but with very little order, the defenders of the city sallied forth to meet the enemy, hoping by a vigorous attack to relieve their city from the threatened assault. The affair was quickly decided.

The city troops, unaccustomed to war, and possessing but little discipline, could not withstand the more regular form of the enemy. They were checked on the onset; confusion soon ensued, which was followed by a disastrous flight. The greater part of the citizens were left dead on the field, and the city itself, with all its inhabitants taken in arms, became the spoil of the conquerors. Amongst the prisoners was Justino, who was taken after a brave but useless resistance, and sent to the town of Nisia, two hundred miles from his native place, and within a short distance of the court of Odinatus. He was there sold as a slave to a rich and prosperous merchant of the city. There the unhappy Justino remained, abandoned to his ill-fortune, lamenting his deplorable lot, and his cruel separation from his beloved and beautiful Libia. Though his accumulated misfortunes pressed heavily on him, that which he most felt was his continual ignorance of her fate, and what had befallen her during the confusion of the war. A year had already passed in this state of slavery, and still he could gain no tidings of Libia. At times he was almost desperate, his imagination beguiling him into a thousand unhappy surmises. At one time he would suppose that the delicate thread of her existence had been already divided; and then again he would afflict himself with the belief, that with the variable nature of woman she had repented of her engagement; sometimes he would rest from his labour, and abandon himself to the most delightful anticipations, and which were scarce able to calm his anxiety and chagrin. But his tyrannical master, fancying that idleness formed the greater part of his melancholy, commanded him to repair to an unfrequented and lonely wood, about two leagues thence, and return with a certain quantity of fuel. Obedient to the orders of his master, Justino took his solitary way, not without a melancholy satisfaction that he was at liberty to indulge his griefs unobserved. In this manner, he found his way into the middle of the wood, almost forgetting his errand in the more interesting reflections with which he had beguiled his way. But recovering himself, at last, from his delightful though unprofitable reveries, he recollected his task, and commenced in good earnest to cut the wood required of him.

After a time, he rested from his labour, when, fatigued and thirsty, and looking around him, he saw, to his great delight, a clear and copious fountain, which discharged from numberless little channels a sparkling stream of the purest water. This was, in fact, the fountain of Truth, which, buried in the depths of the sombre forest, had been yet undiscovered by any but himself. Overjoyed at the discovery, though unaware of its hidden virtues, the thirty Justino approached its brink, and looking with delight into the depth and purity of the water, saw, with astonishment, in its bosom, a vivid portrait, or rather the natural and actual resemblance of his adored Libia, as fair and beautiful as his imagination had framed her. Ignorant of the natural effect of the water, and alive only to the representation before him, he remained for a time lost with surprise ; but recovering from these first emotions, he commenced, in a strain of the most impassioned language, to discharge the feelings of his heart. For some time he continued this amorous colloquy, until forgetting the unsubstantial nature of the vision before him, he dashed his arms into the water. The crystal surface was immediately defaced by a thousand ripples, and the image of Libia was lost. When Justino found that he lost, by his rashness, the beautiful vision of his beloved, he bewailed his misfortune aloud, as though the forest trees could compassionate his distress ; but after a time, returning disconsolate to the fountain, the movement of the waters having subsided, he again beheld the countenance of Libia, bright as ever. It was a long time before Justino could tear himself away from such a beloved object ; but, at last, fatigued with wearying the woods with his complaints, he summoned reason and resolution to his aid, and ascribed, philosophically enough, the vision which he beheld to the working of a morbid imagination. Having reasoned himself into this belief, he commenced loading the goats with the wood he had cut, and it was late before he retraced his solitary road to the city.

It was on the evening before the defeat of the city troops, that we left the beautiful heroine of our tale, a prey to the grief which was unhappily realised in the loss of her beloved Justino. When the city of Palmyrina was abandoned as a prey to the conquerors, the afflicted girl, foreseeing the dreadful consequences to the unprotected, and dreading the brutality of the victors, bid her household seek their safety ; and securing a considerable sum in gold and jewels, disguised herself as a peasant boy, and then mingling with the aged people and children, she escaped from the devoted city.

She had already heard of the brave deeds and unfortunate captivity of Justino, and although overwhelmed with affliction, she determined to arouse her hitherto dormant energies; and seeking him, either attempt his release from bondage, or share his captivity. It seldom happens that females, especially when inspired by a passion which animated the

breast of Libia, hesitate long in acting on their determination; and Libia had no sooner resolved on the enterprise, than, without heeding difficulty or danger, she hastened to put it into execution. Alone and unguided, she took her way to Nisia, near which city was the court of Odinatus, whither, she justly supposed, Justino with other captives would be taken. It was not till after a considerable time, that she drew near the famous capital of the conqueror; and during that perilous and wearisome journey, it required all the courage and fortitude with which its object had inspired her, to overcome the privations and difficulties she encountered.

It was in the afternoon of her last day's journey, that leaving the high road for a nearer path, she lost her way, and continued to wander for a considerable distance without any chance of regaining it, or meeting with any person to direct her. Her situation became truly distressing; day was declining, and she was in the middle of a tangled wood, from which there appeared no hope of egress, and at a distance from any human habitation. Wearied and dispirited, she threw herself on the ground, and for the first time since her journey, gave a free vent to her tears. Her tender feet, which had never touched anything harder than the carpets of Ispahan, were now blistered by travel, and bleeding from the thorns of the forest; and her delicate skin, which was whiter than alabaster, and on which the breath of heaven had never blown rudely, was now embrowned in the sun, and chafed by the coarse garments she had adopted as her disguise. She was aroused from the indulgence of unavailing grief by a slight rustling noise, and on looking up she saw a stately stag, moving slowly along, apparently wearied with an escape from the hunters, and unconscious of her vicinity. Libia, in despite of her own sorrows, could not but pity the noble creature, and following him with her eyes, saw him direct his steps to a beautiful and sparkling fountain, which she had not observed, to slake his thirst; when the animal, however, arrived at the brink, and bending his head, instead of quaffing the refreshing stream, seemed rooted to the spot, gazing on its bright surface as if bewildered with what he saw. Libia, surprised at the emotion of the thirsty stag, ascended a little eminence the better to ascertain the cause, and beheld, to her extreme astonishment, the figure of a hind beside the head of the antlered stag, reflected from the glassy surface of the fountain. The stag, impatient at what he saw, plunged into the water, but not finding what he wished to seek, immediately sprung from the fountain, and regained the depths of the forest. Astonished at the phenomenon, Libia descended from her situation, and approached the fountain, which, though agitated by the stag, soon became tranquil, and gazing in its depths, a scream of joy and wonder escaped from her, on beholding by her side the exact image of her lost Justino. A thousand endearing exclamations followed, and for-

getting that the whole was an illusion, she called him to come from his watery tenement, and repay the toils she had suffered for him by never again separating from her. But it was in vain; the image answered not by sign or expression to her anxious and passionate sallies, and she was obliged to convince herself that the whole was but a delusion of her excited imagination.

The shades of evening were closing before she could leave the dear image; and it was not till the fear of passing the night in those wild woods forced itself on her, that she began to think on her situation. On looking around to discover, if possible, a path by which she might extricate herself from the dismal forest, she beheld to her great joy the appearance of recent labour; there were branches of trees scattered on the ground, as though divided by the hatchet, and on closer inspection, the footsteps of human beings were clearly visible. She followed the track closely for some time, and at last had the satisfaction to see the towers of Nisia in the distance. Her strength revived with the hope that the reward of her pilgrimage was at hand, and before the night had well set in, she reached the place of her destination.

It was not long before she commenced her search, but the object of her solicitude was nowhere to be found. She was in the midst of a large and populous city, where very few concerned themselves about the affairs of their neighbours; it was therefore no great marvel, if the search for a slave who was seldom beyond his master's roof should prove unsuccessful. Libia, however, was not discouraged by ill success; and thinking that everyone must look on her Justino with the same prepossession as herself, considered it not improbable that he might be retained in some capacity about the court. She determined, therefore, to seek him within the royal precincts; and choosing a day of public entertainment as offering the greater facility, repaired to the palace yard, where she might see the various suites of the royal family. It happened that the Lady Zelinda, only daughter of the king, was the first to arrive, and alighting from her conveyance, was received by a numerous cortege of nobles; at the same moment, Libia, anxiously pressing forward to see the individuals who composed her train, was rudely struck by one of the officers in attendance, and by the violence of the blow fell to the earth.

The youth and beauty of the boy, for such she appeared to be, excited the sympathy of the crowd, who were about to lay violent hands on the officer who was guilty of the outrage, if he had not claimed the protection of the princess. Libia, the unfortunate cause of the disturbance, was brought before her, and she, struck with her interesting appearance, severely reprimanded the officer, and commanded her equerry to place the boy under the care of her own domestics, until inquiries could be made respecting him. The next

day Libia was again brought before the princess, and in answer to her questions, replied, that he was a native of Europe; that he had travelled so far, in consequence of the great repute of the court of King Odinatus, and that he wished to improve by the examples of nobility and politeness, which he had long desired to see. The princess was charmed with the modesty and elegance of the supposed boy, and shortly afterwards, by the consent of the king, her father, took him as her page.

It was not long, however, before this new situation of Libia began to create in her considerable uneasiness. Instead of enjoying greater facilities for the discovery of Justino, as she had hoped, her time was so fully occupied with the princess, that she had not the slightest leisure to prosecute the inquiries, foregoing which, no splendours of situation could, in the slightest degree, interest her.

Emboldened by the continued favour of the princess, Libia contemplated the idea of confessing her disguise, and soliciting her mistress's assistance, but was disheartened by the dread of incurring the reproach attached to imposture. At last, not being able to endure her situation, which deprived her of all hope of seeing her loved Justino, she determined to acquaint the princess with the story of the phenomenon she had witnessed at the fountain, hoping that if she should express a desire to see its effects, her real history would be told by the explanation that would ensue. Accordingly, one day she took an opportunity of relating the story of the stag to her mistress, which being considered as an extraordinary instance of the effects of imagination, caused her infinite mirth: but on Libia protesting solemnly that she could not be mistaken in what she actually beheld, the curiosity of the princess was excited; and choosing a convenient time, accompanied only by Libia and her equerry, she rode to the forest, where Libia with some difficulty retraced the path which led to the fountain. The heart of Libia almost misgave her as she approached the water, which she felt confident would oblige her to give the explanation from which she hoped everything, yet dreaded as the moment arrived. They left the equerry with the horses, and the princess, taking the arm of Libia, drew her towards the margin. The moment they looked into the beautiful and transparent mirror, the princess uttered a faint scream of surprise, and looked back, as though expecting to see some stranger behind them. But finding they were alone, she cried, "Libia, what is this I see? there is not only thy image, but that of the most beautiful youth I have ever yet lived to behold." Libia, seeing that the moment had arrived, threw herself on her knees before her mistress; "Pardon, most gracious princess, if I have deceived you too long; but this is indeed, the Fountain of Truth, where the image of that we love best in the world, is reflected by our side. If you look on that glorious countenance which yonder glassy

surface presents, you will find some excuse for me when I tell you that I have abandoned my country—that I have adopted a disguise which alike conceals my sex and rank—for the sole object of seeking one who is nearest to my heart, and of whom yonder shadow is but the resemblance." The princess was astonished at these words, and still more when Libia related her history; at the conclusion of which Libia was overjoyed to receive the pardon of her mistress, and the promise of concealment and assistance.

But it happened, unfortunately for Libia, that the means she had adopted to facilitate her object, very nearly caused the destruction of her hopes for ever. The princess was young, and of an ardent and romantic disposition. The beautiful countenance of Justino, which she had beheld at the fountain, so haunted her imagination, that she could think of nothing else, day or night. She grew listless and melancholy, shunned society, and would often, in disguise, wander to the fountain, and gaze enraptured on the features which she saw reflected from its surface, for the image of Justino was now dearest to her heart. One of the ladies of the court, to whom she was much attached, divined the meaning of these symptoms, and drew from her a confession of the truth. Being thus possessed of the fact, and willing to cultivate the further favour of the princess, this *intriguante* dispatched secret emissaries over the cities amongst the slave-dealers and the masters of slaves, to purchase Justino at any price, for the service of the king. Such active means were not long without effect. Justino was soon discovered, his slave habiliments were exchanged for costly raiment, and he was conveyed in secret to the palace. Nothing could exceed the surprise and pleasure of the princess, when her friend intimated to her what had taken place; and the force of love, that supreme leveller of all distinctions, now made her think lightly on measures which might formerly have excited her greatest reprehension. But the all-consuming flame of love seemed now to have altered her nature; for beholding the object of her secret adoration no longer through the veil of doubt and obscurity, but almost at her very feet, she now saw no other obstacle to her passion but the presence of Libia; however, this was quickly obviated, by preferring a slight charge of disobedience against the page to the king, and he was ordered into confinement during her pleasure. Affairs being in this train, it became necessary to acquaint Justino with his good fortune, which the kind *intriguante* undertook. The rapid change which Justino experienced, from indigence to splendour, excited in his mind the most vivid hope that his liberty was about to ensue, though by what means he was wholly unable to imagine. The image of his Libia was still the partner of his thoughts, and he sighed for liberty, not for itself, but for the chance it would afford of again beholding her.

It was with astonishment, therefore, not unmixed with pain, that he learned the true cause of his change. With his heart and mind already devoted to another, he felt it impossible to return the love now proffered, however flattering to his self-love, from so exalted an individual. He was not without a secret hope that it might prove a mistake, having no idea that the princess could have ever beheld him, and that he might gain his liberty on easier terms than surrendering his faith to the being to whom he was devoted. There was not much time for reflection, for Justino was ushered into the presence of the princess by the *intriguante* already mentioned. He found her in a small but splendid apartment of the palace, reclining on a low sofa supported by pillows, after the manner of the orientals, and unveiled.

The moment he entered she beckoned him to her, and pointing to an ottoman by her side, desired him to repose himself. Then reaching forth her delicate white hand and arm, adorned with fillets of pearl, and resting it on his, she gazed for a few seconds on his countenance in silent wonder and admiration. "Yes," she exclaimed, as though to herself, "'tis the very same; the same features, the same expression." "Pardon me, your highness," said Justino, to whom the above scene was highly embarrassing, "if I suppose there must be some misapprehension with regard to your servant." "None," she replied, smiling; "I know you well, Justino, and am glad to learn you are brave and noble, and therefore worthy my regard." These words confounded poor Justino, who was totally unable to reply. "Yes," she continued, "I cannot but confess to you that which many would reveal with shame. But perhaps my situation, which places me at such a distance from my fellows, emboldens me; or the love which has taken possession of my heart urges me to declare what maiden modesty would fain conceal. Justino, I have seen you, no matter how; but your image has haunted me since that moment. If I cannot elevate you to the rank which I now hold, for you I will abandon it, and be contented with your love." Justino's heart was not of stone, and for a moment the thought crossed him of the improbability of ever again beholding Libia; but it was only for a moment, his better feelings instantly rallied. "Beautiful Zelinda! no heart can be proof against your charms, no eyes can gaze on your beauty unmoved. But for me, alas! the heart you covet is not worth the wish. I am now but a poor slave; I languish for my home, my friends, and my country. How can you value the love of a slave?" "You are free," she exclaimed, "you are free to seek your home and your country. But no; 'tis not them you seek; there is another, whom you value more than these. Confess it," she cried, half rising from her couch, as though in apprehension of the reply. "Princess," he replied, "I scorn to deceive you; not even my hope of liberty shall induce me to be unjust. There is another; the remembrance of whom is so interwoven with my

existence, that the separation can be with life alone." "Alas!" exclaimed Zelinda, covering her face with her hands to hide her grief and shame, "and is it for this that I have descended from my rank, to seek the love of one who knows not how to value it—to be scorned and despised? Go," she cried, her utterance being almost impeded by her tears; "go, ungrateful man! and seek her you love, who perhaps now is in the arms of another; away, away! quit the road to fortune and fame, and leave a princess who loves you, to die."

The sight of beauty in distress has ever been a touchstone to the youthful heart; it is therefore not surprising that Justino should have felt its influence. Honour, and every manly feeling forbade him to leave the princess in the affliction of which he, although unwittingly, had been the cause; yet he felt, that to linger in her presence would be to expose his feelings, naturally warm and susceptible, to a severe trial. Zelinda observed his irresolution, and mistaking its cause, sprung from the sofa whereon she had reclined, and threw herself into his arms. "Yes," she exclaimed, "I was certain you could not leave me." Before she could be undeceived, or any explanation afforded by Justino, the door of the apartment suddenly opened, and the king entered. The princess uttered a scream of terror, as she met the gaze of her astonished parent, and would have fallen, had not Justino borne her to the couch. Justino, though innocent, could not but feel his situation critical, and prepared himself to meet the coming storm.

The king, for a few moments, was at a loss to express the anger which swelled his breast at this unexpected sight. "What base slave is this," he at length exclaimed, "that dares to dishonour my family? Who art thou? and how do I find you here?" Justino knew not what to reply, fearing to compromise the princess; yet he met the glance of the indignant monarch undaunted. "Seize him," cried the king; "cast him headlong from the highest tower, and let his base carcase feed the wolves." Two officers sprung forward to execute the dreadful order, when the princess fell at her father's feet, and embracing his knees: "On me let the weight of your displeasure fall," she cried; "'tis I who have alone been guilty. He is innocent; I swear to you, on the honour of your race, he knew not of coming hither. Hear me, my father, and I will offer you such explanation as will satisfy you of the honour of your child." "Remove him," said the king, "and see that he is forthcoming at a future time."

Justino accompanied the officers, and left the princess alone with her father, who, however, loved her too well to make the result at all to be apprehended. The officers gave Justino into the custody of another, with directions for his security, who, without further preliminaries, introduced him to an apartment assigned for such purposes, and having secured his egress, left him to his reflections. The room to which he was consigned was not altogether comfortless; it was well

provided with mats for repose, and on the table were some viands, apparently untasted. On looking more closely around, Justino found he was not alone; for at the extremity of the room, he beheld the figure of a youth reclining at his length on a heap of matting. He appeared either asleep or wrapt in reflection, and Justino was too anxious about his own situation to speculate on that of another. The silence that reigned was only interrupted by the heavy sighs which occasionally broke from the bosom of each, and told that grief was equally busy with them. At last, Justino forgetting that he was not alone, as his thoughts pressed heavily on him, exclaimed, "Alas! to what am I not reserved; when will my misfortunes terminate; but one short year has passed, and I am plunged from happiness into misery; and my own dear Libia! I am doomed never to behold her more." The stranger, who had gradually raised his head as Justino spoke aloud, no sooner heard these last words, than he started on his feet. "It is—it is," he cried, "the voice—the voice that I can never forget. It is my own Justino"—and in another instant he was in the embrace of her whom he had so long mourned.

It would be vain to recount the surprise and joy of the lovers at such a meeting, and in such a place; it is only necessary to say, that having listened to each other's adventures, during the recital of which many tears were shed over their reciprocal sufferings, a release from their confinement was the first object that occupied their attention. Libia suggested, that before the king should order any rigorous sentence to be executed, it would be better to throw themselves on his mercy, and make known to him their history without disguise; it would perhaps be the means of procuring their release, and would not be detrimental to the princess, as well by reason of the love borne her by her father, as by the fact that her father himself was no stranger to the tender passion, even where it could least have been expected. It had come to the knowledge of Libia, when in the situation of page to the princess, though all unsuspected to the court besides, that the king was deeply enamoured of an old lady who had been formerly nurse to the princess, and who had apartments in the palace, but who was so exceedingly ugly, that her actual deformity had protected her from all scandal. Nevertheless, she appeared in the eyes of the king a perfect Venus, and exceeded in attraction all the beauties of the court. However, it was agreed that they should solicit a hearing from the king, which was immediately granted, and Justino in the royal presence recounted their adverse history; and from what he had heard from Libia, related the scene with the princess and her page at the fountain, the romance of which had doubtless led her to the extravagance of which she had been guilty.

The king listened attentively to all that he related, and then replied, that if their story were true, or even had they been imposed

upon, and believed the delusion of the fountain to be true, they should have their liberty, and that what was past should be cancelled; but in order to prove the truth, he commanded them to lead the way to the fountain, that he might himself judge of the accuracy of their report. He then ordered the attendance of his judges, and, accompanied by the Princess Zelinda, they all proceeded to the fountain in the forest. It was not long before they arrived, when the king and his train placed themselves on an eminence adjoining the water, and commanded Justino to approach the brink. Immediately there appeared to the astonished eyes of the beholders the image of Libia, as clearly pourtrayed by his side as though she was herself beneath the water. Libia next advanced, and the like phenomenon was again witnessed with regard to Justino. The Princess Zelinda next underwent the trial, and the likeness of Justino was clearly visible on the surface of the watery mirror. "Your majesty may see," cried Libia, overjoyed, "that we have not imposed upon you. This is indeed the Fountain of Truth, where the image of that we love best in the world is pourtrayed as clearly by our side as though in reality." The king, still thinking some deceit was practised, advanced himself to the margin, when immediately there appeared the distinct image of the frightful old woman before mentioned. The judges and courtiers, forgetting the presence of their sovereign, could not restrain a shout of mirth, on beholding such an unexpected truth, and the king retired from the mirror which had revealed so unpalatable a truth, quite confounded. However, in order that he might not alone be amenable to the ill-suppressed witticisms of his court, he commanded his venerable judges, one by one, to undergo the ordeal. The first was an old man, whose head the frost of seventy winters had silvered, and whose reputation for wisdom had extended far and wide; no sooner had he looked in the water, than straight appeared the laughing countenance of a theatrical singing-girl; and the merriment which succeeded so discomfited the old man, that he was with difficulty prevented from disturbing the mirror that revealed so unwholesome a truth. The next was in no haste to appear, and it was only by the repeated command of the king that he was brought forward. This venerable counsellor was long known for the remarkable austerity of his morals, and the sanctity of his life; yet the moment he approached the fatal glass, there appeared the youthful features of a courtesan, whose beauty had for some time been the talk of the town. This aged gentleman underwent his share of sarcasm and raillery, and, full of rage, retired from the scene. Another, on making his appearance, was welcomed with the likeness of large sacks of doubloons, and the name of each individual marked in large letters, from whom he had received them for unjust decisions. Another was greeted with large piles of parchments and

books of doubtful character, of diablerie, and the black art, clearly indicating on what species of literature he had prepared himself for his high and important functions. Numbers of others were brought forward, but few could stand the ordeal of truth. The king, being satisfied that the laugh would not be altogether against him, enjoined, that each for his own sake should keep counsel; and on the spot collected a large reward for Justino and Libia. He gave them, moreover, a letter to the governor of Palmyrina, by which they were to regain their forfeited estates; and, restoring them to liberty, he bade them speed to their native city.

To commemorate this famous fountain, the king gave orders that a splendid edifice should be erected over the spot, and commanded that no one should enter without his royal permission, to behold the mysteries of the Fountain of Truth.

Donna María de Sayas.

DONNA MARIA DE ZAYAS I SOTO MAYOR.

THE only information we can gather respecting this lady, is founded on the authority of the industrious bibliographer, Nicolas Antonio, who assures us that she was a native of Madrid, and that she composed two series of novels, under the titles of *Novelas Amorosas i exemplares*, and *Novelas i Seraos*. She is also mentioned by Lope de Vega in his LAUREL DE APOLO in very flattering terms, without the least critical observation, from which, indeed, the whole of that strange rhapsody of names and titles is altogether exempt.

The style and character of this writer's novels exhibit much of the ease and elegance, with no little of the freedom, of Boccaccio; they abound with incident, both humorous and tragic, and with chivalric or amorous adventure. With little artifice, however, in the plot, and less study of character, there are some striking and effective scenes; while the situations are often well conceived, and the suspense is maintained throughout so as to please or surprise us.

"*The Miser Chastised*" is perhaps the only one of her novels in which the writer wholly adopts a comic tone and spirit, without any touches of a more sentimental kind. With some humour, this story combines considerable ease and originality.

Under the same title as the foregoing, appeared a drama from the pen of Don Juan de la Hoz Mota, a Spanish dramatic writer of some celebrity; who succeeded in exposing the vice of avarice on the stage in strong and natural colours, and with such bold and happy strokes of ridicule, as almost to merit its being placed in the same rank with the famous "AVARE" of Molière.

THE MISER CHASTISED.

A YOUNG hidalgo from the country, as vain of his own pretensions as he was poor in estate, arrived at Madrid to serve in the train of a wealthy nobleman belonging to the court. His pride but ill accorded with his poverty; for a miserable bed, which served him for a chair and table as well as a dormitory, constituted the whole of his possessions. This youth, whom we shall call Don Marcos, had a father yet alive, but of so advanced an age, that the number of his years answered the purpose of an income, his very infirmities everywhere acquiring for him some substantial token of the good will of the humane and charitable.

When this hopeful son arrived at the respectable age of twelve years, he had the misfortune to lose his mother, and he was then taken into the palace of the nobleman above-mentioned in the capacity of page, in order that he might make himself master of those accomplishments deemed most necessary for the honourable discharge of such an office,—to wit those of equivocation, thieving, lying, and all manner of meanness.

Although Don Marcos devoted himself very willingly to these studies, yet what pleased him most, and what he entered into with the greatest alacrity, was the study of acquiring a fortune. He commenced from his first entrance into service, to practise a plan of the most rigid economy. He was allowed, in common with others on the same establishment, the sum of eighteen quartos a-day; but he used them with such moderation, that though at the expense of his own stomach, and at the meals of his companions, he contrived to save the greater part; what little he was obliged to spend did not diminish in any great degree his daily stipend.

Don Marcos was a youth of middling stature, but by the extreme refinement of his diet, he made that which was cut out for the figure of a man look more like a stick of asparagus. The only time that his unfortunate stomach had an opportunity of rejoicing inwardly, were the days in which he took his turn to serve his master at table; on such occasions he relieved the servants from all trouble in cleaning the plates, taking such exact care of those which he removed, that they went cleaner out of his hands than when first placed on the table.

He likewise filled his pockets with such dainties as he could purloin without manifest danger to his livery, providing by this means against days of predetermined starvation. In this hopeful manner did our friend Don Marcos pass the years of his youth, during which, on many occasions, he accompanied his lord on foreign missions, where he found many opportunities of indulging his love of gain.

In the course of time, owing to the steadiness of his conduct, he was promoted from his situation of page to that of gentleman usher of the household, his master advancing him to that honour, for which he was never by nature intended. With his situation, therefore, he changed his stipend of eighteen quartos to fifty reals, and as many maravedis. But he was not induced by this accession of income to alter one jot his former economical habits; his rations were in no ways increased. Although it might be thought more incumbent on him to make a little appearance, yet the consideration of filling his purse was always paramount.

Never did he burn a light in his chamber at his own cost; and if there was at any time seen that extraordinary display, it was procured by his own diligence, or rather by the remissness of the under servants, who were in the habit of throwing away all candle-ends from the kitchen. Even of these he was particularly sparing; and oftentimes in returning home, he would avail himself of the light of the lamps to undress by, to save the said candle-ends; so that it did not unfrequently happen, that when he arrived at his chamber he was almost perished with cold. What was worse, he was sometimes observed to have been in complete dishabille in the street, by which he ran no little risk of falling into the hands of the alguazil. That which puzzled him most of all was, how to procure water for his chamber and other necessaries, which pride forbade him to carry there himself.

For some time he had been in the habit of engaging boys on trial, and then turning them away without any reward; but this being subject to many difficulties, he determined to adopt another course. He went to an open space in the city, where idle boys were in the habit of resorting to play. There he found a miserable-looking little wretch, who, he thought, would suit his purpose, and engaged him as his servant, to make his bed, to attend on him, and do everything that was necessary; for all which he was promised a portion of his own excellent fare, and the passage for his dormitory. The boy, however, soon ran away from so liberal a master, and Don Marcos was at last obliged to engage a young vagabond from the kitchen, and he was luckily enabled to make up for his slender fare by stealing from the cook.

The dinners with which this pattern of hidalgos sometimes regaled himself, consisted of a very small roll, half a pound of meat, and occasionally some broken victuals from the kitchen, which the cook

sent upon promise of his afterwards washing the plates carefully. But these were only treats for holidays; in general his moderate and well-regulated appetite was content with a small roll of bread and a lettuce, which he eat, to save time, very speedily. Sometimes he would enter the room where his companions were enjoying themselves at dinner, and seating himself near one of them, would say, "Bless me, how consoling to one's nostrils is the savour of that delicious olla podrida; does the taste, I wonder, answer to the smell? in good truth I should have no objection to try;" and suiting the action to the word, without further ceremony, he soon emptied the plate of a portion of its contents. In like manner he would go round, until he had satisfied his curiosity by tasting the flavour with them all.

It became a fixed rule, therefore, whenever his companions saw him enter, that each who could dispense with a portion should give him a mouthful without asking, but he who was not so disposed covered his plate with his hand. The only one who seemed at all disposed to be on friendly terms with him, was a gentleman of the household, and he seemed highly amused with his expedients at dinner and supper. For he would come in sometimes with his bread and lettuce in his hand; "How uneasy solitude makes one; it is for the pleasure of society alone that I join you;" and with that he would seat himself at table, and was loud in his praises of that which he liked best.

Wine he had never bought in his life, although he occasionally tasted it in the following manner. He would post himself at the street door, and when he saw the boys and girls pass with the wine which they had purchased, he would beg of them in the politest manner to allow him to prove its quality; at the same time pretty nearly obliging them to comply with a request so modestly demanded. If the young carriers were disposed to concede, he would not fail to require another taste.

On his arrival at Madrid, he came mounted on a mule belonging to one of his father's neighbours, who had kindly lent it to the youth for this special journey. He had likewise sent along with him an old muleteer to act as his servant on the road; but the discreet youth, not liking the cost of the latter incumbrance, took an opportunity of sending the old man on a message, and in his absence prudently put spurs to the mule, and left the old gentleman to measure his way back in the best manner he could.

In all the inns along the road he never once wanted a friend on whom to father the reckoning; for if he dined in company, the moment the time of payment arrived, the young gentleman was no longer to be found. For his poor mule, he fed him with straw which they cut for mattresses, until his carcase was so fallen away, as not even to be recognised by those who had come in search of him. Various stories ere long became current as to the prudence and dis-

cretion of Don Marcos, which frequently afforded no little mirth to his master and his friends; till at last he was generally acknowledged to be the most discreet young man in his line that ever courted the sunshine of court favour.

In this edifying manner did Don Marcos arrive at the age of thirty, with the reputation of a wealthy man; and with good reason, for he had gathered together, at the expense of every gentlemanly quality, and the starvation of his unfortunate carcase, a good round sum, which he always retained near him, for he dreaded every kind of speculation that might place in the slightest degree of jeopardy his darling treasure.

Now as Don Marcos was known to be neither a gambler nor a libertine, good opportunities of marriage continually presented themselves, which, however, he did not avail himself of, always considering it a speculation, and not unlikely to lead to some unfortunate result. Nevertheless, he wished to appear to advantage in the eyes of the ladies, some of whom, not knowing him, might have no objection to him as a husband. To them he appeared more in the light of a gallant than a miser. Amongst others who would have no objection to him, was a lady who had been married, but was not so well reconciled to her situation as a widow.

She was a lady of superior air and pretensions, although somewhat past the prime of life; but by the help of a little study and skill, no one would have supposed that she had arrived at so discreet an age as she certainly had. She was prettily enough called Donna Isidora, and was reported to be very rich; that she had actual property, at least according to those who knew her well, her manner of living clearly enough proved. Now this eligible match was proposed to Don Marcos; the lady was represented to him in such engaging colours, with such perfect assurance, that she possessed more than fourteen or fifteen thousand ducats, that he was led into temptation—the temptation of Mammon. Her deceased husband was represented to have been a gentleman of one of the best families of Andalusia, and Donna Isidora was equally well born, and a native of the famous city of Seville.

These flattering communications so worked on the avarice and pride of our friend Don Marcos, that he almost wished himself already married, that he might be sure of the possession of so enviable a prize. He who first entangled Don Marcos in this notable affair, was a cunning rogue of a dealer, who not only dealt in marriages, but in other descriptions of more sure traffic, bartering by wholesale beautiful portraits, whether originals or not, for still more beautiful purses; and whenever any business was carried on in the court of an equivocal nature, he was always the agent when assured of a good recompense.

He promised therefore an introduction to Don Marcos that very evening, because, as he said, there was danger in delay. When the evening arrived, Don Marcos was introduced by his friend to the house of Donna Isidora. He was quite astonished at the magnificent appearance which it presented; so many valuable pictures in costly frames, and everything around being of corresponding beauty and richness. He could not keep his eyes off the beautiful sideboards, reminding him of his dinners; secretaires, damask hangings, and other rich articles of furniture, which seemed to appertain rather to a distinguished lady of title, than to any private individual.

All the apartments, in fact, were fitted up with such taste, and the house exhibited such an appearance of order and cleanliness, as well as costliness, that it appeared to the eyes of Don Marcos rather as a celestial paradise than the abode of a mere ordinary mortal. There next appeared two handmaids, quite in unison with this elegant establishment, one engaged for general labour, and the other more as a personal attendant upon her mistress. They were both exceedingly well-looking and agreeable, particularly the attendant, who might with justice have been a queen, if beauty alone could purchase kingdoms.

Above all, however, Don Marcos admired the apparently well-regulated taste of Donna Isidora, which seemed governed by a sense of prudence and discretion in the arrangement of her household, as well as in the sterling value and luxury of all he saw. Such too was the politeness and urbanity of manner displayed by the mistress of the mansion, that she succeeded, not only in exciting his admiration but in awakening a gentler passion; this he thought evinced the acuteness of his judgment, and the abundance of his own good taste.

Donna Isidora was profuse in her thanks to the obliging gentleman who had procured her the pleasure of such an acquaintance; and she finally established her triumph over Don Marcos, by inviting him to a costly entertainment, wherein she displayed the utmost luxury and wealth.

At this entertainment Don Marcos was introduced to a young man of a very gallant and prepossessing appearance, whom Donna Isidora honoured with the title of nephew. His name was Augustin, and he, in turn, seemed happy in the chance that gave him so delightful a relationship. The under servant, Ines, waited on them at table, because Marcella, by the order of her mistress, was engaged to entertain them with her guitar, in the management of which she was so perfect, that even the grandees of the court were seldom regaled with better music. Her voice, which she accompanied with the instrument, was so melodious, that it appeared more like that of an angel than a woman. The unaffected manner, too, without the

slightest timidity, yet equally free from boldness, in which she sung, lent an additional charm; for without being entreated, she continued to amuse them, feeling confident that her performance would be well received.

It can hardly be determined from what part of the entertainment Don Marcos derived the greatest satisfaction; whether in the enjoyment of the delicious viands set before him, savoury or sweet fruit, fresh, and of the choicest description, accompanied with wine of such generous quality, as would have rejoiced the heart of the most sorrowful anchorite; yet they were scarcely equal to the exquisite voice of Marcella, which continued to regale his senses during the time of his feasting, in which he was so politely assisted by Donna Isidora and her nephew, that had he been a king, no greater attention could have been shown him.

The sweet voice of Marcella sounded harmoniously in his ears, the good things which were set before him were no less grateful to his palate, so nearly did the grosser feelings rival those of a more intellectual cast. Don Marcos felt himself so completely at ease with the well-bred, though generous hospitality of Donna Isidora and her nephew, that without the least scruple he amply indemnified himself for many a hungry day, as the sensible diminution of the luxuries of the table bore abundant, or rather scanty testimony. It may be said without exaggeration, that that evening's entertainment furnished him with as much as six days of his ordinary consumption; and the continual and repeated supplies, forced on him by his elegant and kind hostess, were in themselves sufficient to enable him to dispense with eating for a considerable time to come.

The pleasures of the conversation and of the table finished with the daylight, and four wax candles were placed in beautiful candelabras, by the light of which, and the sounds which Augustin drew from the instrument which Marcella had before touched so well, the two girls commenced a dance, in which they moved with such grace, as to excite the admiration of their superiors. After all this, Marcella, at the request of Don Marcos, again took her guitar, and closed the evening's amusement with an old chivalric romance.

On the conclusion of the song, the gentleman who had introduced Don Marcos, gave him a hint that it was time to retire; who, though unwilling to leave such good company, and such good cheer, and at such little cost, took leave of his kind hostess with expressions of consideration and friendship, and took his road homewards, entertaining his friend by the way with expressions of admiration of Donna Isidora, or rather, more properly speaking, of her money. He begged him as soon as possible to have a deed drawn up which would ensure to him so enviable a treasure. His friend replied, that he might already consider the marriage concluded, for that his opinion held such weight

with Donna Isidora, that he would take an early opportunity of speaking with her to effect the arrangement, for he fully agreed with him, that delays were dangerous.

With this excellent maxim they separated, the one to recount to Donna Isidora what had passed, and the other to return to the house of his master.

It being very late, all the household had retired to rest. Don Marcos availing himself of the end of a candle, which he generally carried in his pocket for the purpose, withdrew to a small lamp, which lighted an image of the Virgin, at the corner of the street. There he placed it on the point of his sword and lighted it, making, at the same time, a very short but devout prayer, that the very reasonable hopes he had framed might not be disappointed. Satisfied with this pious duty, he then retired to rest, waiting, however, impatiently for the day which should crown his expectations.

The next day he was visited by his friend Gamorre, such was the name of the gentleman who had recommended to him this tempting alliance. Don Marcos had risen by times that morning, for love and interest had conspired to banish sleep from his pillow. It was, therefore, with the utmost joy that he welcomed his visitor, who informed him that he had been successful in his mission to Donna Isidora, and that he was the bearer of an invitation to him from that lady to pass the day at her house, when he would have an opportunity of personally pressing his suit, and perhaps concluding the negotiation which had so happily commenced.

Overjoyed at his good fortune, Don Marcos attired himself in the choicest suit his scanty wardrobe could furnish, and set forward towards the house of his lady. Donna Isidora received him with her usual affability, and Don Augustin with a thousand compliments. Conversation was kept up with great spirit until the hour of dinner, and Don Marcos had the satisfaction of finding that he had made such progress in the esteem of his mistress, that his success was no longer doubtful. The table was laid in another apartment, with all the splendour suitable to the house of a person of quality. Donna Isidora found no great difficulty in persuading her guest to help himself at table, for Don Marcos was a man of too much good sense to allow those precious moments to be wasted in useless compliments, which might be so much better employed.

Don Marcos having satisfied his appetite as much to his satisfaction as on the day before, in imagination he began to enter into his new duties; and seeing Donna Isidora so liberal in every thing, and without the least thought of economy, he began to consider, that all this superfluous expenditure was so much money out of his own pocket.

When the dinner was ended, Donna Isidora asked him whether he would like to dispense with the hours of the siesta; but Don Marcos

took this opportunity of testifying his horror at all such ungodly and unthrifty amusements, which he averred was a saving to him of very many ducats in the year. "Take pattern," said Donna Isidora to Don Augustin; "take pattern by Don Marcos, who knows neither cards or play, and assuredly it will be the better both for your soul and estate: but go, child, and tell Marcella to bring her guitar, and Ines her castanets, which will be a more reasonable diversion to Don Marcos, until Señor Gamorre arrives with the notary." Augustin flew to obey his aunt's commands, and meanwhile Don Marcos took the opportunity of suggesting a few economical hints as to her future establishment, hoping that Don Augustin would see the propriety of conforming to his ideas of moderation. "He was himself," he said, "a friend to early hours, and particularly with the additional treasure which the house would contain when he removed his effects thither. That he would consider it but an act of common prudence to close the doors early, and place them under the safeguard of lock and key; not that he was in the slightest degree jealous, but that the houses of rich people were peculiarly liable to the attacks of thieves." Donna Isidora commended his prudence, and promised everything for her nephew, who at that moment arrived with the young women; and stopped a conversation so interesting to Don Marcos.

Marcella, however, indemnified him with the music of her voice, which he so much admired, accompanied with the guitar and the castanets. Don Marcos showed himself on this occasion to be a man of excellent taste; for though the romance sung by Marcella might have appeared to the fastidious ear of a courtier somewhat long, and not over refined, yet to him it seemed all too short. He thanked Marcella, and begged her to give him some more, but at that moment the good Gamorre arrived, with one whom he introduced as his notary, but who from his appearance might just as well have been his lacquey. He was provided with the writings which had been agreed upon, and wherein Donna Isidora was represented to be possessed of twelve thousand ducats.

Don Marcos was too well contented with the prospect of such a property to be very particular in his inquiries. He therefore signed the writings with great good will, and embraced Donna Isidora, calling her, at the same time, by the endearing title of spouse. They supped that night with the same elegance and abundance as they had done before; although the principal topic of discourse was moderation of appetite, it appearing to Don Marcos, as master of the house, that even the rich dowry of his mistress would hardly be sufficient to meet such an expenditure.

Before they parted that night, every thing was arranged for their marriage, which in three days from that time was solemnized with all the splendour becoming people of rank and wealth. Don Marcos on

this occasion so far overcame his parsimony, as to present his wife with a rich wedding dress of great cost and fashion; calculating very wisely, that the expense was but trifling in comparison with what he had to receive. When his marriage was made known at the house of his patron, every one congratulated him on his choice, and his great good fortune; for though it was true that his wife was somewhat older than himself, yet her wealth amply compensated for any such disparity.

Behold, then, our friend Don Marcos, lord and master of this sumptuous dwelling, and its amiable inmates; and when the day of the auspicious union arrived, it found him in a state of the greatest possible contentment and happiness.

"Surely this is the happiest day of my life," he said to himself. The future domestic arrangements were all carefully discussed by the calculating mind of the bridegroom; and he already had disposed of his anticipated savings in a speculation; for he had began even to think of speculating as to the greatest saving and profit.

Before retiring to rest, however, these flattering visions were a little disturbed by the sudden illness of Augustin. Whether it proceeded from mortification at his aunt's wedding, which threatened to curtail him of some of his fair proportions—his accustomed pleasures, or from some natural cause, it is impossible to say; but the house was suddenly thrown into a state of the greatest confusion; servants running about for remedies, and Donna Isidora in a state of the most violent agitation! She undressed him with her own hands, and put him to bed, at the same time bestowing such marks of tenderness as almost to create a feeling of jealousy in the breast of the bridegroom. However, the invalid became composed with the efforts which were made in his behalf; and Donna Isidora ventured to leave him and retire to rest, while the bridegroom went his round, taking care to see that the doors and windows were all fast, possessing himself of the keys for their better security.

This last act of caution seemed to be looked on with great distrust by the servants, who immediately attributed to jealousy that which was the result only of care and prudence; for Don Marcos had that morning removed to the house, with his own valuable person, and all his worldly possessions, including his six thousand ducats, which had not for a long time seen the light of day, and which he intended should still be consigned to solitary confinement, as far as locks and keys would ensure it.

Having arranged everything to his satisfaction, he retired to his bridal-chamber, leaving the servants to bewail their unhappy fortune, in having got a master whose habits threatened to curtail them of little liberties which the kindness of their mistress had so long indulged. Marcella spoke of her dissatisfaction at once; saying that

rather than live like a nun, she should seek her fortune elsewhere: but Ines confessed that Don Augustin had so won her heart, that she could not leave the place where he remained, however unfavourable might be the change in their situation. Marcella therefore prepared to undress, but Ines fancying that she heard a noise in the chamber of Don Augustin, and fearing he might require something in his illness, stepped lightly to his room to inquire in what she might assist him.

On the ensuing morning, Ines, fearing that her mistress might discover her evening's occupation, was about the house earlier than usual, and went to relate to her friend Marcella the cause of her absence; but to her surprise she found the chamber of Marcella empty, and no appearance of her having slept there that night. Astonished at so strange a circumstance, she left the room to seek her, and was still more surprised on finding the outer door unlocked, which her master had so carefully fastened the night before, and as if for the purpose of disturbing all Don Marcos' ideas of security, it had been left wide open.

On seeing this, Ines became terribly alarmed, and flew to the chamber of her mistress, raising an outcry that the house had been broken into. The bridegroom, half stupified with terror, leaped from the couch, calling for his wife to do the same; at the same time drawing aside all the curtains, and throwing open all the windows, in order that there might be no deficiency of light to see whether anything were missing. The first thing he beheld was what he supposed to be his wife, but so altered, that he could scarce believe her to be the same; instead of six-and thirty years of age, which she professed to be, this sudden and unwelcome visitation of morning light added at least twenty years to her appearance; small locks of grey hair peeped from beneath her night-cap, which had been carefully concealed by the art of the hair-dresser, but the false hair had in the carelessness of sleep been unluckily transferred to the ground.

The suddenness of this morning's alarm had produced another no less unfortunate mischance; her teeth, which Don Marcos had so complimented for their regularity and whiteness, were now, alas! not to be seen, and the lady at least verified the old proverb of not casting pearls before swine. We will not attempt to describe the consternation of the poor hidalgo, or waste words which the imagination can so much better supply. We will only say that Donna Isidora was confounded; it was intolerable that her imperfections should be made thus manifest at so unseasonable an hour, and snatching up her strayed locks, she attempted to replace them, but with such little success, owing to her extreme hurry, that had not Don Marcos been overwhelmed with consternation, he would assuredly hardly have refrained from laughter. She then sought to lay hands on the dress

she had worn the previous day; but, alas! nothing of the rich paraphernalia in which she had been attired by the gallantry of her husband—not one of the jewels and trinkets in which she had dazzled the spectators' eyes, remained.

Don Marcos, on his part, was struck dumb with horror, on finding that his own wedding suit was missing, and likewise a valuable gold chain which he had worn at the ceremony, and which he had drawn from his treasure for the purpose. No pen can describe the agony of Don Marcos upon this fatal discovery; he could not even console himself with the youthful graces of his wife, for turning towards her he saw nothing but age and ugliness, and turning his eyes again from her, he found his expensive clothes all vanished, and his chain gone.

Almost out of his wits, he ran out into the saloon, and throughout the apartments, attired only in his shirt, wringing his hands, and betraying every sign of a miser's lamentation and despair. While in this mood, Donna Isidora escaped to her dressing-room, without giving herself the trouble of inquiring into the minor catastrophe, and busied herself in repairing the personal injuries which the untoward event had produced. Don Augustin had by this time risen, and Ines recounted to him the adventures of the morning, and they both laughed heartily at the consternation of poor Don Marcos, the ridiculous accident of Donna Isidora, and the roguishness of Marcella. Though only half dressed, he flew to his aunt, to console her with such arguments as he could muster upon so short a notice.

Don Marcos, unable to recover what he had lost, and beholding his wife so different a creature to what he had left her, almost fancied himself bewitched, so little did he believe it possible that such a transformation could be so hastily effected. Don Marcos, accompanied by Don Augustin, then questioned Ines, to discover if possible whether she were a party to the retreat of her companion. But nothing could be elucidated, and Don Marcos very wisely consoled himself by resignation to the will of God, though with a bad grace, for the loss of his gold chain weighed heavily on his soul. In short, he was one of the most afflicted men on earth. And as if fortune took a delight in tormenting him, no sooner did he begin to recover about dinner time, than two servants of a neighbouring gentleman arrived with a polite message to Donna Isidora, begging that she would return him the plate which she had borrowed some time before. Donna Isidora received the message complacently, and of course the only answer was to send back the silver service, candlesticks, and salvers, and all the other things in the house which had so attracted the cupidity of Don Marcos. He could hardly believe the reality of the fact, and rising in wrath, swore that the articles in question were his own pro-

perty, and declared that they should not be removed. The astonished menials ran back to inform their majordomo, who, with others of his train, repaired to the house of Don Marcos, and finally succeeded, though with much difficulty, in bearing away their master's property. In vain did Don Marcos beat his breast and tear his hair; he became almost blind with rage, and his language was that of a madman. Donna Isidora endeavoured to console him, saying, that such trifles ought not to discompose him; that he ought to consider, that as there was no remedy for it, the best consolation was patience. The good hidalgo endeavoured to think so too, but from that day he knew no peace; even his dinner failed to comfort him.

Don Augustin eat and drank as usual, without appearing to notice what had past; amusing himself with the witty remarks of his favourite Ines, regarding the clever management of Donna Isidora, and the misfortunes of Don Marcos, with apparent indifference.

Setting aside these mischances, however, Don Marcos would have been contented with what remained, if fortune had allowed him to enjoy it in peace. But as the marriage of Donna Isidora was now pretty well known throughout Madrid, a number of tradesmen waited one morning on Don Marcos with their accounts. One of these was for three months' hire of furniture, the party likewise stating his intention of taking it away with him, observing, that a lady who had married so well as Donna Isidora, would doubtless wish to buy furniture for her establishment.

At this second blow Don Marcos became speechless with agony and astonishment; not a single article of which he flattered himself he was the undisputed master, appeared to belong to him; in fact, he could claim nothing as his own but his wife, who in fact was the only fixture, and the worst species of property that an economical man could wish to possess. In the first ebullition of his wrath he laid hands on his unfortunate wife, tore her false hair from her head, and nearly demolished her teeth. This outrage was not patiently borne by his afflicted helpmate, who replied to his extravagances only with reproaches and tears, imploring him, for the sake of his honour, not to expose to the world the mercenary motives for which he had married her, and which she, to her cost, pretended now to discover.

"Madam," exclaimed the infuriated hidalgo, "my honour is my money, and I will take good care that no one to whom you may be indebted shall ever see the colour of it." The voices of this affectionate pair now rose to such a pitch, that the person who occupied the first floor, and whom Don Marcos supposed paid a handsome rent for it to his wife, now made his way up stairs, and without the slightest ceremony entered the apartment, exclaiming, "If we are to have a repetition of these disturbances, provide yourself

with another lodging, in the name of God. I am a friend to order and quietness."

"Other lodgings, you villain," cried Don Marcos, struck with the absurdity of the request, "unless you learn how to treat the master of the house, it is you who shall seek other lodgings, and soon, too, my friend."

"By the holy Virgin," exclaimed the incensed landlord, for such he really was, "if you don't alter your tone, and pay me my rent, yonder window shall be your quickest way out of the house."

Don Marcos, foaming with rage at this continued provocation, would have laid violent hands on the landlord, if he had not been prevented by Donna Isidora and Don Augustin. With some difficulty they appeased the master of the house, by promising him his rent on an early day.

The miserable Don Marcos knew not now which way to turn or what to do, fearing to remain at home lest he should encounter more of his wife's creditors. He took up his hat, however, and sallied forth with the intention of seeking another lodging, hoping that by such means he might evade other payments. Augustin accompanied him, and they hired apartments of a very humble nature near the palace of his former patron.

"Get thee back to thy old cheat of an aunt, child, and say that I shall not be home to dinner. Tell her, also, she must be prepared to remove on the morrow." Augustin did as he was desired; recounted to his aunt what had passed, and consulted with her on the best method of removing.

The miserable and disconsolate hidalgo returned at night half dead with hunger, and in the morning he told his wife that he should go to the new house and make every thing ready for their reception; and he ordered Ines to procure a cart, to convey what property they could call their own, and of which Augustin and his wife were not to lose sight until they were safely removed.

Don Marcos accordingly went to the new lodging, and having prepared for their reception, waited till they should arrive with the goods and other valuables. He remained patiently for some hours, giving them time for packing up and conveyance; but at last growing impatient, and a certain misgiving creeping over him on finding it was already so late, he returned to his former house to know the reasons of the delay. Finding the doors fastened, and no answer being returned, he inquired of a neighbour, but could gain no satisfactory intelligence.

This was too painful to bear, and breaking the door open, he rushed in at once to end his doubts. But, alas! the appearances which presented themselves were of such an appalling reality, that he was almost bereft of reason. Not a single article of value remained; and it now appeared clear, that the wife whom he had so much coveted,

had not only encumbered him with debt, but had taken away every article he possessed in the world, including even the six thousand ducats which he had accumulated by so many years of care and thrift, which he believed were carefully concealed in his escritoire. He beat his head against the wall, and then threw himself at full length upon the ground, uttering a thousand imprecations on his wife, and cursing the day on which he was trepanned into so unfortunate a speculation.

His wild and troubled cries soon brought people to his assistance, one of whom, on hearing the cause of his grief, related that he had seen a light cart going at a quick pace from the house early in the morning. Seated in this were his wife and nephew and servant, together with sundry boxes and packages, and, doubtless, the six thousand ducats. That on inquiring their destination, he was answered, truly enough, that they were going to a part very distant from Madrid.

This account crowned the misery of Don Marcos; but as in the height of misfortune hope sometimes enables us to bear up with fortitude, he rushed out, hoping to find the road his domestic traitors had taken, for his aged bride still possessed his heart, which lay in the midst of his six thousand ducats. But he could gain no intelligence from the carriers, or from any other person most-likely to throw light upon the subject; and thus he was left without a single ducat to comfort him of those he had lost, and, moreover, overwhelmed with debt, which he saw no possibility of discharging.

Distracted with these reflections, and turning towards the house of his master, who should he see, on turning the corner of the street, but the fugitive Marcella. It was impossible for her to avoid him, although she evidently wished so to do, for he met her face to face. Don Marcos seized hold of her, "Holla, you thief, restore what you plundered me of on the night you quitted my service; give me the gold chain, or take the consequence."

"Ah! my dear master," said Marcella, whose ready tears began to flow, "what you charge me with was no fault of mine, my mistress obliged me to it."

"How?" said Don Marcos.

"For God's sake," said Marcella, "before you attempt to expose me, listen to what I have to say. I have a good character, and am about to be married. Such a charge, therefore, would do me the greatest injury, particularly as I am innocent. Step beneath this archway, and I will presently let you know what became of your gold chain and clothes." Don Marcos, as may already have been surmised, was rather easily imposed upon; and giving some credit to the tears and protestations of Marcella, he retired with her beneath the portal of a large palace, to hear what account she could give of her conduct.

Here she recounted to the astonished hidalgo, that his marriage with Donna Isidora was a preconcerted scheme to rob him of his wealth. She told him, likewise, that Don Augustin was not her nephew, but a young man of loose and abandoned habits, who was at once her gallant and assistant in any schemes by which she might entrap the unwary; that his chains, and clothes, and jewels that were lost, had been given by Donna Isidora to Don Augustin, and that her mistress had turned her away that very night, in order that the charge might rest upon her. Then, in a tone of confidence, she begged Don Marcos to be on his guard, for that she was sure they intended to rob him of all he was worth, and escape from Madrid.

"Alas!" replied the poor man, with tears in his eyes, "your caution comes too late, Marcella; they have already stripped me of the last maravedi." He then recounted to her all that had passed since she left, which she heard with well-feigned indignation. "Is it possible," she exclaimed, "that there is so much wickedness in the world? It was with good reason that my mistress sent me out of the house for not choosing to become an accomplice in all her schemes. I intended to have acquainted you with my suspicions; however, it is useless to regret it now. If I can be of any service to you, Sir, you may command me."

"Alas! Marcella," said Don Marcos, "there is no remedy; neither do I know where or how to find the slightest intelligence of them."

"Oh, Sir," said Marcella, "I think in that I can assist you; for I am acquainted with a man, who, with the blessing of God, is to be my husband. He, I am sure, will be able to inform you where they are to be found; for he is a great astrologer, and is a magician, indeed, of such power, that no secret is hidden from him."

"Ah! Marcella," said Don Marcos, enraptured at the idea; "if, indeed, you can do this for me, you will make me the happiest of men."

Those who are at all mischievously inclined themselves, when they meet with any one fast falling in the world, are generally desirous to render his descent the quicker; and thus it was with Marcella in respect to her unfortunate master. By way of putting in practice so amiable an inclination, she begged him to accompany her to the astrologer's house, which was not far distant. While proceeding thither, they met a servant belonging to the master of Don Marcos, of whom he borrowed four reals, which he thought might be necessary to bribe the astrologer's favour. On arriving at his house, they found the conjuror deeply engaged at his studies.

Don Marcos having recounted his misfortunes, to all which the sage listened very attentively, was given to understand, that for a certain sum of money, in the course of eight days he might be informed where his treasure was to be found. Overjoyed at such glad tidings, Don

Marcos promised the money, and only murmured at the length of time he was to remain in ignorance of what he heartily desired to know. The astrologer, however, informed him that such a time would be absolutely necessary, as he had to speak with a demon, whom it was sometimes difficult to summon; and he added, that unless he were a man of very strong courage, he had better not proceed with the adventure, as his familiar was a demon most frightful to behold. But Don Marcos replied, that although in the loss of property he was a very woman in spirit, yet to recover it, he would face not only the demon of which he spoke, but all the infernal potentates put together. Then giving the four reals, and promising to bring the stipulated sum by the appointed time, he took his leave of the astrologer and Marcella, and retired to the house of a friend, if indeed the miserable have any friends to lament their misfortunes.

Here we must leave him to return to the astrologer, who had already heard from Marcella all the particulars of his history, and determined to give the finishing stroke to his matrimonial misfortunes by the following comic rehearsal of their parts. He took a large cat, and shut him up in a very small chamber communicating with the sitting-room by means of a door and a small window, about a man's height from the ground. On one side of this they put a strong net, then flogging the cat severely, until he was almost mad with pain and rage, they untied the cord by which he was fastened, when seeing no other mode of escape but the window, he immediately flew to it, where becoming entangled in the net, he was easily brought back again to his former situation. Having performed several times, the cat would fulfil his duty on being untied without the actual application of the rod; fear of it alone acting as his prompter.

On the eighth night, fixed for the exhibition, the unfortunate hidalgo having, much against his inclination, borrowed one hundred and fifty reals to give the astrologer, repaired to the place of appointment. He first placed in the hand of the astrologer the money he had raised, hoping that the sight of so much cash might animate him to perform his conjurations more powerfully. Don Marcos was then with much ceremony seated in a chair beneath this small window, which communicated with the lesser chamber. It was now past eleven o'clock, and the only light they had was from a small lamp placed in the adjoining chamber, where the cat was all ready to play his part, with the help of a wicked urchin, who was directed to answer his master's signals. Marcella had withdrawn, fearful that her courage was not quite equal to bear the sights.

The magician then attired himself in a black robe, and a cap of the same colour, and taking a book in his hand, full of Gothic characters, quite worm and moth eaten, he made a circle with the wand on the floor, and began to mutter some indistinct sentences from his book, in

the most imposing and melancholy tone. From time to time he uttered aloud some words of extraordinary sound, which quite astounded Don Marcos, who had never heard anything like them before. The good hidalgo kept looking at all sides, and listening to the slightest sound which he thought might precede the appearance of the demon that was to give him the required information.

The astrologer continued to make the circle on the floor, and he occasionally threw into a brazier which stood beside him, a powder, which was followed by a sulphurous flame. "O demon Calquimorro! thou whose care it is to watch the ways of travellers, and to know their designs and destinations, I command thee to come thither, that, in the presence of Don Marcos and myself, thou mayst relate the intentions of the people whom they seek, and the place where they are to be found. Come quickly, or dread my displeasure. Ah," he continued, after a little pause, "dost thou rebel, wicked sprite? then listen, and I will unfold to thee the extent of my power." With his rod he then continued to describe the circle, and muttered some other passages from the book in a quick and hurried manner, at the same time producing fire of different colours from the brazier, which, with the insufferable smell, excited certain uneasy sensations in the breast of Don Marcos.

The sage now finding the time approach, and Don Marcos not very well fortified for the result, exclaimed aloud, "O thou that holdest the keys of the infernal gates, command thy guardian Cerberus to allow the demon Calquimorro to pass, that he may tell us where those travellers be concealed whom we seek, or I will torment thee cruelly. At this moment the boy, who had charge of the cat, setting fire to some combustibles which were fastened to the animal's tail, and at the same time unloosing the cord, he sprung upwards to the window, covered with fire, and screaming with frightful energy; and without paying the smallest respect to Don Marcos, who sat beneath, for he came directly down upon his head, scorching the poor hidalgo's hair and beard, and thus scampered through the apartment into the street.

Don Marcos, who had been already worked up to a pitch of excitement by the scene, hearing the terrific screaming, and feeling the fiery animal pass over his head, leaving by the way traces of his infernal origin, was seized with a sudden and uncontrollable qualm, fancying that instead of one devil he had beheld the whole population of the infernal regions. No longer able to conceal his terror, and without hearing a voice which cried at that moment, "In Granada they will be found," he fell senseless on the ground. What with the cries of Don Marcos, and the screaming of the cat leaping and scampering about the street, a crowd was speedily gathered, amongst whom was the chief of the police himself. They immediately entered the house whence they heard the cries, and there they found Marcella and the

astrologer endeavouring to restore Don Marcos, but in vain. The alquizilli having notice of the transaction, were soon on the spot, and not being able to ascertain the meaning of the disturbances, they left Don Marcos in the charge of Marcella with two guards, and carried the astrologer to prison, with the boy, whom they found in the adjoining room. Next morning a report was sent to the alcalde, who ordered the prisoners to be brought before him. Having heard the case, he sent to inquire whether Don Marcos was yet alive. By good luck he had been restored, and having heard from Marcella an account of the transaction, the circumstances of which, in his terror, he had entirely forgotten, he was obliged to acknowledge himself one of the most cowardly of men.

He was then taken before the justices; and in the course of examination, the circumstances of his marriage, and all the misfortunes which followed it, were extracted from him. He gave them an account of his agreement with the astrologer, and what had followed it; and related, that, upon reading certain books of diablerie, there issued a devil or devils, more horrible than ever man beheld, on which, not able to endure the sight, he fell to the ground.

The astrologer in his defence declared that it was merely a little innocent amusement; and produced the books, which, instead of diablerie, were simply a copy of the romance of Amadis of Gaul; and as to the demon so horrible to behold, the poor cat was produced, found dead in the street.

At the relation of this ridiculous story, the whole court burst into a laugh, and poor Don Marcos, who had lost his money, now became the jest of the bystanders. Such was his rage and shame, that he could have put an end to the astrologer and himself, more particularly as the case was dismissed by the judges, with an admonition to Don Marcos to be more cautious in future, and not to be so busy in disturbing the peace. They then left the office; all very well satisfied except the poor hidalgo, whose continued misfortunes almost bereft him of reason.

On returning to the palace of his master, he found a letter, which on opening ran as follows:—

"To Don Marcos the miser, health, &c. The man who to save money will refuse himself the necessaries of life, and marries for interest alone, without any other inquiry than the amount of property, well deserves the castigation he has met with. Your worship will easily, by pursuing your former course of life; by starving yourself and those who are unfortunately connected with you, again amass six thousand ducats, which, when accomplished, you will perhaps let me know, for I would then return to so estimable a husband. Signed, Donna Isidora."

Such was the rage that took possession of Don Marcos on perusing

this letter, that together with the disgrace he had publicly endured, and the entire hopelessness of ever recovering his six thousand ducats, he was seized with a fit of illness, which, in the course of a few days, mercifully put an end to his miserable existence.

Donna Isidora did not escape without the reward due to her treachery; for, arriving at Barcelona with her ill-gotten spoils, one night, when fast asleep, and fancying herself quite secure, Augustin and Ines embarked secretly on board a vessel bound to Naples, taking with them every thing that she possessed in the world. Thus left destitute, Donna Isidora was obliged to return to Madrid, where, reduced to the most extreme privation and distress, she earned a precarious and scanty subsistence from the alms of the charitable.

Matias de los Reyes.

MATIAS DE LOS REYES.

THIS writer flourished at a period when the Castilian language approached its highest degree of polish and perfection, and his works bear sufficient evidence of that superior elegance, purity, and correctness which then generally prevailed. These advantages, however, when unaccompanied by higher qualities, are not such as to enable a writer to attain any considerable celebrity, especially in the walks of fiction and imagination, and surrounded by contemporaries gifted with loftier powers. The degree of reputation, therefore, which he acquired notwithstanding the established fame of his great predecessors, redounds the more highly to his credit.

In regard to the particulars of his life, it is only recorded, that Matias de los Reyes was a native of Madrid, and wrote about the year 1624, after the period when Mendoza, Aleman, and Cervantes had banished the taste for novels of chivalry, and those of a moral and serious cast, in favour of those of a more lively, satirical, and adventurous kind; in particular the *novelas picorescas*, which form a distinct class of their own.

In the work entitled *Curial del Parnaso*, first published at Madrid in 1624, and from which we have borrowed the specimens here given of his productions, Reyes appears to have adopted Trajano Boccalini, an eminent Italian, as his model. He subsequently published another work, entitled *Para Algunos* (For Some People), as a contrast to which his famous contemporary, Montalvan, brought out a sort of companion with the name of *Para Todos* (For Every Body), in both of which the writers treat on a great variety of subjects, with moral tracts and examples.

In addition to the two works already mentioned, there is a serious romance (MOST serious to the reader) entitled *El Menandro*, which has been attributed to Reyes: a strange compound of chivalric adventures and moral treatises, of too grave and prolix a description to invite attention.

THE DUMB LOVER AND HIS PHYSICIAN.

ONE would imagine, after considering how Adam lost his innocence Sampson his strength, Asher his constancy, David his holiness, and Solomon his wisdom, by having a wife, that a man would examine what measure he possesses of these good qualities, before he commit himself to the marriage state. The wise man has well said, in relation to this subject, that "it is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and an angry woman;" and the following tale is a striking illustration of the same point.

In the castle of Montcaller, not far distant from Turin, the capital of the Duke of Savoy, lived the widow of one of the principal chevaliers of that country. She was young, beautiful, and accomplished, and her retired and amiable manners shed the lustre of virtue over her personal graces. So unostentatious was her behaviour, that she seemed to have been all her life the inhabitant of a village, rather than of a court; and determining upon never again marrying, she retained only one domestic, and inhabited a small and lonely country house. Here she employed herself in the humblest duties of life, seldom allowed herself to be seen, except in going to mass on festival days, and lived in a manner altogether below her proper condition.

It is a custom in that country, for the ladies, in time of peace, to entertain any illustrious strangers who may happen to be travelling through it, with all the attentions of domestic hospitality; but Finea, the name of our heroine, abhored this custom, and, on all occasions, took advantage of her solitude to prevent the intrusion of company. But about this time, there arrived at Montcaller, the cavalier whose misfortune is the subject of our story. He was a knight famous throughout the province for his valour and address, and had come thither on some important public business. Having accomplished his purpose, he went on the morning previous to his return home to hear mass, at the church usually attended by Finea. He saw her, was struck with her beauty, and still more with the report of her wisdom and accomplishments. He, in fact, became most passionately enamoured of her, and, according to the usual course of things, his

passion was strong in proportion to the difficulties which opposed themselves to its gratification. Hastening, therefore, to Turin, and completing his official duties, he immediately returned to Montcaller, to pursue the conquest of Finea's heart. He spent several days in reconnoitring, but his mistress never made her appearance, except, as before, in her walk to church; and if at any time he attempted to address her, she covered her face with her hands, so as to forbid any conversation. Piqued beyond bearing at this, the knight felt his love still increasing as her disdain became more manifest. He used every art of the lover, enlarged his presents as his hopes decreased, multiplied his attentions in proportion as she rejected them, and the more severely she repulsed him, the more earnest was he in his suit. But neither presents, attentions, nor patience availed any thing, with the firmness and austerity of the widow. The miserable lover was able neither to obtain the least sign of success, nor to divert his thoughts a moment from his design. He lost his appetite, sleep fled his eyes, and he fell into a dreadful sickness. The physicians, not discovering the seat of the disease, could apply no remedy, and he went step by step towards the grave. While in this condition, he was visited by a friend of his, a knight of Espoleto. To him, Lelio, the name of our hero, related the story of his love, and the cause of his sickness; particularizing and dwelling upon the cruelty and harshness of his mistress, which would, without doubt, prove the cause of his death. The knight of Espoleto, finding the origin of his friend's illness, said to him affectionately, "Lelio, trust this affair of your love to my hands. Fear not but that I shall discover some method for bringing this lady to a more tractable state of mind."—"I ask no more," replied the sick man, "but that you would speak to her, and tell her the condition into which her cruelty has thrown me; for I think if she knew it, she would not be so inexorable—or so obstinately opposed to my passion. But tell me, how do you intend proceeding? for I have employed both entreaties and stratagems to obtain only one hour's interview, yet without success." "Attend," said the other, "to your recovery, and leave everything else to me."

Lelio was contented with the promises of his friend, and in a few days, to the astonishment of his physicians, was in a condition to leave his chamber. The natives of Espoleto are all great talkers, and endowed with a ready wit. They are admirable beggars for Saint Anthony, whose cause they advocate through all Italy, and are omnipotent in words, gesticulations, and protestations, by which they make all whom they address converts to their persuasion. Lelio's friend was of this notion, and not forgetting the promise he had made, he set about fulfilling it in the best manner possible. As, in addition to their occupation already mentioned, the Espolitans are celebrated for their traffic in all female curiosities, he thought he might make use of this

circumstance to accomplish his designs. He accordingly bought a basket, furnished it with wares, and having clad himself like a travelling merchant, set out for his destination. On arriving before Finea's house, he loudly recounted his list of articles, and the lady, hearing his noise, stepped to the door herself, and beckoned him with her hand. The pedlar was not backward in accepting the invitation; and when he had entered the house, taking advantage of his assumed old age, he began to converse with great ease and garrulousness. The lady put her hand into the basket, and having shown great skill in her judgment of the different articles, at last fixed her attention on a piece of valuable and very beautiful stuff, saying, if she could she would have purchased the whole of it. "Señora," said the pedlar, "take the whole, ask not the price either of this or anything else here—all is at your service. I am sufficiently paid in finding they are agreeable to your taste." "Heavens," said the lady, "I require nothing but what I can pay for; women like me must not receive things for nothing; but I thank you for your kindness; tell me the price I pray you, it is not right you should be so liberal of your property and labour." "If," rejoined the pedlar, "you have a heart as generous as your countenance is beautiful, you will receive what I offer as coming from one who desires to consecrate them on the altar of your beauty."

Finea, hearing this, blushed like a rose opening its young buds to the first May sun. Looking attentively at the supposed merchant, she said, "you astonish me much by speaking as you do. I should wish to know to what purpose you thus address me, since I am persuaded you are under an error, and mistake the person to whom you are sent." Then, without changing his appearance, but with eyes bent downwards, he spoke of the sufferings which her disdain had caused to Lelio, how passionately he loved her, and how no one else in the world possessed greater accomplishments, or could be found in the court of Turin with more wealth, valour, courtesy, affability; at length he succeeded so well, that Finea agreed to give her lover a secret interview, appointing both the time and place.

Lelio was delighted at his friend's diligence, and hastening at the appointed time to the place assigned by Finea, was conducted by her, in company with a domestic, into a low back apartment, but which was sufficiently large to hinder the conversation from being heard by the servant, who was sent to the farther part of it. Lelio began by declaring his intentions, with eyes full of love and tenderness, saying how much he had suffered for her sake, and supplicating her to have pity on him, which, if she granted, would purchase his gratitude for ever. She replied, that she was a widow, that she had ceased to think of love; that she now only regarded the services of religion, and that there were many more beautiful women under no such restraints. At

last, after much reasoning, the poor lover, seeing that he was fatiguing himself in vain, and that she was determined not to give him any comfort, with tears in his eyes, and almost ready to die, said, "Since I see I must resign all hope of pity, and that I am doomed to suffer the extremity of misery, I have still one means left of preferring my request; it is, that you would grant me peace for the sake of our common country."

The lady sought a moment to reply. "I question," said she at length, "if your love, Señor Lelio, be as great as you say. But to try it, you shall swear to observe one request which I will make, and which, if you religiously fulfil, shall obtain my regard in return." The incautious cavalier solemnly swore to do whatever Finea should require, and besought her to declare her wishes.

"Señor Lelio," said she, "I grant your petition; and you must fulfil mine, according to your solemn oath. That which I require of you then is, that, for the space of three years from this time, you speak no more with any human being, neither man nor woman, whomsoever it may be—that for this space you live as if you were dumb!" Wonderful that thus at the feet of a woman, the spoil of her dexterity, should have fallen all the wisdom and valour of a knight. Well were the sentiments of the wise man and of Saint Hieronimus now exemplified! Lelio was for a moment thunderstruck at his mistress's demand, which appeared mad and foolish, and almost impossible to be observed. However, having taken a most solemn oath, he determined upon fulfilling the promise. Having, therefore, made signs with his hand, placing it on his mouth, and thus assuring the lady of his intention, he departed, after a similar farewell, to his home.

Continuing in the same determination after his return to observe his oath inviolably, he pretended to have become suddenly dumb—a misfortune for which he was greatly pitied by all who knew him. From Montcaller he went to Turin, still pretending to be suffering under the loss of his speech. He then proceeded to Ferrara, whither his fame, as one of the bravest and most accomplished chevaliers in Europe, had preceded him. The duke accordingly invited him to his court, where his noble bearing won him the respect of the courtiers and the admiration of the ladies. An opportunity also soon occurred, in which he rendered the duke good service by his knightly prowess; and the war in which the prince was then engaged had no sooner terminated, than he bestowed the highest honours on the good chevalier for his aid. But the more he regarded him, the greater was his sorrow for the affliction under which he suffered, and he determined that no means should be left untried for his recovery. He therefore made it known throughout Italy, at all times celebrated for its learned schools of medicine, that whosoever could discover a remedy for the dumb knight should receive a reward of fifty thousand florins; but to pre-

vent needless trouble, that they who failed should forfeit as much, or be imprisoned in default of payment. Numbers were the unfortunate physicians who employed all the resources of their art in vain, and repented of having ever made the attempt, in prison. At length Finea, secretly secure of success, offered to effect the cure; but all the courtiers ridiculed the idea of a woman's performing a cure in which so many learned men had failed. The duke, however, determined on making the experiment of her skill, and directed her to be shown the apartment of Lelio, which was in the most retired part of the palace.

Finea, however, was not met with the ardour which she had, it may be supposed, expected. The knight armed himself with reason and resolution, and resisted every approach of tenderness, with the suspicion that she had been attracted by the reward rather than by love and compassion for him. He called to mind also the greatness of the affection he had showed her—the cruel manner in which she had treated him, and how much he had suffered for her sake. Having a little tempered his passion by these means, he determined upon taking vengeance for her cruelty, and making her suffer in turn. Finea, therefore, having saluted him courteously, and mentioned the reasons for desiring to see him alone, without obtaining the expected reply, said, "Señor Lelio, do you not know me? Do you not see that I am your mistress, Finea, to whom you a little time since made so many professions of love?"

He answered her by signs that he knew her well, and then, touching his tongue and shaking his head, gave her to understand he had not the power of speech.

Finea answered him a little anxiously, that she absolved him from his oath—that she would keep her promise, and excuse him the half-year, still wanting to complete the period of his silence—that she had come to Ferrara for the sole purpose of doing this, and giving him a full assurance of her affection. To all which Lelio gave no reply, but touching his tongue and sorrowfully shrugging up his shoulders.

The Señora, seeing the resolution of Lelio, was at a loss what to do; for neither tears, promises, nor entreaties, were able to effect the miracle she had boasted herself capable of performing. At last, finding nothing of any avail, she was obliged to retire unsuccessful, and in default of paying the fine, was thrown into prison with the rest who had made vain attempts at the cure. After this occurrence, the cavalier, well satisfied with the revenge he had taken, presented himself before the duke, and unloosening his hitherto tied-up tongue, told him the whole history of the circumstances which led to his long silence. He then besought him immediately to free the persons who had been so unjustly confined on this account, and repaid them for their sufferings and uneasiness with very ample gifts. Finea was then sent for, and in

the presence of all the court Lelio said, "Well do you know, Señora, how long and how faithfully I served you, and how truly I deserved to obtain that return which the highest lady of the land fails not to give her faithful lover; well do you know also how little was the reward I received for my great toil, and how you obliged me, by a solemn oath, to three years' silence. This penance I have observed without the slightest remission; and I would rather have died than have failed in the observance. And now, although your rigour deserved a greater punishment than that you have received, I am determined to use my power with lenity; and I, therefore, publicly say, that you ought to receive the reward promised for my cure, and I supplicate his highness to give it you for a dowry, and to permit me to espouse you, hoping that you will in future be more cautious and tractable."

The duke and all his courtiers greatly applauded the address of Lelio, and his highness immediately ordered the fifty thousand florins to be given to Finea, as being rightly due to her for the cure of Lelio. To the knight he gave fresh assurances of favour and promotion; and the nuptials being celebrated with all due rejoicing, he succeeded in persuading Lelio to settle in Ferrara, where he spent his days with Finea in peace and happiness.

THE MIRROR OF FRIENDS.

I WAS the only and beloved child of parents who bestowed upon me an excellent education. No sooner had I mastered the first elements of learning, than they sent me to the famous university of Bologna, under the guardianship of a particular friend, called Federico, one of the most wealthy merchants in that city, and universally known and respected. He had a son exactly of my own age; nor did the resemblance between us end here; it extended equally to our features, character, and manners. Add to this, that our student's dresses being the same, we were not unfrequently accosted the one for the other. My reception by Federico's family was like that of his own son, with whom, indeed, I soon became more intimate; our studies and pursuits were the same, and the same apartments were assigned us.

This acquaintance gradually ripened into a more perfect friendship, and we were soon seldom to be seen out of each other's company. It seemed as if we had only one mind, and every thing, even to our most secret feelings, was mutually communicated.

Four years had elapsed without any interruption of our youthful amity and regard, when one day it was my fate, in passing along one of the principal streets, to fix my eyes upon a beautiful and richly attired lady, looking from a balcony, the mere sight of whom excited such emotion in my soul, that I felt as if bereft of life in her absence —the lovely vision was ever before my eyes—I was enslaved, impassioned, and no longer master of my own mind.

It would be idle, however, to dilate on the growth and progress of my new passion; it is enough that the lady was not insensible to its extreme devotedness and intensity, and returned it with scarcely less fervour; her soul seemed to have caught the strong and all-absorbing contagion that preyed on mine; and she felt the deprivation of my absence as much as I felt hers. There was only one circumstance at all painful in this our first and sudden love; and it was, that my lovely Laura insisted upon its being kept wholly secret, and not unfolded, even to my nearest and dearest friend.

We had not long enjoyed the freshness and felicity of our passionate vows and wishes, before Laura's father, sensible of the advantage of

such an alliance, and being on intimate terms with the family, made proposals to the parents of Lisardo, my friend, to bestow his daughter's hand in marriage, and cement the union between the families by still stronger ties. There lay no difficulties in the way, the proposals were accepted, and by none with less hesitation than my young friend Lisardo. Laura and I were the only persons who had cause for regret; although, situated as we were, we could not make known our wishes. We trusted rather to fortune than to the risk of proclaiming our secret correspondence; but not without experiencing, as will shortly appear, the ill effects of such secret proceedings, with all those doubts, and fears, and agonies of suspense felt most deeply by those who most truly love. I adored Laura, yet not more than I valued and esteemed my friend. His visits became more and more frequent; our very resemblance rendered my risk the greater; often I fancied Laura smiled upon him, and, spite of the most virtuous resolutions, the pangs of jealousy shot through my heart. With the most fascinating manners, and nearly always in her presence, Lisardo pressed the advantages he thus enjoyed; and I shortly after heard that the period of his intended nuptials was approaching. What were my emotions—the fierce struggles between love and duty—upon hearing this intelligence; and from the lips of my rival, yet my dearest friend. My sense of honour, my obligations to him and to his family, forbade me to cross his path; but still I felt that I could never vanquish, never survive this first and fatal passion of my breast.

I had nothing left but to die; yet my virtuous education, and my principles, seemed to cut off and prohibit this last resource. I could not even tear myself away from the spot; and such was the intenseness of my suffering, that it at last manifested itself to all in a deep and settled melancholy, soon followed by a severe and dangerous illness. To me this was a relief; the anxiety and attentions of my friend Lisardo were incessant; he hardly ever left my couch; all which only aggravated my distemper; and in a few weeks the physicians despaired of my life. Such was my friend's affliction, that he no longer thought of celebrating his marriage on the appointed day; and singular as it may seem, I feel convinced that it was this resolution on his part that saved me from a premature grave. Yet I long lay unconscious of my sufferings, not the least of which was the necessity of concealing the source of them from Lisardo, which I now regretted that I had not at first done. He too loved her; could I wish to inflict all that I suffered upon him? Besides, Laura had obtained my promise not to reveal our early vows to any living being, and from this promise she had never released me. Her wishes and feelings were dearer to me than my own life; our stolen interviews should never first be revealed by me. Her silence seemed to say that she loved Lisardo, and must have forgotten her earliest vows.

While in this state of suspense, my friend one evening approached my bed side, and addressing me in a more earnest and affectionate tone than usual, he said,—"Now, my friend Ricardo, you know with what pleasure I had looked forward to see you grace my approaching nuptials with your presence. But since you continue thus confined to a sick chamber, I have ceased to dwell with the same delight upon the celebration of a love festival that cannot be gladdened by your eyes. Such in truth is my concern, that the esteemed and beloved object herself,—my own Laura, no longer fills my thoughts as heretofore, being busied rather with devising plans how best to divert the deep sadness that preys upon your mind. To do this, believe me, I would adventure the most precious of all I possess, even went it to the sacrifice of my own peace and honour."

I thanked him, and added, that he could give me no greater pleasure than that of his company, which ever cheered and consoled me.

"Then why," he replied, "should you sigh so deeply as you speak thus; unless there be something beyond what my society can relieve? Confide in me, I entreat you, and on the faith of a loyal friend, I will make every effort, as I said, to procure you the desired relief." "You are, indeed, kind," I then replied, "but the cause of my suffering is, alas! irremediable; and, since you could not, though you knew, remove it, is it at all proper on my part to unfold it to you?"

"What evil," he interrupted, "can there possibly exist that calls for so much secresy? Surely you show too little confidence in one so sincerely devoted to you; and who may well doubt your friendship, if you persist in disguising the real truth." "Nay," replied I, "doubt not the perfect sincerity of my regard; there is no one from whom I would less willingly conceal all I know."

"But you compel me," exclaimed Lisardo, in anger; "and you must now either consent to unfold the cause of your continued depression, or to see our intimacy broken off from this time forth."

Unable longer to withstand solicitations and threats like these, I came to the resolution of confiding to him the whole; no less to comply with his request, than to relieve my mind from the painful secret which oppressed it. This I did in the fullest and most undisguised manner, excusing myself for not having earlier revealed my sad story, by pleading the injunction of Laura to that effect.

He listened in perfect silence till I touched upon this last topic, when he first interrupted me by saying, "Yet I must still complain of your little faith, inasmuch as not even the love of woman would have shewn itself more true and loyal than my friendship for you. More than this; I should have been enabled to promote your wishes; while by your obstinate silence, you ran the risk of losing every chance, and of rendering me the cruel instrument of all your sufferings, without becoming in the remotest degree culpable, either in your eyes or in

those of the world. Henceforth, however, consider yourself as freed from your cause of sorrow; for you only shall become possessed of the hand of Laura. It would be unreasonable in me to desire the possession of one who is already betrothed, and there can be nothing extravagant in my resigning her to you now, when I assure you, that, were she mine, I should not hesitate to give her up in exchange for the restoration of your health. Be of good cheer, therefore, and recover with all speed, that we may proceed to put our intended design into effect."

It would be vain to attempt to describe the excessive joy that thrilled my heart on hearing these words. It seemed as if all my sufferings had miraculously ceased, and the only painful sensation was that of having too unworthily estimated the generous and noble character of a friend capable of such true greatness and self-denial. Not a word of gratitude could I utter; my eyes were riveted upon the ground; and I can only recollect that, in attempting to give utterance to my feelings, I burst into a flood of tears.

He threw his arms about my neck, knowing the cause of my emotion, and then said,—"It is all well, Ricardo; I have no cause to complain, and you ought not to think so, as it would seem by this extreme delicacy of feeling you have done. In that case even, you were pardoned, if such additional proof of my regard for you be at all wanting to set your mind at rest. Try then to get well as soon as you can, for I feel interested in settling every thing to your satisfaction as speedily as possible."

Hearing him speak thus, I ventured to mention the many difficulties that seemed to stand in the way of my availing myself of his generous design,—"For how, my dear friend, can we prevail upon Laura's parents to transfer their affection from you to a mere stranger, of whose character they are almost wholly ignorant?" His answer was, —"Are you well assured of the affections of Laura,—does she sincerely wish to become your wife?"

Being assured that she did, he continued: "Seeing it is so, we have nothing to fear; and what we cannot effect by dint of reason with the parents, we must contrive to bring about by art. You are aware how very nearly we resemble each other in person, so as even to deceive, at times, our most intimate friends. Now here lies the best chance of our future success.

"The marriage is intended to be celebrated in this very house, and not until evening; so as to favour my plan, which is this:—you will consent to remain in your room, as if confined by sickness, till the hour arrives. I shall then come and pay you a visit, unobserved by the rest of the family, and there dismantling myself of my bridal attire, I will remain in your place; while you assume mine, arrayed as the bridegroom, and claim the hand of your beloved Laura, who having

first loved you, will justly become your own. The late hour, and our resemblance, will sufficiently favour the intended happy result. In order, moreover, to avoid anything like imposition upon your beloved Laura, and to enhance her pleasure, it will be preferable to inform her of our intention. When the parents afterwards learn the truth, they will become reconciled to what cannot be helped. You must, first, however, recover your good looks, lest we should otherwise be discovered; and until you be perfectly restored, I will invent some excuses or other to delay the period of my intended marriage."

This ingenious, yet harmless device, was much applauded by me; and my gratitude to the best of friends,—at once my physician and my benefactor,—knew no bounds. I lost no time in communicating our plan to Laura, reporting every particular; and had the delight of ascertaining that she entered fully into all our feelings, expressing herself in the most lavish and grateful terms at this unexampled act of virtuous love and friendship.

Such was its effect upon my health, that within a very few days I felt myself wholly a different being, and without the least traces of illness remaining in my appearance. Indeed, I was already equal to the task of assuming the character of Lisardo, who instantly fixed upon the day to be appointed for his marriage. When the happy morning arrived, I feigned extreme illness, and my friend affected a wish to delay the ceremony to another day. But this not being complied with, on the part of Laura's parents, he was easily induced to acquiesce, so that before evening, the bride made her appearance at the house of Federico, my friend's father, and Lisardo came to announce to me the long wished for intelligence. What were my sensations as he began to disrobe himself of all his bridal grace and gallantry, to bestow them upon me! I would have resisted, but it was too late; it was the work of a moment, and with a cheerful air my friend assisted and encouraged me. He then gently compelled me to leave the room, and proceeded to assume my place. I joined the bridal party in an elegant apartment below stairs. There I took the willing hand of my Laura, and we pledged our mutual faith before the holy man, with equal sincerity and rapture, in the presence of the bride's relatives and friends.

The guests then sat down to supper—I say the guests, because the only feast for Laura and myself was the conscious delight we dare hardly yet believe, of belonging to each other, and which made it impossible for us to relish any other repast. By degrees the company broke up, and took leave; till at length, after so many trials and disappointments, we found ourselves in each other's presence, and none beside us. What a delicious moment when the last guest retired—when, turning to my Laura, I clasped her to my bosom—my bride—my wife,

And whose, on the ensuing morrow, were the first congratulations I received? Those of our noble friend and benefactor, to whose apartment I hastened the moment of quitting my own. He embraced me, and we next began to consult respecting the best means of coming to an amicable explanation of the whole affair; and at length determined on going instantly to my friend's father, Federico, in whose high worth and prudence we had every reason to confide. Besides, he loved me little less than his own son, and would have no difficulty in reconciling the parents and friends of Laura to the idea of receiving me in the place of Lisardo. Upon seeing us, he expressed his surprise that his son Lisardo should so early have left the side of his lovely Laura; but it was much greater when he beheld me, and not his son, arrayed in the bridegroom's dress, and kneeling to receive his pardon and blessing. We then gave him an exact account of every thing as it had passed. Here, however, his surprise gave way to a flush of passion too evident to be concealed. The idea of not having previously been consulted, and of his son's having resigned so lovely a bride, and so wealthy an alliance, one indeed every way so desirable, without his permission, were certainly trying to his feelings. At the same time, he was aware of the powerful influence of Laura's friends, and that they would by no means submit even to the appearance of such an affront. Yet he concealed his fears at the time, and having checked the first sallies of his indignation, he merely observed:—"Your friendship, my son, must assuredly have been very great; such an action displays at least some generosity, if not magnanimity of mind. For Lisardo, doubtless, had the hand and fortune of Laura in his own power, which he as freely relinquished in his friend's behalf. This, as far as regards yourselves, may perhaps be right; but in respect to Laura's parents, it will be looked upon, as all these secret proceedings generally are, as neither more nor less than unjustifiable imposition." "These difficulties," replied Lisardo, "are precisely what we wish to consult you upon, and if possible to remove. To your greater prudence we look for safety in the approaching storm—to conduct our adventurous little bark of friendship to its desired haven in peace. No one so well as yourself can display the amiable and brilliant qualities of my friend Ricardo, to the eyes of Laura's parents. Be persuaded, then, dear Sir, to forgive us, and to render us some assistance in this our singular and very unpleasant dilemma."

My friend's father, somewhat softened, if not flattered, by our humble and appealing demeanour, at length consented to take upon himself the task of imparting to Laura's father, and her other relatives, the curious predicament in which we stood. This he did in so cautious and admirable a manner, exaggerating my qualities, and showing the advantages of the alliance, that both the father and his friends expressed their satisfaction and their willingness to accept me as their

relative. The excellent Federico next wrote to my own parents, who though at first surprised and shocked, no sooner learnt the particulars, than they set out for Bologna, bearing with them an immense assortment of rich jewels, and other costly presents, much to the taste of their new relatives. They soon became delighted with the surpassing beauty, grace, and discretion of my Laura; and after residing at Bologna about a month, we took our leave of my friend Lisardo, and his excellent father, in order to return to our native place.

From the period, however, that we quitted Bologna, during more than two years, I was extremely uneasy at receiving no tidings of Lisardo, notwithstanding the most urgent and repeated inquiries. In the course of my researches, I again visited Bologna, where the only intelligence I could gather, was of the death of his father, and my dear friend's final departure from that city. This redoubled my anxiety, for alas! what could I now think? Had my friend repented of the sacrifice made in my favour; had he been more passionately attached to Laura than I had from his conduct been led to suppose; and had he been unable to vanquish this deep-rooted attachment? In the midst of these suppositions, I lost no time in endeavouring to trace his route; but all without avail. Still unwearied by disappointments, I continued the pursuit, in the course of which I visited all the chief cities, the states and sea ports of Italy.

Upon reaching Naples for the second time, and at length thinking of my return home, I beheld, on entering one of the chief squares, a large concourse of people assembled, as if to witness some grand public spectacle. I succeeded in getting through part of the crowd, so as to extend my view; and perceived that it was no other than preparations for an execution. It was for the crime of homicide, and the insignia of death were already presented to my eyes;—the sword, the sand to receive the blood, and the executioner at his post. In a few moments afterwards the criminal was brought forth, and took his station upon the sand in front of the executioner; a priest, administering consolation, being seen on either side of him. His features were deadly pale, yet noble and undaunted. I turned away my eyes—a strange sensation came over me, as if some dream had suddenly recurred to my mind; and I again raised my eyes and fixed them upon his countenance. At that moment it chanced that our eyes met: a slight flush suffused those white and deathly features. I started, for I knew *him* then, and uttered a loud piercing cry, as a thrill of horror ran through my frame, and I felt as if sinking into the earth. As I lay supported in the arms of some persons near to me, I heard my name pronounced by a voice, which, though long a stranger to my ear, confirmed all that my worst fears had told me. It was that of my friend Lisardo; of the criminal on the scaffold before me. Great God! yes it was Lisardo. He it was who now called me—who vainly

tried to stretch forth his pinioned arms to embrace me. At that sight my terror and surprise vanished; starting from my swoon, I felt the strength of a giant as I sprang forward, exclaiming, "I am the murderer! that man is innocent! Unbind him, and add not another murder to one deed of blood." Before I had finished these words, I was already at my friend's side, and held him clasped in my arms. But suddenly recollecting myself, I extended my hands towards the Sbirri, who stood round the spot, when the gaoler instantly came forward and bound my hands. All this seemed the work of a moment; it acted like an electric shock upon the surrounding people, who gave vent to their feelings in mingled murmurs and applause; while my friend and myself stood lost to every feeling save that of delight, but ill concealed, of meeting each other once more.

One of the magistrates now came forward, and perceiving the tumult had somewhat subsided, gave orders for the dispersion of the mob; at the same time directing that both Lisardo and myself should be conducted to the public prison.

All we petitioned for was, to be permitted to remain in the same place of confinement until the affair should be further investigated; and this, after some difficulty, was granted. What were our feelings upon finding ourselves alone with each other. The first motion of Lisardo was to throw himself at my feet, and thank me as the preserver of his life: "But, alas," he continued, "at what a sacrifice,—at what a terrific risk. In accusing yourself of a heinous crime, you have done worse than preserve my life,—you have accused the innocent;—ah, why not have let justice take its course." "Justice!" I exclaimed with surprise; "I never dreamed of inquiring . . . . it is impossible." "What," replied Lisardo, "do you believe that I am not guilty?" "Can I believe otherwise?"—at the same time fixing my eyes more intently upon his face. "Then," he exclaimed in a tone of heart-felt delight, "you are still my true friend,—my Ricardo,—I am indeed the victim of injustice;—and I will now give you the whole of my sad eventful history, until I became reduced to the very last stage of human wretchedness and disgrace. Ah, Ricardo! within two months after you left Bologna, my dear father died. Though he stood high in credit, his wealth had never been great; and some unfortunate engagements had so far involved his affairs, that on a full settlement of his accounts, only a small surplus remained. When he went, his credit and influence died with him, and I was left much like the poor bird in Æsop, shorn of all his splendid feathers.

"You would naturally suppose the friends and relatives of your Laura would now have congratulated themselves on my not having become her husband. It was just the reverse. When they saw me in difficulties, instead of assisting, they took the opportunity of wreaking their revenge upon me, for the imagined slight, and became my

bitterest enemies. In short, I was soon compel[illegible] city, with the poor wreck of my fortune—a few creditors had left me, and take my chance in t[illegible] me. Only four days after having left Bologn[illegible]sing skirts of a thick wood towards evening, I [illegible]ckily set by robbers, who cruelly despoiled me of e[illegible]rticle I possessed, leaving me hungry and naked to proceed on my way.

"In this extremity, I directed my steps towards a little village, a short way distant, where the people out of compassion gave me these wretched garments in which you now see me. Henceforth I was compelled, in order to support life, to beg my way from place to place.

"Often did the idea of our former friendship cross my mind, with a feeling of anguish I cannot express. My pride had hitherto borne me up against fortune; and forgive me, my dear friend, but I had resolved to endure any degree of hardship, rather than appear in the form of a suppliant before one with whom I had always appeared on a footing of perfect equality, and who, moreover, conceived himself something indebted to me. But now this foolish pride was completely subdued, and I sighed to reach the place of your residence, spite of my misgivings that poverty was ever considered despicable and loathsome, and that even I might not escape the contempt along with the pity of my former friends. Yet even this last solace of seeing you once more before I died seemed to be denied me; for to sorrow and unheard of sufferings, sickness was now added, and for months I lay in a public hospital, lingering between life and death. Nearly two years had elapsed since I left Bologna; I knew nothing of your place of residence, and was unable to have reached it if I had. How often did I sigh for death, and think of different means of ridding myself of so wretched an existence. But the cup of life's bitterness was not yet full; I had to drain it to the very dregs; and it was you, my Ricardo, who administered it to me, though—"

"I! impossible—utterly impossible!—I have sought you everywhere. I left no means untried to discover you."

"Were you not at your own country residence only a very short time since?" inquired Lisardo.

"I was; but set out again almost immediately in quest of you."

"True," rejoined Lisardo; "yet you saw me near your own villa; I begged alms from you, and you deigned not to stop and bestow them; but rode on, pointing to the menial who followed you to relieve my wants, which he did according as my dress seemed to require."

"Heavens! do you mean to sport with my feelings—my honour?—no, it is only a jest—such a thing is quite incredible."

"No! it is quite true," said Lizardo: "I threw myself across your path, I begged alms, and wished to give my name; but with an angry

...igh my soul, you bade me apply to your servant,

...e me, then, if I did. Yet I remember something
...kind ...n's ways are very wonderful! And could that
...ndicant ha... ...you?"

"It was, indeed, ...plied Lisardo; "and when, after all my sufferings, I thought myself despised by my only and best friend—not considering how greatly I must have been altered in this strange disguise—it is surprising that I did not die of grief upon the spot. I turned my steps; I knew not, and I cared not, whither; but at the end of some days I chanced to reach the spot where I was last found. I had no fear that fortune could have anything worse in reserve for me, but I was mistaken. I found an ancient cavern, that seemed to offer me some refuge against the inclemency of the season, and there I took up my melancholy abode. I had not observed on entering, the dead body of a man, near which I was early the next morning found slumbering, by some peasants of the district, who awoke me rudely, at the same time pointing to the corpse of the murdered man. I gazed on the terrific spectacle; yet was compelled to feel how far more horrible must be my own situation that taught me to envy even such a lot. 'Yes,' I exclaimed, 'thou art at rest, and never canst thou feel the agony which I now suffer. Would to heaven that I could now exchange my place for thine. I should so have brought these human sorrows to a final close.'

"I had little leisure, however, to indulge in lamentations over my unhappy lot. The ministers of justice were at hand; whom, instead of avoiding, I met with a joyful and serene aspect, in the hope that my sufferings would not much longer endure. Upon being accused of the murder, I thought it useless to make any defence; but submitting myself quietly into the hands of justice, entreated to be brought to the nearest dungeon, and to be allowed the luxury of a little bread and water before my trial. This was charitably granted to me, and the rest you know."

"Yes, and most happy and fortunate do I esteem myself in having arrived in time to rescue your dear and precious life, and to devote my whole existence to your future welfare."

"You have already," replied my Lisardo, "more than repaid me by risking your life, which you must no longer persist in. That is too great a sacrifice for the one I made, in presenting you with her who was about to become my own wife. She first loved you; I had no title beyond what chance and fortune gave me to her; and your coming forward to save me, is an act of pure, disinterested generosity, such as I had no right to claim. I absolve you, therefore, dear Ricardo, from all responsibility, as regards my lot; and when I come seriously to reflect, believe me, you are but rendering me an ungracious service by

wishing to prolong my days [illegible]
known enough of human life; and the very co[illegible]
terrific evils and fatalities to which it is ever liable[illegible]
haunt me amidst the utmost security, and to emb[illegible]
lections, and future fears, my remnant of exist[illegible], th[illegible]
and recall your ill-judged words,—accuse not y[illegible] a foul cri[illegible]
in the vain hope of saving me. Hasten witho[illegible]ss of time; confess the real truth to the good chaplain of this prison, and he will take your deposition before the authorities, who will then set you free. My days are numbered,—I have not long to live." "Never! never!" I exclaimed, "I would rather die a thousand deaths!"

"Remember your Laura," said Lisardo; "I am a lonely and useless being,—a burden and a blot upon this goodly earth." "For your sake I would sacrifice both wife and boy,—all I hold dearest in the world. Restore me only your former love and confidence, my Lisardo."

The tears started to his eyes, but ere he could reply, a tumult was heard without,—our prison door opened, and a messenger suddenly announced the discovery of the real murderers, the same who had robbed Lisardo, whose clothes and jewels were discovered upon their persons.

These joyful tidings, which at once vindicated the character of Lisardo, and rescued me from the perilous situation in which I stood, were nevertheless attended with the same unhappy fatality that seemed to have pursued my friend's footsteps, and turned every occurrence into a source of unhappiness whithersoever he went. It was, however, the last trial he was doomed to bear,—the sudden revulsion was too much for his exhausted frame. He gazed most earnestly in my face a few moments, uttering a deep sigh; and then would have fallen had I not caught him in my arms.

"I am dying," he cried in a faint voice; "Oh, forgive me, my dear friend, and ask Laura to forgive me!" "Forgive!" I exclaimed, "Oh, talk not thus,—talk not of leaving me now."

"Yes, forgive! for I have never ceased to love Laura, your wife,—fondly, passionately loved her, as when I first—last saw her. Say I died for my error—my crime against you and her,—but I lost her, and all else went to wreck,—nothing without Laura." These were his last words.

He expired in my arms; and though I have since supported life, for the sake of her he loved, its dearest enjoyments have nothing in them half so sweet, as the fond hope of rejoining the sainted spirit of my friend, "in another and a better world."

LOVE AND HONOUR.

In the populous city of Copenhagen, at the court of the great King of Denmark, there now lives a certain courtier, whose real name, for good reasons, as well as that of others whom I shall have occasion to mention, will not here be given. The courtier, however, we shall call Artemio, a man celebrated at the Danish court for his rare abilities; though in point of rank belonging only to the middle class of people. He had formed an union with a lady in the same sphere of life as himself; a beautiful being, deserving of far higher commemoration than any I am equal to bestow, richly gifted as she was with all those virtues which rendered her a bright example to her whole sex. Her name we propose to call Antandra; she was adored by her husband, and such was her devotedness to his happiness, that the simple wishes of Artemio were the laws that governed their household. Not long, however, were they destined to enjoy this delicious union of hearts and minds undisturbed. The enemy of their peace was near, and doubtless prompted a certain knight, called Leopold, one of the king's chamberlains, and high in the royal favour, to envy Artemio the possession of so much excellence and beauty.

This knight was of an artful character, by means of which, more than by any superior virtue and capacity, he had contrived to rise in the world. When excited by his passions, he became violent, headstrong, and uncourteous, as little respecting the rights of others as his own honour. He had first beheld the lovely Antandra at one of the public festivals, where her beauty eclipsed that of all others, as the sun surpasses the less brilliant stars. Becoming violently enamoured, he instantly inquired of his confidants the rank and name of the lady. They informed him, that though not of high birth, she was a woman of strict virtue, and that any pretensions in that quarter must prove hopeless. By his smile, the handsome Leopold did not seem to acquiesce in the correctness of this remark. The difficulties they represented to him, he felt rather as a spur to his desires, shrewdly opining that his wealth and his influence at court would suffice to vanquish greater impediments than stood in his way. He already gazed upon the lady with anticipated triumph in his eyes, esteeming there was not a single beauty in the island who could long resist his attempts.

He first made a point of exhibiting his personal accomplishments walking, dancing, and riding in company with the beloved object; he had then recourse to flattery and gallantries of the most delicate and captivating kind. These, he followed up with the lover's artillery of presents, and public entertainments, dazzling and bewildering, as it were, the imagination of his victims with the enchantments he spread around. By similar means he trusted to surprise all the defences of Antandra's chastity, and for this purpose soon brought his worst devices into play. His approaches, however, proved less successful than he expected, and whenever he had recourse to bolder movements, he found himself invariably repulsed. His manœuvres were all counteracted, and in his open attacks he came off only with contempt and disdain. He persevered, however, like a wily veteran, in his views, drawing his lines stronger and stronger round the citadel, even skirmishing and inventing new mines and machinery to compass its capture; withal he had the worst of the battle.

At length the abandoned courtier, finding all other manœuvres vain, had recourse to the following stratagem, which did him very little credit; but which we shall recount as a warning and example to all evil-disposed coveters of their neighbour's wives. He came to the resolution, then, of offering large bribes, for the purpose of corrupting the commander of this invincible fortress himself, in the hope of thus receiving the keys of the treasure from the hands of the possessor, and making him a party to his own dishonour. With this view, he invited Artemio to his house; and after some time ingratiating himself into his confidence and good opinion, he began to lavish upon him promises and favours without end. At last, when he conceived he had laid him under sufficient obligations, he began to discover his evil designs. Receiving no answer, he at once made bold to propose, that Artemio should be advanced to one of the most lucrative and honourable offices in the realm, upon condition of consenting to make him master of the sole object of his love. As the light flashed upon Artemio's mind, he stood thunderstruck; deeply attached to his lovely consort, the words of Leopold struck daggers to his heart. Yet aware of his unlimited authority, and the numerous obligations under which he himself already lay, he felt that he was in the courtier's power, and must pause before he defied the authority of one who stood so high in favour at court. Besides, he knew the excessive ambition, and the violence of which he was capable, when suddenly crossed in any object of his pursuit. He was afraid, that as he had shewn so little respect for his honour, as to avow such a design, he would hardly stop short at any attempt, however daring, to accomplish his atrocious views.

Accordingly, he stood some time doubtful, revolving in his mind a variety of suggestions, that occurred on the spur of the moment. He at length replied, that he should perhaps be better able to return

an answer to such a proposal when they should next meet; and the artful Leopold, relying upon his great power, and the effect of his benefactions, concluded from the answer that the affair was already in good train, in particular as it seemed only deferred until the ensuing evening. At the same time, he gave the wretched husband to understand, that he fully expected, under pain of his displeasure, to be made acquainted with the resolution he was about to adopt as early as the ensuing day.

Artemo rushed from his presence, and hastened home with a heavy heart. As he reflected upon the vast influence, and the numerous accomplishments of the false-hearted courtier, a thrill of jealousy shot through his veins, and he resolved to conceal the vile views to which he had been made a party, lest the vanity of his Antandra should be excited by the splendid offers of such a lover. But he could not long disguise from the eye of his beloved that there was something preying upon his mind. He had before been accustomed to greet her with smiles; now his brow was clouded, and an expression of strong anxiety and affliction, ill-repressed, was visible in every feature. Nor was his Antandra's anxiety less to ascertain, in order to alleviate, if not to remove, the source of his apparent suffering; and in timid but fond accents, she intreated to be told what had happened. Artemio only replied, that he hoped she would not assist in adding to what he already felt by any inquiries on the subject. But Antandra's caresses followed her questions and her tears, until, quite overpowered by her expressions of mingled love and grief, he unfolded everything that had passed between him and Count Leopold that very morning. This avowal, together with the unfortunate state of his affairs,—involving the loss of honour, or of fortune, and perhaps life,—was made with the bitterest anguish, and was heard with feelings no less intense. For Antandra was tenderly attached to her husband; she had also more than her sex's share of discretion, liveliness, and energy of mind. "Despair not," she cried; "yours I am, and yours, my Artemio, will I remain till death; the faith I pledged you before Heaven, shall ever be sacred to my first love, come what may. Believe this, and let that bold bad man attempt what he please. He can never forbid me to continue always yours, with that entireness and constancy I have hitherto shewn; and of this, dearest, ever rest assured. Yet if this be not enough to insure you, and to satisfy your jealous fears on my behalf, let us leave the country, and fly to some retired and safe spot. Nor let it afflict you that we shall leave our property behind us; because, in having you, I can say for myself, I shall still feel that I have along with me all that I am worth in the world."

Hearing these generous words, Artemio rapturously embraced his lovely wife, while gratitude and affection almost choked his words: "No, my love, with the help of God, we will look to some other

remedy, nor lose all our prospects by sudden flight. To Heaven, and to you, my Antandra, do I commit my life, my honour, and all my hopes." "So be it, then," replied his wife; "and now hasten back to Count Leopold; assure him that you consent to forward his views, and that you are desirous of disposing me to receive him upon the footing of a lover. Nay, frown not; oppose me not; but confide in me that I will bring you honourably through this difficulty."

Having before experienced the singular love and fidelity of his wife, Artemio could not now refuse to listen to, and at length to approve of, her design. So the following day he went to Count Leopold, and thus addressed him:—"My Lord, the reason of my entreating you to grant me until to-day, in order to reply to your demands, did not arise from any idea of opposing your wishes; but that I might induce the lady in question to listen to your proposals. It has, however, turned out just the contrary; for, spite of all I could say, she still persevered in refusing to listen to any such solicitations, bent on keeping true to her first vows. This, however, may only be the effect of natural modesty, and aversion to confiding in me; as I doubt not, considering your accomplishments, she will soon be brought to consider the matter in another light. On this account it has suggested itself to me, that it might be well if you were to solicit her with presents, and compliment her in a dexterous and delicate manner before proceeding further; as in that case you will finally be sure of success, she already having my opinion and permission to grant your request."

Count Leopold expressed his infinite satisfaction, and promised to comply, declaring there was no favour his friend could now ask which he should think of refusing. Indeed, he gave entire credit to the feigned submission of Artemio, and already imagined himself in the arms of the beautiful Antandra. He believed Artemio to be one of those who are base enough to traffic with the charms of a lovely woman, not refusing even to wear upon their brows the gilded diadem of their dishonour. Having found, likewise, that his attempts had hitherto proved unsuccessful, inasmuch as the lady had studiously avoided exchanging even a word with him, he now determined to hold a public entertainment at the palace, to be attended by all the ladies of the court. Accordingly, the king proclaimed a court festival, and among the guests invited at his favourite's request, appeared the name of Antandra. Armed strong in heroic chastity, she scrupled not to accept the invitation of her abandoned admirer, resolved to bid defiance to his vilest arts. The assembly consisted of the flower and chivalry, combined with all the birth and beauty, of the Danish court. The most accomplished knight-revellers and dancers, as is the custom of the country, sallied out and each challenged to the dance the favourite lady of his love. After being accepted, and the dances concluded, it is permitted the favoured partners to gallant their ladies to their seats, and to

remain by and converse with them during the remainder of the festival, without the slightest breach of maidenly decorum. A certain degree of freedom, too, is allowed on the occasion, from the supposition that these knights are the admitted lovers of the fair.

Aware of this, Count Leopold seized upon the hand of the bright Antandra, who, unconscious of the extent of this courtly custom, easily fell into the snare. Having danced with her several figures in a gallant style, which excited the admiration of the whole assembly, at the surpassing gallantry and beauty of both, Leopold handed his panting charmer to her seat. It was now he proceeded to avail himself of the golden moments permitted by courtly license, and seated himself at her side. He began to converse,—soon in a lower and softer tone,—a flush is on Antandra's cheeks,—her eyes are bent upon the ground; —Ah! is Artemio still in all her thoughts? She only once looked up, and then her eyes met, fixed upon hers, the expression of a countenance so full of inexpressible woe and wretchedness, that she almost started from her seat.

It was that of Artemio, who stood on the threshold of the splendid scene, occupied with far other thoughts than those of the revellers in that enchanted circle. That sad look went to the soul of Antandra, and the demon of temptation fled. She sat there indeed, but she was no longer sensible of the tender effusions poured into her ear. The Count was passionately pleading his suit, at once with the most delicate and effectual arguments, even until then, found irresistible. Beseeching she would no longer be deaf to all his tears and prayers, he urged his tender claims to some degree of gratitude for his long services, and his desire of conferring additional rank and splendour upon the object of all his hopes. Struggling with emotions too strong for utterance, Antandra, summoning all her former character, at length replied: "You give yourself, my lord, too much trouble in saying all this; for, believe me, I have long loved and admired you with all the affection that a virtuous woman may; all, in truth, that a virtuous knight and noble would desire. It would give me much pain to learn, that a knight of such bright endowments had descended so far from his proper sphere as to bend his thoughts upon the lowly subject before him." "Heavens!" replied the Count, "speak you so of that rare beauty, which hath compelled me not only to love, but to prize your smiles as the most blissful reward you could confer upon your lowly and adoring slave." "Never did I yet," replied the lady, "hold my poor beauty in such esteem, as to believe there can be any truth in your flattering words. What I would wish you to think about me is, to consider yourself not in the light of my slave or suitor, but of my lord and master, to whom only the highest respect and veneration are due from me."

"Then what proofs," replied the Count, "are you willng to give me

lovely Antandra, of such devotedness on your part, which must include love?" "Yes," answered Antandra, "but no other than that which is ready to entrust into your keeping the most precious treasure it has in the world, which is my honour; because I feel assured, from the esteem which you bear me, that my good name will be well protected under the shield of your high reputation and worth." "If it be," said the Count, "as you state, that you make me indeed the owner of your honour, you may rest well assured that I shall cherish it as if it were my own." "So be it," returned she, "with this condition only, that as you patronise my good name, in such like form you will consent to defend it likewise from your own desires. Were you not to do this, it would convince me that you cannot love me as you say, since such conduct would be injurious to my honour; and he who truly loves, will consult the interests of the beloved. That gift of beauty you so much esteem, would, if duly prized, not become the cause of my deformity, and the dishonour of my lord, its master."

"The perfection of your beauty and honour," replied the Count "depends upon giving your husband no just cause for complaint; but for as much as you are permitted to do without offending him, you are in no way culpable. If your husband, therefore, consent that you should be obedient to all my wishes, as your lord and master, you can do so without blemish to your honour." "I can well believe," replied the lady, "that Artemio, from the respect he owes you, would be induced to grant his permission; but so courteous an act on his part, would well merit from your noble liberality and courtesy a more honourable reward than I fear you intend. Should he, however, be thus prodigal of his own honour, I will say, that such liberality towards me could not dispense with my obligation to consult the maintenance of his honour as of my own. I have therefore resolved to treasure it up as something dearer to me than my very life, which would cease to appear pleasing in my eyes with the loss of my good name."

Count Leopold, however blinded by passion, could not refuse to extol and to esteem motives so pure and virtuous as these. For some moments he felt as if capable of abandoning his unjust and evil views. He had so long, however, been the slave of his inclinations, that he stifled the virtuous impulse as quickly as it arose, and directed all his thoughts to the gratification of his selfish passion. They then parted; and from this time forth the count employed every art of which he was master to accomplish his object,—all, however, in vain. He next resolved to try whether threats would not vanquish that constancy which had defied his allurements, and at the following interview, turning towards her with an indignant countenance, he said,—"Antandra, since all my entreaties and long services have proved worthless in your eyes, you will soon find that my power is not so despicable as not to command for me that return of love, hitherto solicited in vain.

Now, inasmuch as you would have obliged me by your voluntary love and submission to my will, I shall feel as little beholden to you for compelling me to adopt harsher means."

Terrified at these violent and threatening words, the gentle lady replied, "Surely, my lord, these are not your words, unworthy as they are of a noble knight, and a counsellor of the king. In reply, however, I can only declare, that you must do as you best please; and that I, for my part, protest that I will live and die the same Antandra that I have until this hour been. And if such were indeed your shameful resolution, to think of depriving me, by violence, of my honour, as you seem to threat, it will first be necessary to take my life; or, if you persist, with my own hand will I fall a victim to your cruelty, committing to my God and to my king, the meet vengeance and justice due to so great a wrong." Saying these words, she rose and flew from his presence, before he was aware of her intent; and hastened to her own house, with the resolution of acquainting her husband with everything that had passed. Delighted with the admirable courage and constancy she had shown, he expressed his gratitude by the fondest caresses, while he did not attempt to disguise the alarm he felt at the increased cruelty and barbarous threats of their lordly persecutor. On his part, he now began to suspect that Antandra's persevering rejection of his proposal must be owing to her affection for her husband, and that if he could remove him out of the way, there might be a much better chance of success.

For this purpose he devised a plot worthy only of his own depraved mind. It was no less than to deprive Artemio at once of his character and his liberty, by fixing upon him the stigma of a felon. Having charge of the king's treasury, with all the royal jewels, he one day, after having been particularly attentive and friendly, invited Artemio to accompany him, and took him directly into the treasury apartments, and thence into that which contained the jewels, and other precious rarities, belonging to the crown. While minutely describing their varieties, he seized the moment when he saw his attention most diverted, to slip a diamond of inestimable worth into one of his pockets; soon after which he dismissed him, with expressions of courtesy and regard. No sooner was he gone, than feigning to count over the jewels, as he replaced them, the Count observed to those about him, that a fine diamond was missing. Those present looked at each other with suspicion and surprise, and after satisfying him that it was not in their possession, the Count exclaimed: "Surely it cannot be Artemio; I had always the highest opinion of him; can he have robbed me? It is only right, however, that he should clear himself like the rest. Let him be called, and we will at once set the matter to rest." This was done; and on Artemio's appearance he was examined, and the diamond found. "What!" exclaimed the

Count, "could you avail yourself of such an occasion, when I so far honoured you, as to intrust you here, to rob me? Is this the way you reward my friendship, by committing high treason in my very presence, a crime that is now made public, and you may rest assured will be heavily visited upon your head." Such was the shock Artemio experienced, that he could not utter a word. He was instantly seized as a state prisoner; and Leopold, exulting in the success of his scheme, hastened to communicate the affair to the king, and to solicit the immediate trial and punishment of the offender. This was granted, and the Count now flattered himself that he was on the eve of accomplishing his designs.

What were the feelings of the chaste Antandra when she heard the bitter tidings! Her heart was pierced with woe, too strong for utterance; but her spirit and constancy, nevertheless, did not forsake her. She knew that the charge against her husband was false; she knew the real culprit, and she confided in Heaven that the truth would sooner or later be brought to light. On the other hand, the perjured Count, proceeding with his diabolical purpose, issued a commission for Artemio's trial; and after bringing forward the evidence of those present, and going through the usual forms, the cause was concluded, and the disgraced Artemio condemned like a public robber to the gallows. At the instigation, however, of the unjust prosecutor, the execution of the sentence was deferred. It was in vain that Antandra sought to appeal to the king or to the public, and to develop the vile plots of her persecutor; he was too powerful; and every avenue to redress was cut off. The diamond had been found on her husband's person; it was idle to suppose the Count capable of such enormous and gratuitous wickedness; and similar accusations were attributed to the unhappy wife's distraction and despair.

Count Leopold now began to mature his plans, and to draw the toils closer around his victim. He sought an interview with her husband; and after convincing him that all counter accusations against him had fallen to the ground, offered again to save his life, and obtain the king's pardon, if he would induce Antandra to comply with his wishes. To this Artemio replied, that what he now least of all feared was death; he would never consent to what he required; and having already been deprived of his honour, he defied his base enemy to do his worst. That, moreover, he confided so implicitly in the virtue of his wife, he doubted not she would know how to guard her own honour as well in his captivity as before. Perceiving that he had nothing to hope for in this quarter, Count Leopold resolved to carry his plans into execution by working on the feelings of Antandra herself. Going to her house the next day, under pretence of matters connected with the trial, he informed her that her husband's life was in her hands, and that if it were true she loved him so much as

had been said, she had now an occasion of shewing it, as there was no time to lose; and the means of procuring his liberation were easy, and in her own power. To these words, Antandra, with admirable spirit and constancy, made reply, that he might at once undeceive himself, for she had come to the resolution of sharing her Artemio's fate; that as he had partaken his fortune and freedom with her, she was not afraid to accompany him in captivity and death. Having said thus much, she left him, refusing longer to listen to him, or to remain in his presence. Great was the haughty Leopold's indignation, and he would doubtless have proceeded to execute the sentence upon her husband, but for the consideration that he should, by so doing, cut off the last chance of obtaining her voluntary consent. He contented himself with having the unhappy Artemio in his power, and trying what time and captivity, with additional threats and harshness, would effect.

On the other hand, the unhappy wife's whole thoughts were bent upon preserving the honour, and attempting the liberation of her husband. The tower in which he was confined was attached to the palace, with which the principal entrance communicated; and on the other side there were yet greater difficulties to encounter, as it opened upon the sea. Here it could be approached only by boats, and none, under pain of death upon the offenders, were permitted to come near, either by day or by night. The station was also secured by cannon and military posts on every other point. But what difficulties are too formidable to be encountered by true love; by love that is "stronger than death," and will perish, where it cannot triumph, with the object beloved?

As with sorrowing eyes Antandra regarded the sea, she thought on what Leander had once done for the sake of his beloved Hero; and undaunted at the idea of his unhappy fate, she wished only to emulate the heroic example. After revolving many plans in her mind, she at length resolved, after calculating the distance of the passage between the city gates and the foot of the tower, to select the hour of night for the purpose of executing her design of seeing once more the face of her beloved husband. But how was she to escape being detected by the guards in going through the gates of the city? Even this difficulty, enough to have deterred the boldest, was not found insurmountable to a woman who truly loved. She recollected the public aqueducts, which communicated at the distance of two hundred paces, by subterraneous passages, with the sea. One of these lay near her own dwelling, and by pursuing its direction, she would be enabled, without going through the city gates, to reach the sea. This with incredible courage and perseverance she effected; and then throwing herself into the waves, as boldly swam across the space between the city walls and the tower. Alighting under the prison grating, which looked into the sea, nearly on a parallel with the shore, she cautiously threw some

pebbles against the window. Artemio awoke, and approaching near, the next moment heard the voice of his beloved Antandra, though he believed the whole must be a vision, so impossible did it appear to him that it could be really his beloved, his heroic wife, who there stood before him. His joy was almost too overwhelming, and had nearly anticipated the cruel fate to which his persecutor had condemned him.

There, lamenting over their misfortunes, they stood awhile, their hands clasped in each other's (for this even the iron prison bars did not deny), and moistened with their mutual tears. Soon, however, they were compelled to tear themselves asunder, ere break of day; but not before she vowed to return and concert some measures for her husband's liberation, the mere mention of which revived his hopes, and he applauded her unheard of constancy and magnanimity, while he besought her no longer thus to peril her beloved life. But again and again did Antandra appear at night-fall, under his window, to cheer the heart of the prisoner; until one evening, the guard on duty, imagining he heard voices, approached softly, and listened to their conversation, and became acquainted with the whole affair. What was his astonishment to hear that it was a gentle woman—Antandra herself—who had performed an action from which the stoutest soldier might well have shrunk. Aware of the innumerable difficulties she must have surmounted, and hearing the story of their calamity told in broken accents, amid sobs and tears, the heart of the rude soldier sympathised in their unhappy lot. He gently approached the window at which Artemio stood, and inquired with whom he was there conversing; to which the prisoner answered, that the lady who stood there was his wife. He then recounted to the guard the dreadful suffering she had undergone for his sake, declaring it was only needful to hear, for the hardest heart to pity them; while Antandra stood weeping by his side, a mournful witness to the truth. The guard was moved; and hearing from her own lips, the repeated asseverations of her husband's innocence, and the base motives of Count Leopold's persecution, he said, he could believe her, because of what she had done; and, turning towards her, added: "Lady, what would you give, were I to permit you to enter the prison, and partake the company of your husband with more security from observation than here?"

Transported at the idea, Antandra replied: "My life, Sir, perhaps would be little, since you know I have adventured it so many times, only to have my husband's company in the manner you see. My life, then, is in your hands,—money have I none; for our cruel enemy hath deprived us of our fortune as well as our good name; and besides, any gift would fall far short of the blessing you propose to bestow, and for which only Heaven can reward you."

The guard then said: "I am willing to risk the loss of Count

Leopold's favour,—I will oblige you, lady; and he hastened towards a little sally-port, opening from the tower to the sea, by which he introduced the afflicted Antandra into the arms of her husband.

What a meeting was there,—with what mingled grief and rapture he hung over the lovely, half-fainting form of his best beloved; still as lovely, and endeared by tenfold stronger claims upon his gratitude and love. Happier, far happier, was he at that moment than his proud oppressor, amidst all the pride and splendour of his rank,—basking in the sunshine of royalty and power. For even there, he was tortured by the bad passion which destroyed his peace, to possess those charms which his happier victim then held in his arms. Long he held her clasped in a fervent embrace, as if to convince himself that it was no delusion; and long they mingled their sighs and tears. He was then about to throw himself at her feet, exclaiming that it was upon his knees he ought to express his gratitude for her boundless love and devotion; but she prevented him, clinging to his neck, and twining herself closer round him; at the same time stifling the expression of his gratitude with rapturous kisses, and no less delicious words. "Thine only, my Artemio, have I promised to be; and I have redeemed, and will yet redeem, my pledge. These moments repay me for all; for more than all I have suffered for thy sake."

In such mutual effusions of long divided tenderness and affection, did their re-united hearts continue to unbosom themselves to each other, until the guard came to inform them that morning was about to break. The happy prisoners were eloquent in the expression of their gratitude, engaging that he should be amply recompensed, if it were ever in their power, till when, they left it to heaven and his own heart to reward him for what he had done. Having heard their story, he said he was content to risk his life as long as the lady so nobly ventured hers, and he would give her admission to the prison on any night she liked to come. He was even generous enough to applaud her heroic conduct, which had first awakened his compassion; and turning to Artemio, added, "You may well pride yourself, Sir, on possessing the most constant, loyal, and lovely lady whom man ever deserved." "I know it, friend," replied Artemio, "but, alas! what boots it, when fate is about to part us for ever; and I can never more enjoy her, with liberty and my good name, as once I did." "Console yourself, since it is so," replied the guard; "heaven has already permitted me somewhat to lighten your misfortunes, and you shall see your lady as long as I shall keep possession of the station here." "I am truly grateful for your humanity and courtesy; they do you very great credit; and I wish it were in my power to reward you as you deserve."

Many times did Antandra return to cheer and bless the prison-hours of her loved Artemio; and as often did the humane guard admit her,

without any discovery of her visits to the tower. But her unhappy husband was evidently declining under the weight of his captivity and his injured name.

Antandra saw it,—and one evening, when they were seated with their benefactor in the prison, she threw herself at his feet, beseeching him with tears in her eyes to have pity on them, and to release her husband from his bonds. "Alas!" she cried, "the term of his respite is approaching,—the cruel Count more fiercely sues me, insisting upon the sacrifice of our honour or our lives; and, even if he grant us a further respite, I see that my dear husband will not long survive the persecutions we now suffer." "Yes," added Artemio, "it is too true; our last hope rests upon our kind benefactor. Only his noble-hearted pity and humanity can defeat the full accomplishment of Leopold's crimes; and save both us and him alike, from the ruin that threatens to overwhelm us." Such was the effect of this appeal, that the guard, without a moment's hesitation, consented to favour his prisoner's escape. And that this might be effected without bringing down suspicion upon him, it was fixed for the ensuing day, when the guard was to accompany Count Leopold to the chase, and give up the post until the evening. On that evening, Artemio was permitted to leave the tower in company with his Antandra. He threw himself joyfully into the waves; his beloved wife still keeping close at his side. The sight of a boat would have brought destruction upon them; though the shattered frame of Artemio was ill able to accomplish the design of swimming to the appointed spot, where a trusty servant was awaiting their arrival with horses to continue their flight. But Artemio's strength was fast failing him, spite of his repeated efforts, though he disguised the truth from his companion. His prison-bonds had palsied his limbs, and within a hundred yards of the shore he felt he should never be able to reach it. "Farewell, my Antandra," he murmured, as she cast an anxious eye on his enfeebled efforts; "I sink,—I die!" He was about to yield to his fate, when the next moment he felt his arm thrown over the beautiful neck of his companion, who still continued to approach the shore. "Fear not; faint not, my love," she said, "I am with you; only hold fast by my hair." "My blessed angel," whispered Artemio, as he felt his returning strength, while they drew nigher and nigher to the banks, "you have saved me! my limbs are no longer cramped," and he again swam more swiftly than before at her side. Ere reaching the spot, however, Antandra, exhausted by her intense efforts, fainted; while Artemio, with redoubled energy on his part, bore his lovely burden in triumph over the short space that intervened. With what mingled emotions did he then watch over her, chafing her hands and temples, and marking returning consciousness in the softly reddening colour of her lips and cheeks, and in the light of love and intelligence that at

length beamed from her unclosed eyes. We should vainly attempt to depict the scene that followed—the emotions with which they rushed into one another's embrace, before they again proceeded on their way.

Enough that they succeeded in reaching the nearest sea-port, where they embarked for Scotland, and arrived in safety at the town of Leith.

Next morning tidings of the prisoner's flight were received at court, and Antandra being no where found, it was believed it must be she who had been instrumental in promoting his flight. The heroic action was extolled throughout the city, nor did the court refuse to share in the applause. The designs of Count Leopold and the virtuous resistance and triumph of Antandra, could not be held so secret but that they were known to many, who before ventured not to open their lips, though now they became the general topic of the court. All rejoiced in his disappointment, which, besides the loss of love and vengeance was wormwood to the soul of the tyrannical favourite. His passion for Antandra still remained unabated, and gradually produced a fever, which consumed him. He was on the point of setting out in pursuit of her, when a fresh access compelled him to keep his couch ; and at the period of six months, he died, after having revealed to his confessor the innocence of Artemio, and the motives by which he had been induced to persecute him and his lovely consort, until he succeeded in depriving them of their fortune and their country, though not of their virtue, their honour, and unexampled constancy and love.

Upon learning the false and treacherous conduct of his late minister and favourite, and how unjustly Artemio, and the beautiful Antandra, had been persecuted and oppressed, the king despatched messengers in different directions to discover their place of retreat. Nor was it long before tidings of the death and confession of Count Leopold reached the court of Scotland, where the fugitives then resided. Confiding in their own innocence, and the offers of their king to reinstate them in their former rank and possessions, they joyfully took ship for their native country ; and on their arrival at Copenhagen, were received, not only with public demonstrations of applause, but being introduced at the court, Artemio, by his ability and integrity, rapidly rose in the king's favour, and was finally intrusted with the official situation of his predecessor, and the charge of those very treasures which he had been so basely accused of having purloined.

THE KING AND THE MINISTER.

In Poland, whose government is not hereditary, but elective, there was born, no long time ago, a gentleman of respectable, though not distinguished parentage. By his heroic actions, however, he has since rendered his name illustrious, obtaining honours and titles, to which his house was before a stranger. He first distinguished himself by his military conduct, which, added to his wisdom and integrity, soon gave him a high station in the councils of his country; insomuch that not the proudest nobles of the land boasted a brighter reputation or more influence and esteem, than Count Sigismund in the eyes of his royal master. Indeed, he seemed only to live for the service of his king and his country, having passed with eclat through all the subordinate civil and military offices, signalizing himself on every occasion, until he rose to those of the first distinction in the state. Such, in short, was the confidence reposed in him by his royal master, from his eminent success in the cabinet as well as in the field, that he was esteemed more like a bosom friend than a minister, and the Polish sceptre was swayed solely according to his judgment and advice.

Distinguished merit such as this, however, invariably offers the broadest mark for the shafts of envy and malignity. They pursue all brilliant and successful efforts like their shadows, and reflect more strongly in the sunshine of royal favour, distorting the finest forms and actions into deformity like their own. Attractive and courteous as his manners were, it was impossible for Sigismund to remain long undisturbed in the possession of power like his. Soon was he doomed to prove those bitter disgusts experienced in the courts of kings, disguised at first, indeed, with the gilding of courtly favour; but shortly losing their false splendour, and covered with the base alloy of envy, they show, in their true colours, what the real nature of all human friendship is.

At the same court were two lords, attached to the royal chambers, who chose to consider themselves aggrieved and offended at the more recent claims, and the honours bestowed by royalty on the more plebeian Sigismund, which they conceived quite derogatory to their more ancient name. They took counsel together how best to cast

some slur upon his honour, and to oppose and incense him, until he should afford them an opportunity of achieving his downfall, by forfeiting the favour and confidence of the king. In pursuance of their design, they leagued themselves with some of the worst and most despicable characters of the court, the more cunning and active charging themselves with the execution of the intrigues planned by the rest. In order to secure their ancient reputation, and more legitimate lives from all risk, they resolved to spring their mine under ground, and to seize the occasion of an approaching election of the kingdom; previous to which, the most influential among the factious band took the first opportunity of thus poisoning the ear of the king. "It is my duty, please your Majesty, inasmuch as I am bound to preserve your royal tranquillity, and that of your whole kingdom, which I trust in God you will long live to sway; it is my duty to acquaint your Majesty with a matter of some importance to your state. Would to heaven it had fallen upon anyone else; would that it were in my power to conceal it, and to avoid offending your royal ears with the truth. Indeed, it is quite against my nature to undertake such a task, were it not due to my own honour, and love for my country, which led me to waive all lesser motives in this case.

"Your Majesty will be surprised to learn,—what I am almost afraid to utter,—that your most confidential and powerful minister—too powerful it would seem—is no other than a traitor, and the sworn enemy of your crown. He has conspired with other accomplices, his trained followers—how shall I speak it—to assassinate your Majesty, after having concerted that the next election shall behold him monarch of this kingdom."

The king, on hearing this dreadful accusation pronounced against Sigismund, whom he had ever held as a mirror of loyalty and fidelity, exclaimed as he interrupted the speaker, "Behold the fruits of envy, which in vain attempts to look without an evil eye upon the increasing prosperity of another. I know Count Sigismund better than you can; and were it not from respect to my own station, I would punish the vile aspersion upon his good name with my own hand upon the spot. But no, his virtues are too strongly rooted in my regard to fear any accusations like these; they will only make me more cordially his friend. In future, however, take heed how you venture to abuse my forbearance, and to repeat slanders which can only have the effect of bringing down upon their authors, retribution due upon the crime of malignant perjurers and envious traitors. If it now be your wish not quite to forfeit my countenance and regard, tell me the truth; and repeat all you know of what is good and honourable in my friend Count Sigismund."

The wily and revengeful courtier, however, was not thus easily thrown off his beat. Not a whit daunted, he replied with more firm-

ness and audacity than before—"I was well aware, your Majesty, of the unlimited confidence you placed in Count Sigismund, and the risk I ran of bringing down upon me your royal displeasure. My loyalty may suffer in your eyes, but it is not less my duty as an honest man and your subject, when I see you walking blindfold on the edge of a precipice to attempt to tear the scales from your Majesty's eyes. You would then behold a gulf of conspiracy yawning to receive you and your kingdom, compared with which, that of the Roman Catiline himself would appear trivial in your regard. A confidence, my liege, like yours, however laudable, is that fault of kings, which has subverted thrones, desolated kingdoms, and consigned innumerable monarchs to captivity and death. I have long watched over the destinies of my country: I have marked the brilliant career of Count Sigismund—his soaring ambition and grasping power. It is not suspicion; I have proofs clear as the sun, that you are betrayed, and your confidence most unworthily abused. If I must keep silence on the subject of what I know, so let it be; but I could do no less than acquaint your Majesty with the fact. Let me be called envious and malicious, however harsh the terms, provided your Majesty, for your own sake, would only consent to hear me. For whatever may be the consequence, I return thanks to heaven for enabling me to detect this conspiracy, and prove my loyalty and truth. I would myself have called the traitor to account with my own sword, had I not wished to bring home th proofs against him, to satisfy your Majesty's mind on this head."

The king, now somewhat staggered, began to reflect that he might possibly carry his confidence too far; and that it would only be just towards Count Sigismund and his accuser, to examine into the grounds of such allegations, so positively and repeatedly maintained. He accordingly inquired how this patriotic courtier had come by the knowledge of the existing conspiracy? "I have already," replied he, "informed your Majesty, that it aims at your life, after which, his faction propose to proclaim Sigismund king of this realm. Many of the electors are already in his interests, dazzled with the brilliant prospects held out to them under his future sway." "How know you that," inquired the king, "and what are the names of these wise electors?" "Those of his own particular faction I have yet to learn; but the means by which I obtained information of the conspiracy are these:—There is one of his retainers named Roberto, a man who has shared his bosom secrets. From him I succeeded in eliciting my intelligence. Being entrusted with his master's letters, I traced him from one conspirator to another on various occasions; till, entertaining just grounds of suspicion, I agreed, along with my friends, to surprise, and compel him to give up his dispatches under pain of instant death. This we did; and on granting his life, he took from his valise a packet of letters which he placed in our hands, at the same time confessing

that they contained full information of the conspiracy to which we referred. On opening them, I found they were directed to the Grand Turk; and I read their contents, as your Majesty may now likewise do. They will explain the sources of our information. We farther compelled Roberto to acquaint us with his master's proceedings in the affair as far as he knew; and he avowed that it aimed both at your crown and life. Count Sigismund intended to administer poison when attending on your Majesty, with his own hand, while his friends should stand prepared, on hearing the event, to proclaim him king. He added, that he had moreover agreed with the Turk, to give up some frontier towns, on condition of receiving his support, if need be, to put down the loyal portion of your Majesty's subjects. This account of Roberto will be found confirmed by the letters under the seal manual of Count Sigismund; without which we should not have ventured to proceed in an affair of such grave and weighty importance. If your Majesty will please to read this letter, and can still persist in your fatal incredulity, you will then command our silence, and it will become our duty to obey."

The king took the letter, and found it to contain as follows:—

"LETTER TO THE GRAND SIGNOR.

"Our undertaking, most mighty sultan, is now matured, and the electors have joined us in it. The king slumbers in security; and I have assured my friends that you will hold your promise sacred to assist us; in consideration of which we shall gratefully comply with the conditions already laid down. As the arm of our power is now raised, and we have only to give the blow, it were better to cut off all delays, since they do often prove dangerous. My agents now at your capital, have orders to arrange that everything be prepared according to agreement, at the place you wot of, where a free passage will be opened to you, until when, may heaven prosper your sublimity with all increase of power and prosperity.

"SIGISMUNDO."

The king having carefully read this letter, and examined the sig na ture, to his infinite astonishment was compelled to admit that appearances were much against his friend. It was the hand of Sigismund; it was his seal; and yet he could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. In order to sift the matter more thoroughly, he forthwith commanded the traitor, Roberto, to be brought before him. This man was already in the interests of Sigismund's enemies, and his having been private secretary, gave a stronger colour to their proceedings. It was known that he had enjoyed his master's confidence, and been treated by him with singular kindness and affection. He had

been tampered with by the traitor, Rudolph; and, by dint of bribes, had consented to bear false witness against his master.

On being brought before the king, he at first stoutly denied any knowledge of the affair; but after several threats on the part of Rudolph, and observing the severe countenance of the king, he turned towards the courtier and said, "Is this the way in which noble knights keep their words with their servants?" "Sir," exclaimed the courtier, "it is my duty to keep my loyalty to my king, before my word to thee. If you would prefer reward to torture, speak out what you know, and thus recommend yourself to his Majesty's mercy."

After feigning the utmost reluctance to state any facts prejudicial to the interests of Count Sigismund, his generous master, he proceeded to confirm in every point what had already been asserted by his more infamous colleague. And on being shown the letter, he observed that it was the same which he had been enjoined to bear to the Grand Turk, and that he had been witness to its having been penned by the hand of Count Sigismund himself. The king then no longer considering it safe to disregard these strong proofs against the fidelity of his favourite minister, gave the false Rudolph a commission to secure his person and confine him in the state tower. What a shock this was to the noble-minded and innocent Sigismund, may be better imagined than described. It was in vain he entreated to know the cause of his sudden arrest, and to be brought into the presence of the king. "I have no concern with that," replied Rudolph; "it is my duty to execute the orders of my king." Saying this, he had the Count conducted, like a common culprit, to prison, in a place wholly unfit to one of his rank and character; and purposely with a view of irritating him into some imprudent expressions against the authority of the king. He even affected a reluctance to execute the severe terms of the commission with which he had been intrusted by the king. But the lofty, uncompromising spirit of Sigismund would not stoop to the meanness he had calculated upon: and he thus escaped falling into the base snare. He maintained, on the other hand, that his sovereign must have some just grounds for his indignation; and he took the spectators to witness that he felt nothing from the harsh treatment thus imposed upon him—nothing but the loss of his gracious master's favour, and having been the cause, however innocent, of provoking his displeasure.

Not even magnanimity like this could disarm the malice of his rival; and he basely gave the king to understand that the Count had given way to the most intemperate language and threats of revenge, not scrupling to accuse him of the following words: "Had my arrest been only delayed a single month, the king and I should then have exchanged places; and not very unlikely as it is!" The king, giving credit to this falsehood, became incensed in the highest degree, and

expressed his eagerness to see the traitor put upon his trial, and condemned to death, without more delay.

An air of sorrow, however, pervaded the whole court, with the exception of the cabal, on hearing of Sigismund's arrest. He was generally beloved throughout the country for his liberality and courtesy towards all ranks. And no one more sincerely partook of this regret than the chief justice of the land, a man of eminent worth and prudence, upright, and well-disposed towards the views and principles of the disgraced minister. Indeed, no one could conjecture what he had been guilty of, to compel the king to carry matters to such extreme severity, against a man whom he had raised to the highest distinction, and always treated less as a minister than as a friend.

The chief justice now received orders to wait upon the king, who communicated to him the whole affair, at the same time submitting to him the proofs of the conspiracy under the delinquent's own hand. He then added, that as the ingratitude was of the blackest dye, he would have it visited with summary vengeance, and no means of torture left untried, to elicit the whole truth from the lips of the arch-conspirator himself. The chief justice, having heard the intentions of the king, and received full powers to see them executed, then first requested to be heard. With the wisdom and humanity belonging only to noble and generous minds, when they behold one of kindred merit trampled upon by the blind rage of fortune, this upright judge, at the risk of his master's displeasure, threw himself boldly between the ruin of the helpless prisoner and the wrath of the king. He could not for a moment contemplate the dreadful fate prepared for so great a man :—"It will be well to consider, my gracious sovereign, before we proceed to this extreme rigour against a brave soldier and a great statesman, whom I have ever reputed a man of sterling worth, virtue, and fidelity—to consider, I repeat, the grave importance of the case. I say this, because I know that, in the precincts of royal courts, there ever exists cause of envy, jealousy, and inveterate malice; there are never wanting numbers against individual genius and merit, who envy the more fortunate, and seek to raise upon their ruins the foundation of their own advancement." The king replied, "You speak the traitor fair, my lord: I too was of your opinion; and I adopted another, from no trivial presumption of guilt. But proofs, my lord, are hard to deal with; and these brought to mind an old saying, that the 'green herb sometimes hides the serpent which stings the careless traveller.' With my own eyes have I seen what I never would have believed; and know, my lord, that the injuries inflicted by a friend wound us far more deeply than those of an enemy." Here the king, much affected, stopt, and handed the letter with the Count's signature to the judge. He next enjoined him to elicit, if possible, the whole circumstances, not sparing the utmost and most exemplary rigour

upon the offender. Full of trouble and perplexity, the judge proceeded to the prison, and began to examine the Count upon the subject. No sooner was the latter made acquainted with the nature of the accusation, than he became half frantic, and invoking curses upon his evil fate, desired that he might instantly be led to death. Henceforward life was worthless in his eyes. "Alas," he cried, "after the innumerable proofs of my fidelity and friendship, how could he be induced to entertain so vile an opinion of me, unworthy as it alike is of a king, a master, or a friend." He then, in the most touching terms, assured the chief justice of his innocence; that he would rather lose a thousand lives than perpetrate so foul a treason against his sovereign, to whom he was so deeply indebted. The supposition, he said, was too incredible, even as to the basest and most ungrateful of mankind; and he burned to prove with his sword upon the body of the false traitor who had thus abused the ear of his Majesty, the wickedness and fallacy of so detested a charge." The chief justice, who still preserved his good opinion of Sigismund, replied:—"You have ever stood high in the king's estimation, and also in mine; but I am bound to add, that appearances, and even evidences, are against you. These last go to convince us that your words are very good, but your works evil. In short, Count, to avoid more of these remarks, which I do not like to use in speaking of you, pray read this letter," which the prisoner took and read. "Is it yours?" inquired the judge. Again the Count read the letter, and his emotion was too visible to be concealed from the judge's eye. "No, never," he at last exclaimed; "never, though it certainly appears to be mine. But that I wrote it I deny — it is false as the heart that conceived it!" "Yet," said the judge, "there is one witness against you who saw you write it—Roberto, your own private secretary, upon whom that letter was found, confessed that he saw you write it."

Heaving a deep sigh, Sigismund then said: "Alas! with what deep laid snares have they beset me. But let me entreat you to go to the king, and obtain his order to arrest the person who communicated this letter. Let him be confronted with me, when I doubt not but my innocence and loyalty will be made manifest to the confusion of my enemies. Would to God that my royal master would grant me to prove the same in open arms, by which means I would quickly compel the perjured witnesses to confess the truth."

Notwithstanding these exculpatory assertions on the part of the Count, the justice affected to disbelieve and oppose them, in order, if possible, to irritate and throw him off his guard, concluding that, if he were guilty, he would thus, by some inconsiderate words, betray the real fact. He could gather nothing, however, that led to such an inference; the Count remained constant and unmoved. He at once, therefore, went to the king, and related the whole of what had passed.

He added, "that, with his Majesty's permission, it would be well to examjne the bearer of the letter, who had in the first instance been arrested. The king was pleased to follow this advice, and Count Rudolph was forthwith required to have Roberto conducted to the justice's house, in order that he might be privately examined. The courtier, pretending the utmost alacrity to fulfil the king's commands, hastened to consult with his colleagues. They were of opinion that some risk would be incurred by Roberto's examination before so upright and able a judge; more particularly as he was a man of low birth and timid disposition; and they immediately sent for him into their presence, and charged him, word for word, in what manner to conduct himself, in order to escape being detected by the skill and penetration of the judge.

Roberto was then dispatched, with rather a misgiving conscience, to the house of the chief justice. It was now evening, and just as Roberto was proceeding along one of the least frequented streets, he was suddenly set upon by assassins. His cries brought persons to his assistance, but not before he was badly wounded. On this event, his accomplices immediately spread a report, that the friends of Count Sigismund had assaulted him, in order that he might not live to reach the house of the justice, and establish his evidence of the conspiracy. Such, unfortunately, was the impression produced upon the mind of the king; nor did it fail to add to the suspicions entertained against the prisoner in that of the justice himself.

By the king's order the wounded man was conveyed to the palace, and the best physicians were called in to his assistance. This had not entered into the calculation of his accomplices, who had, in fact, been the authors of the attempted assassination; concluding, that if he were out of the question, they would be safe, and the ruin of the Count accomplished. Now they attempted to irritate his feelings against his master, declaring that it was he who had instigated the assassins, who belonged to Count Sigismund's party. This foul calumny had the desired effect; and when sufficiently recovered, the base secretary made other depositions, which involved still more deeply the character of his unfortunate master. During his convalescence, the chief justice, by order of the king, held frequent interviews with the prisoner, in whom he found the same constant and magnanimous spirit. He had also frequent interviews with Roberto, from whom he endeavoured to elicit some information, threatening him both with temporal and eternal torments if he attempted to conceal any facts he had not yet avowed. But he now asserted more confidently than before, what he had before advanced, swearing to the truth of all that he had deposed. The king being made acquainted with these facts, again insisted with the chief justice that Sigismund should be put to the torture; such was become the enormity of his offence, in attempting the life of his

secretary in order to remove the chief witness against his crimes. The justice, however, having by no means made up his mind as to the prisoner's guilt, replied: "Please your Majesty, it will always be in our power to put the prisoner to the question after having ascertained his guilt; but, if acquitted, it will no longer be possible for us to recall the injury thus inflicted. The secretary is at length sufficiently recovered to bear witness at the trial, and, with your permission, it shall now take place."

Eager to have his doubts resolved, the king issued a commission, and on the appointed day the court being assembled, the chief justice, attended by the state officers, with the usual forms and ceremonies, entered the court and took his seat. He then gave orders for the prisoner to be brought forward, and to be confronted face to face with his accuser. This being done, and the treacherous secretary stationed close in front of his master, the judge turning towards the bar addressed the prisoner: "Count Sigismund, you there behold in your presence the servant by whom you are accused of the high crime of treason; it remains with you to show how you can defend yourself from his accusations." Sigismund then fixing his eyes upon the treacherous secretary, with the same undaunted and terrible countenance which he had ever borne towards the king's enemies, and which produced a feeling of respect and veneration in the minds of the beholders, thus addressed him: "And is it thou, vile wretch, that hast cast upon me the name of traitor to my king? On me, who have shed my blood like water in his defence, and am still prepared to lay down my life in his service! Dost thou know who I am, and what thou art? Is it for such as thou to stain my untarnished honour and good name? Awake out of thy wicked delusion; look around thee in the face of thy king and thy country; rouse thee, and prepare in their presence, as I will have thee, to speak the truth. Nay, turn not thy head aside; think not to escape me, but try to look me as an honest man in the face, and tell me for which of all the benefits I have conferred on thee, thou hast conceived the diabolical design of robbing me of my life and honour, by base charges it is impossible for thee to prove. Answer me, did I write that letter;—on what occasion—at what hour and place? Speak, I say; hesitate, tremble not; for thou hast been brought hither to speak the truth."

Then turning towards the judge, the Count in a loud voice added: "I call upon you, my lord judge, in the name of God and of his justice, to put this bad man to the question, and compel him to speak the truth, the whole truth in this affair."

The perfidious servant had till this moment kept his eyes fixed upon the ground, afraid to encounter his master's indignant looks; and such was his terror and confusion when he heard threats and denunciations from those lips which he had ever been accustomed to obey, that he

could no longer support his part. His agitation was dreadful; he trembled till he became almost convulsed; and in the presence of his great accomplices, and of the king and court, he threw himself in a burst of agony at the Count's feet. With abundant tears he confessed his treason, and that of his accomplices, along with the motives which had induced Count Rudolph to concert the plot, and bribe the others to join it. At the same time he confessed that he had himself written the letter in imitation of the Count's hand.

After the astonishment and indignation of the court had somewhat subsided, the judge, in order the better to satisfy the parties in the cause, turned towards Roberto, and said, "You need not be afraid, if you have spoken the truth; nor can your master punish you, standing as he does, under a charge which affects his life. If any alarm, as regards him, has weighed with you in your confession, you are now at liberty to state it; and to maintain your former declarations against him." "No, my lord," replied the secretary, "I have nothing more to say. I have only now spoken the truth; though it convicts me of being one of the most abandoned of mankind,—deserving the most exemplary punishment; and utterly unworthy the generous usage—the clemency and forgiveness of my revered master."

The whole of his confession was then committed to writing, duly signed and witnessed: after which the false witness was conveyed to prison; and had it not been for the generous intercession of his former master, would have paid the penalty due to his crimes.

Don Christoval Lozano.

DON CHRISTOVAL LOZANO.

OF this writer there is no account in Nicolo Antonio, or any other biographer, the particulars of which are at all worthy of notice. That he was a doctor, a commissary of the *Santa Cruzada*, and a composer of voluminous religious works, as well as of a few novels, is ample information for the reader, who has no taste for a dry catalogue of titles and editions, and chiefly of abstract and ecclesiastical books.

SOLEDADES DE LA VIDA, &c.

In the capital of the kingdom of Sicily, at the time when it was governed by Dionysius, generally known by the name of Tyrant, dwelt a young nobleman named Enrico. He was of very high lineage, being descended from royalty, and was of such ability and integrity, that the king created him his private secretary, and honoured him so far with his confidence and friendship, that the surest road to the king's favour was by the interest of Enrico. In this enviable situation did Enrico find himself, favoured by his sovereign, respected by his friends, and feared by his enemies—when, in addition to the feelings of pride and pleasure, which such prosperous circumstances would naturally create, love stepped in to dispute the ascendancy. The lady who had captivated him was the only daughter of a nobleman of great wealth and power; she was called Theodora, and her beauty was celebrated throughout the city. It was not long before the gallant appearance of Enrico, and the exclusive regard which he omitted no opportunity of showing, created a reciprocal sentiment in her heart, and Enrico soon found means in a less general manner to testify his regard. From the correspondence which had commenced between them, Enrico was obliged to abandon his intention of demanding her in marriage of her father, in consequence of a private engagement which subsisted between him and the king, wherein the king had promised on the death of the queen to raise his daughter to the throne; or, in default, that she should be the wife of his eldest son. This engagement was of course a secret to all but those concerned, but was sufficiently powerful to damp the hopes of Enrico. But as love is blind, and always endeavours to break the barriers which prudence raises, be they ever so strong and formidable, the lovers agreed to obviate the difficulty of the father's refusal by a private marriage. More than a year elapsed, during which a secret though delightful intercourse was carried on between the lovers, the one refusing the chance of a crown, for the sake of him she loved, and he risking the displeasure of the king, and the vengeance which might ensue—when the death of the old nobleman produced a change in their affairs. As

no notice whatever of the private engagement had been given by the king, even to him whom he honoured with his friendship and confidence, and Theodora had only heard it from her father, Enrico thought the king had no intention of fulfilling it in any manner; he therefore thought there was no longer a necessity for keeping his marriage a secret, and determined to acquaint the king forthwith, and solicit his approbation of a public ceremonial. One morning, however, before he had effected his intention, the king entered his study, and told him he had a secret of some importance to communicate. Enrico listened with attention while the king proceeded—"You have been for a long time the confidant of all my actions, the depositary of my most secret thoughts; there is however one fact, and one only, with which I have not made you acquainted, because the nature of it was such, that neither your advice nor assistance would avail me." He then related the engagement he had with the father of Theodora, but added, it was contracted solely with a view to secure her from the offers which might be made to her father, for he had long secretly but ardently loved.—The king further said, the reason he now mentioned it was, that the death of the father having created a change in the family, he had adopted a resolution, in which he required the assistance of a friend devoted to his interests; for there being no chance of the queen's death, and not caring to give to his son that which he valued so much, he intended to make the offer of a secret *liaison*, to which he was not prepared to expect a refusal. This intimation from one who was never disobeyed, was like a thunderstroke to poor Enrico; who, nevertheless, concealed the surprise and indignation it would have been death to have betrayed. "By the way," said the king facetiously, "you are a poet, and I dare say you have some verses about you, dedicated to some fair damsel, which will doubtless answer for me,—give me them, that I may transcribe them, and thus make love after the fashion of our country."

Without knowing what he did, Enrico instinctively took some verses from his pocket, which he had often sung to Theodora, and gave them to the king, who, after praising the style, told him that he intended to visit Theodora that evening, and should require his attendance. Enrico had no opportunity of escaping from the palace for a moment, to warn Theodora of their danger, and night arrived without his resolving what conduct to adopt. The king entered his apartment at the hour assigned; and they both, concealed in large cloaks, sallied from the palace by a private entrance. Perplexed with fear, that Theodora, ignorant of the presence of another, might welcome him in terms which would betray them, he anxiously devised an expedient. "My liege," said he, "would it not be better that I should reconnoitre the position before you venture? it would not be prudent to risk a discovery of you by any strangers." "Right," answered the king, "I will

remain in this street until your return ; use all expedition." Enrico flew to the dwelling of Theodora, when, giving the accustomed signal, she met him at the door, but without entering as usual, he embraced, and whispered, " Be not surprised, I have a companion who has determined to visit you, and obliges me to accompany him ; call up your duennas and receive him in their presence." He then returned in haste to the king, who was impatient even at the short time that had elapsed, and told him that all was safe for him to advance, that he had seen Theodora, and informed her that a person of high distinction was about to honour her with a visit, without saying who, fearing the abruptness might disturb her. Without further delay, they entered the house of Theodora, and were shown into her apartment, where she was sitting with her two attendants. When Theodora saw the quality of her visitor, she was exceedingly disturbed, not doubting but that he came to renew the engagement contracted with her father, and she was still more distressed on seeing the agitation of Enrico. Concealing her own emotions, however, she entertained the king, who sat apart with her, with everything she could tax her imagination, rather than listen to the advances which she dreaded ; and at last when she found he was determined to say that to which she dared not listen, she rose and said, that lest any wrong constructions might be placed on the visits of his majesty, if he had communications to make, he would respect her character, and make them by letter, which she would reason on more fully than in his presence. The king, glad that she had consented to a correspondence, took his leave with Enrico, after first giving her the verses which he received from Enrico, and returned to the palace. Enrico, who had been apart, and had not heard their conversation, was not a little annoyed to find the king so well contented with his progress, and Theodora was equally uneasy on finding the verses of the king to be the same that Enrico had so often sung to her, and which he must have given the king to present to her.

From this time a correspondence was commenced, in which the king gradually made known his designs. The letters were usually indited by Enrico, and he was always the bearer, with injunctions from his master to forward his views by argument whenever he had an opportunity. It was a mortifying duty for a husband, but he was unfortunately in such a situation, that to refuse would at once create suspicion, and perhaps discovery. The answers were framed respectfully, but always remonstrating strongly against the proposals which were urged, so that the king at last, impatient of contradiction, began to revolve in his mind certain plans by which he could bring the stubborn fair one to his views. An accident however occurred, which brought the affairs of the lovers to a crisis more quickly than by the ordinary course of events. One day, Enrico had been the bearer of

a letter from the king, which had occasioned considerable uneasiness to Theodora, who, in lamenting the situation to which they were reduced, threw her arms round his neck, and gave way to her tears. In this situation they were surprised by a page, who was sent from the king to hasten Enrico's return. Before they perceived him, however, he stepped back, and, hastening to the palace, informed the king of what he had witnessed. The king, dissembling his feelings, commanded the page on no account to mention the circumstance, feigning to be jealous of the honour of his secretary, and more particularly that of the young lady. The information, however, created the most vivid feeling of disappointment and rage. Sometimes he would doubt the testimony of the page, and at others would denounce the most dreadful vengeance against his false secretary. Determined to satisfy himself on the subject, he sent for Enrico, and informed him that it was his intention to remove Theodora to his palace, as a lady of honour to the queen, when he should have a better opportunity of bringing her to his arrangements. The king thought that the feelings of Enrico at this unexpected purpose might perhaps betray him, but he was deceived, for a servant of Theodora had observed the page return from the house of her mistress in the morning, testifying every mark of astonishment, and suspecting the cause, informed Enrico. He was therefore prepared for some act of jealousy on the part of the king, so that when the proposal was made, he immediately coincided with him in the eligibility of the plan, hoping thereby to remove suspicion, and trusting to good fortune for the future. Theodora removed to the palace on the invitation being sent her, knowing that her consent would be considered by the king as the test of Enrico's faith. During a month that she was in attendance on the queen, the king made but little progress with her. She took care to give him but little opportunity of seeing her alone, and always met his advances with coldness and distrust. Every night Enrico contrived to visit her, by means of a ladder of cords which she lowered from her window into the garden, which was in a retired situation, and little liable to observation.

The king finding his suit proceed so slowly, and still having some suspicions of Enrico, placed people to watch him, and soon learnt enough to rouse his dormant jealousy. Determined to prove him to the utmost, one morning he accosted his secretary thus :—"Enrico, I am at last on the point of vanquishing the scruples which this silly girl has entertained so long, but on condition of the strictest secrecy, and that I give my royal word, to bestow her in marriage to my faithful and confidential secretary.—What say you? will you serve your master so far?" The abruptness of such astounding intelligence, and the feelings to which it gave rise, was too much for the self-possession of Enrico. The colour rushed to his face, and then

left him deadly pale—he could hardly articulate a reply. His confusion was sufficient to satisfy the doubts which the king entertained of his fidelity, and he determined on that evening to witness himself the ill faith of his secretary, and thereby feel certain that the judgment he meditated might be deserved. A little before twelve o'clock that night, till which time he contrived to detain Enrico, the king, taking a single page, went to the apartment of Theodora, and having obtained admittance, informed her that he was come to converse with her for an hour before retiring for the night. Theodora was exceedingly perplexed at this strange visit, the more, as it might involve some disagreeable consequences; the hour which the monarch had chosen being precisely the time when Enrico usually made the signal. And it so happened; for no sooner did Enrico obtain leave to depart, than with very little delay he went to the garden, and under the balcony of Theodora made the signal for her to lower the ladder of ropes. Of course no answer was returned; and seeing from the light that she had not retired, he became distracted with the idea that she had yielded to the king, as he had informed him in the morning, considering it the only way to ensure their safety. Stung to the quick with rage and jealousy, he called out to her in a feigned voice, upbraiding her with perfidy, and giving her to understand he was acquainted with her weakness. Theodora was during this time in the greatest agony, for the voice was too loud not to be heard, and the king immediately charged her with entertaining a lover. She denied the accusation, saying she was utterly ignorant of the cause of such an appeal; when the king, turning to his page, commanded him to seek a companion, and without any ceremony, dispatch the slanderer who dared make so free with the reputation of an honourable lady.

The page departed; and Theodora, distracted with apprehension, knew not how to act. To inform the king of the fact would be certain death to her lover; and she heard the order given for his assassination, without being able to move in his behalf. The king saw the perturbation of Theodora, which nearly amounted to distraction, and considering himself wronged, awaited the event as an act of justice.

Meanwhile, Enrico was continuing his complaints, when the two pages approached, and demanded how he dared to utter such language to any lady of the palace, at the same time rushing on him with their swords drawn, to dispatch him. But Enrico was not slow in his defence; for on hearing the first word, he drew his sword, and used it with such effect, that his assailants were quickly obliged to seek their safety in flight. Enrico then, to avoid discovery, retraced his steps to his own apartment. The state of terror to which Theodora was subjected during this trying scene, was almost insupportable; and when the pages returned, sorely maltreated, to relate the ill success of their attempt, no longer able to contend with her feelings,

she sunk on the floor in a state of insensibility; on which the king, after summoning assistance, retired to meditate a more certain chastisement. When Theodora returned to herself, she felt comparatively happy to think of her lover's escape without discovery; but not knowing what to think of the allusions which he made to her want of faith, she opened the window and made signals, thinking he might be somewhere concealed. She then lowered the ladder of ropes, but as he did not appear, she, not being able to rest while he was evidently under some delusion respecting her, descended herself, and cautiously making her way to his windows, made signals for him to descend. Almost doubting his senses, he came down to her, and she related to him the visit of the king, and her uneasiness. He was overjoyed to find the whole only a *ruse* of the king's, from which he had gained no advantage; and excusing himself for the pain he had unconsciously inflicted on her, and which she readily forgave, he returned with her to her apartment.

On the following morning, Enrico waited in the antechamber for the coming of the king, feeling perfectly satisfied that he was yet undiscovered, and determined to meet boldly any fresh suspicions which the evening's adventure might have created. The king appeared in perfect good humour, and in the course of the evening informed him it was his intention to summon a hunting party, for the purpose of granting Theodora the favour of distributing the whole of the game, adding, that she had changed her mind with respect to her last determination, but that he doubted not he should soon prevail. Splendid preparations were made, and shortly the party took their way to a park of the king's, about two leagues distance. On their arrival, after arranging their plan of meeting, they all separated to pursue their sport; but the king and Enrico continued together, accompanied only by one of the king's personal attendants. Under the pretence of pursuing their sport, the king led his companion into the most wild and unfrequented part, and when arrived at a certain spot, suddenly drew up his horse. The good humour, which had apparently marked his conduct throughout the day, now became completely changed. A fearful frown succeeded the smile he had hitherto worn, and regarding Enrico sternly,—"Traitor Enrico!" he exclaimed, "what dost thou answer for having betrayed thy master and friend? confess thy iniquity, and receive from my hand thy punishment." The king leaped from his steed, and drew his sword. "Draw," he cried, "and defend yourself, for as thou art of royal blood, so from the hand of a king alone shalt thou meet thy doom." Enrico saw that he had been discovered, and knew, from the remorseless nature of the king, no explanation would serve him; he therefore descended his horse, but the natural feeling of respect for him who had been so long his friend, prevented him from raising his hand against him, even in his own

defence. He threw himself on his knees before his sovereign, and handing him his sword, "If you are determined to take the life of one who has served you so long and not unworthily," he exclaimed, "stain not your own sword with his blood, but take this, and if your heart will allow, do your pleasure on him." The king took his sword, but his words had no effect on his determination, for raising a bugle to his mouth, he sounded an alarm, when there presently appeared from a short distance a band of armed men. "Seize this traitor," cried the king, "who confesses himself unworthy of receiving his punishment at my hands, and do by him as he deserves." Without saying another word, or listening to Enrico, who begged to be heard, he mounted his courser, and was out of sight in an instant, leaving Enrico unarmed in the midst of assassins. Enrico saw that all resistance was vain, and submitted to his fate. They bound him, and then cast him headlong into a yawning cavern, so dark and deep, that report had invested it with supernatural terrors, and whence it was firmly believed no mortal could ever escape with life.

The king was made acquainted with the result, and was well satisfied with the manner in which they had executed his commands. He then penned some verses, descriptive of the death of Enrico, and the treason for which he suffered, and caused them to be sung under the balcony of Theodora, at the time when Enrico used to visit her. Theodora had been all the evening in the greatest agitation; she had seen the king return with those nobles who had accompanied him, but missed Enrico from their number. She inquired of all who were most likely to afford her information, but could obtain no satisfactory intelligence. A prey to doubt and anxiety, she awaited the hour which she hoped would calm her apprehensions, by bringing his accustomed signal. When the hour arrived, instead of the voice of Enrico she heard the dismal recitation the king had ordered, the meaning of which was too plain to be misunderstood. The false hopes of security in which she had so long indulged were suddenly withdrawn, and she saw at a glance the detection of the king, and the vengeance which had followed. She gave way to the most bitter and heart-rending grief; she tore her fair hair, and threw herself on the ground, praying that she might never more rise with life. The whole night was passed in the most bitter desolation of feeling, and on the morrow she sought an interview with two cavaliers who were most intimate with Enrico, and heard from them the rumours which were abroad respecting the death of their friend. She then confessed to them the relation she bore him, and the cause of his death, entreating them, if they would compassionate her grief, to show her the spot where he was murdered, so that she might render the last duties to her husband's remains. They could not withstand her tears, and promised, if she could absent herself without the knowledge of the household, they would show her the

spot. This she promised to do, and fixed on the next night for the engagement. The knights, whether they repented, fearing the king's wrath in case of discovery, or seeking his favour by these dishonourable means, made him acquainted with the engagement, and asked how they were to proceed. The king seized this circumstance as the means of carrying into effect a plan which he had long contemplated, but knew not how to execute for want of an opportunity. He desired them to conduct Theodora as she requested, while he would repair to the spot with assistance, to force her off to one of his castles, where she would not long be able to resist his continued and unrestrained communications.

It was considerably past the middle of the night before Theodora could arrange everything to meet her conductors, when, having provided themselves with a master key, they left the palace without observation. The morning began to dawn before they reached the spot where the king had left Enrico to the mercy of his myrmidons, and Theodora had scarcely cast her eyes around to discover the traces of her murdered husband, when the king rushed out from a concealment which he had sought previous to their arrival, and seized on Theodora to prevent her escape. The knights, feigning fear, immediately fled to some distance; and Theodora, filled with dismay on finding herself in the power of the king, cried long and violently for assistance. It was, however, of no avail; and the king making a sign to his assistants, they brought up their horses for the purpose of forcing her away. Her cries were not in vain, for a voice was heard as though from an adjacent rock, which, from the reverberation, produced a most fearful effect; and suddenly there issued from a fissure the figure of a man, which, although disguised with wounds, and covered with blood, was immediately recognised as that of Enrico. The king and his attendants drew back appalled, and thinking he was the inhabitant of another world come to rescue their victim, were immediately about to fly; but Theodora being only alive to the presence of her husband, threw herself in his arms, regardless of the terrible appearance he presented. Enrico called on the king to stay, who, astonished at what he saw, called on his attendants to remain; when Enrico, taking the hand of Theodora, threw himself at the feet of the king. "Great Dionysius," he cried, "I am indeed Enrico, your most faithful friend and servant; a miracle has alone preserved me from death, which I shall esteem the more if I can repeat to you my innocence. Theodora, for whom you suspect me guilty of betraying your confidence, was my wife long before you made known to me your views respecting her; this I hope will be sufficient to convince you of the little reason you have had to think injuriously of me, when duty and loyalty were the feelings by which I was actuated. Behold us now

both at your feet; and if you are deaf to the voice of mercy, let the same blow end our lives and miseries together."

The king was moved with pity at the situation to which his own unjust passion had reduced one whom he had so long honoured with his friendship. Raising him from the ground, he embraced him, and said, that since such was the case, he freely forgave him for the annoyance which his apparent duplicity had caused him, and asked his forgiveness for what he had made him suffer. Enrico then informed him that his descent into the pit was stayed by some bushes, which grew at no great distance from the mouth; and that although sorely cut and bruised, he with great difficulty made his way out, and sought shelter in the caves of the rocks until he could devise some plan for escape. The king then returned with them to the palace, where the nuptials were publicly celebrated.

JEALOUSY OF THE DEAD.

THAT beautiful city of Spain, which is bathed by the crystal waters of the Tagus; the mistress of arts and arms, within whose limits are gathered together all that is beautiful and noble; the splendid residence, in past ages, of a race of kings, and now the illustrious heritage of their successors, will be easily recognised as the imperial Toledo. In this city lived an honourable cavalier, a native of Valencia, whose name was Don Lucindo. He was a gentleman of good pretensions, noble, valiant, and discreet, if such qualifications can be possibly possessed by a lover; for Don Lucindo had been six years in the wars of Flanders, solely to acquire honour and fame, the better to deserve the love of a beautiful lady of Toledo, named Donna Ana.

As his parents had been some time dead, and he was entirely free from any ties of kindred, he left his property at Valencia in the hands of trusty individuals, and fixed his residence at Toledo. Donna Ana, as we have before observed, was beautiful, and moreover possessed a handsome property of twenty thousand ducats, with solely the care of providing for an aged aunt, who resided with her, and under whose superintendence she was left. The gallant attentions of Don Lucindo were not lost on his mistress, who repaid his courtesy with occasional glances of recognition and kindness, sometimes from her window, and at others when going to mass; on which occasions he was never far from her side. As a circumstance consequent on such an understanding, notes and sonnets began to pass in some profusion, in the safe transmission of which was employed a servant of Donna Ana, named Teela. This girl proved her fidelity to her young mistress, and endeavoured to deserve her good opinion, by cheating the old lady, her aunt, on all occasions; but her suspicions were, nevertheless, raised by some inadvertences, so that on one occasion, by watching an opportunity, she intercepted a sonnet, which was intended by Don Lucindo for his mistress. Notwithstanding the protestations of Teela that it was a perfect stranger who gave her the sonnet, the aunt was not without suspicion as to the writer, and Donna Ana did not escape without a sharp rebuke from her aunt, whom, however, she shortly contrived to pacify.

Don Lucindo was much annoyed when Teela, who was herself so much amazed with her own want of care that the sight of a doubloon could hardly reconcile her, related to him the *contretemps*. This, however, she pertinaciously refused to take, although in the end it did not return into Don Lucindo's purse, resembling in this particular certain medical practitioners, who have sometimes been known, by strong language, to refuse their fees, yet never to withhold their hand when offered. Don Lucindo entertained great hopes that his suit, from so auspicious a commencement, would have a happy and successful termination; but as nothing is certain in this life, whether in love or any other of our desires, Don Lucindo was doomed like others to experience the effects of the instability of fortune. There was in Toledo a noble cavalier, named Don Juan de Moncada, very wealthy, and possessed of such estimable qualities, that he was beloved by all who knew him. This young cavalier had met Donna Ana, and her beauty had made such an impression upon him, that he determined to solicit her favour, without heeding cost or consequences. But as it was necessary to employ some one to assist him in his projects, he chose one of his own servants as a confidant,—and he could hardly have made choice of a better, for Martin was shrewd and clever: and no sooner did he understand his master's wishes, than he immediately undertook to forward them. He soon found means to introduce himself to Teela, as a preparatory measure to gain admission into the house. Without giving any hint of his ulterior designs, Martin professed himself, with such apparent sincerity, so ardent an admirer of Teela, and withal was so good humoured and witty, that the waiting-maid shortly became so much his own, that he introduced the subject of his master's love, and was satisfied that he had secured her assistance. Of course, Teela informed him of Don Lucindo's attachment, and the progress he had made with her mistress, but Martin was in no way disheartened for his master's success; he only extorted a promise from Teela that she would conceal all the notes for the future from Don Lucindo, and forward all that he should bring from Don Juan. Don Juan was delighted at the progress his servant had made, and immediately addressed a letter to Donna Ana, breathing his protestations of admiration and love.

The fair Ana was somewhat disturbed at the receipt of the letter; but lest he might construe anything favourable from her silence, she lost no time in framing a reply, in which she stated the utter impossibility of receiving his proffered attentions. This letter was sent to Don Juan much in the same way as memorials are handed to the king, Donna Ana giving it to Teela, Teela giving it to Martin, and Martin to Don Juan. The cavalier was very sorrowful on reading the contents; for though he could not help admiring the style in which it was indited, yet the resolution it expressed filled him with grief,

Martin took up the letter when his master had finished, hoping to find some little expression on which to ground a hope; for without being a learned man or a magician, who would warp the truth to frame a consequence agreeing with his argument, yet he thought he understood the bye-roads to a lady's favour, which are never to be found in their general discourse, but are sometimes discovered hidden in an ambiguous phrase or obscure expression, which when threaded rightly would lead to a different result. The conclusion, however, that Martin drew from Donna Ana's letter, was simply, that there was a lover in the question, and that, as long as he remained, no success could be contemplated. He therefore advised his master, if he were intent on prosecuting the adventure, the shortest way would be to engage him in a duel, which, if successful, would dispose of his rival, and if not, would at least ease the ardour of his own love. Don Juan found this advice very reasonable; and making light of everything in comparison with the flame that consumed him, he sallied out one night with Martin to the house where Donna Ana resided, supposing that, if there was any favoured rival, that was the most likely spot to meet him. They were not disappointed; for, directly beneath the window, they discovered Don Lucindo waiting in expectation of seeing his mistress. Don Juan left Martin at some few paces, and advanced alone. "Señor cavalier," said he haughtily, "what seek you here?" "Nothing that it imports you to know," returned Don Lucindo in the same strain; "pass on, as I generally answer such questions rather with the sword than the tongue." This reply pleased Don Juan exceedingly, considering the purpose for which he came, and immediately drawing from it a sufficient cause of quarrel, he replied, "I am not one who would answer such language as that in the open street; but if your courage will not belie your words, follow me." Not a word more was necessary; for Don Lucindo, incensed at such an impertinent interference, was determined to chastise the author of it, and without further consideration, followed him to the castle of San Cervantes, where, drawing their swords, they engaged in combat. It was nearly dark, and chance directed their weapons; so that after one or two passes, fortunately avoided by each, the sword of Don Juan passed through the body of his antagonist, and he fell on the spot without a word or a groan. Don Juan and his servant found their way home without observation; and such was the rapidity and secrecy with which the whole affair was conducted, that when the death of Don Lucindo was rumoured abroad, not the slightest trace could be discovered of the person from whose hand he received his mortal wound. After a time, his funeral was celebrated with splendour, and the talk which the affair created gradually subsided, as the event which caused it was forgotten. For a long time Don Juan refrained from preferring his suit to Donna Ana, whose feelings had undergone too

severe a shock to render it politic to address her on such a subject; but Martin had not been idle. He had no feelings of delicacy to restrain him from prosecuting his suit with the waiting maid, who on her part had neglected nothing to advance the interest of Don Juan with her mistress, by constantly repeating the praises she heard from without, respecting his gallantry and great qualities. It is not in the heart of woman to withstand, for any length of time, so formidable a league; and by the time Don Juan thought proper to renew his solicitations for her intimacy, she was more than half disposed to receive them. The verses which he wrote never wanted a favourable criticism while Teela was at hand to read them; for if Don Lucindo, a soldier, was not free from the infirmity of poetizing, little less could be expected of Don Juan, who had had a finished education in the different colleges of learning, and had dedicated works to the muses with some effect. His letters, which were composed with the greatest care, were sure to be admired by Teela for their tenderness and grace; and it was not long before they were rewarded with an answer which was sufficient to convince him his endeavours had not been unsuccessful.

Having proceeded thus far, Donna Ana was persuaded before long to grant him interviews at night from her balcony, which was but the next step to introducing him within. Accordingly, Teela was on the alert within, in case the aunt should be disturbed, and Martin was posted to prevent intrusion from without. In this manner Don Juan repeated to his mistress those vows of affection which he had heretofore only presumed to commit to paper, and Donna Ana was not an uninterested listener; for the heart that had been occupied formerly by Don Lucindo, could not withstand the living graces of Don Juan; therefore the remembrance of her dead lover could only now be considered as an early dream. No sooner had Don Juan obtained this permission, by which means he hoped soon to crown his conquest, than his visits were stopped in a very unpleasant and unexpected manner. On his arrival at the house of Donna Ana, and preparing to enter, he saw a stranger placed directly in the doorway. He instantly retired, thinking it might be some relation of Donna Ana, who had obtained intelligence of their noctural meetings, and had prepared an ambush for him. The next day the circumstance was repeated to Donna Ana, who with Teela laughed and declared it must have been imagination, for if any relations had discovered them, her aunt would have been more watchful, and they would certainly have heard concerning it. The next night Don Juan was resolved to clear up the mystery, and seeing the same figure, as on the preceding night, posted at the door, as though to dispute his entrance, desired Martin to go forward and demand his reason, not choosing to make himself known, unless there was reason. Martin, who prided himself on his gallantry instantly walked up boldly to the intruder, and demanded his business,

when the stranger slowly casting aside the cloak which concealed him, discovered to the astonished gaze of Martin the countenance of the cavalier whom his master slew at the castle of San Cervantes. His valour was instantly quelled, and he darted away, crying out on his master, and making the sign of the cross with a fervour which it could hardly be imagined he could ever have displayed. Don Juan rushed to the assistance of Martin, thinking he had been wounded, but when he heard the account which his servant related, and not seeing any body near, he did not feel quite comfortable, although he concealed his feelings as much as possible from Martin, resolving, however, on the next night, to ascertain himself the truth of the story.

On the next night they repaired to the adventure, taking care to ascertain that no one was hidden in the adjacent street, to turn the odds against them in case they should be obliged to fight. They found the same figure in exactly the same situation as on the preceding nights. The courage of Don Juan was not to be daunted, but the valorous Martin quivered like an aspen for very fear, and the better to conceal his feelings, as well as to preserve his faith to his master, by not deserting him, he turned his back on the figure, and began to implore the divine assistance, his conscience assisting him in recollecting, that had it not been for his counsels the poor defunct might still have been living. Don Juan had no such compunctions, and advancing, fiercely demanded to know why he waited there. The stranger, without uncovering his face, replied in a melancholy tone,—"I am not one who would answer such language in the public street, but if your courage be as great as your action indicates, follow me, and you shall know"—being nearly the same words Don Juan uttered on the night he slew Don Lucindo. Don Juan was a man of undaunted courage, yet these words made him hesitate a little, before he accepted the invitation of the stranger. He was half inclined to fancy that it was the appearance of his deceased rival, yet if it should by any chance be a relation of Donna Ana, or some other pretender to her hand, his character would be lost for ever by betraying any symptoms of fear; he therefore, without appearance of hesitation, followed the unknown, much to the horror of Martin, who accompanied him.

They took the same road as Don Juan had chosen with Don Lucindo, and when at the castle of San Cervantes, the stranger halted on the very spot where the deceased cavalier received his death wound. These circumstances did not tend to heighten the courage of Don Juan or his attendant, who were doomed to experience a still greater trial, for the stranger, on throwing aside his concealment, was recognized by Don Juan as a resemblance of his deceased rival. "I will keep you no longer in suspense; know that I am Don Lucindo, who on this very spot, and at this very hour, you deprived of life, to rob me of the mistress whom I adored; but I come not to upbraid

you, for the dead have no enmity, but I come to you as the man on whom I have the most claim on earth to do me service." "Speak," said Don Juan, "I have injured you, and would willingly ease my conscience by performing your commands." "The evil actions of which I have been guilty during life, disturb my repose; it is for you to repair them, and ensure my tranquillity. Know that in Valencia, my native place, I was blessed with the affection of a beautiful girl, whose mind was as rich in all good thoughts, as her person was replete with every elegance and grace; yet for one who has so soon forgotten me did I leave this treasure, and she now pines over my unworthy remembrance with the most pious constancy. Go to Valencia, say nothing of my death, but endeavour to obtain her forgiveness for my past cruelty; if you succeed, bear her answer in writing, and place it under this stone, on this very spot where I fell; as you do this, so shall your suit with Donna Ana prosper, but if you fail, dread my vengeance!" Saying this, he disappeared in the darkness of the night, and Don Juan returned home in a more melancholy mood than he had ever been before; he was afraid to absent himself from Toledo without making Donna Ana acquainted with the reason, and yet he could not inform her; the distance from Toledo was great, and no excuse of business would be sufficient, he therefore determined to send Martin, hoping that his agency would be sufficient to execute the mission of the dead. Martin was accordingly ordered to depart on the following morning, and on that night his master determined to visit Donna Ana. When they arrived, they met with no hindrance as on the former occasions, and after making the accustomed signal, Teela opened the door, and in silence and darkness they entered the house. On this occasion, as Martin was about to start on a journey of some risk, the duties of sentinel were forgotten, and he was introduced into the apartment of his mistress, much in the same manner as his master was to that of Donna Ana.

Don Juan was overjoyed to meet again the object of his affections, and had already taken her hand, which he pressed fervently to his lips, when he felt himself seized by a powerful grasp, that seemed impossible for him to resist, and was hurled the length of the room against the wall with such violence, that he remained for a moment overcome. At that moment, a voice whispered in his ear—"Don Juan, why art not thou gone on my mission? I have suffered enough by thee, and beware how you trifle with me." Without knowing the cause, Donna Ana felt her lover forcibly snatched from her, and hearing him fall heavily on the floor, not being able to conceal her excessive fear, she screamed aloud for assistance. Immediately Teela heard the cries of her mistress, she ran to her assistance, and her aunt being aroused from her slumbers, hobbled to her niece's apartment, fearing some terrible accident had befallen her. Donna Ana, seeing the conse-

quences of her rash outcry, jumped into bed, and then assured her aunt that a frightful dream had occasioned the cry that had disturbed her. The old lady tried to pacify her, and insisted that Teela should remain with her during the night. She then retired; but as Martin was curious to know the cause of the disturbance, he had cautiously left Teela's room, and passing that of the old lady, was making his way to that of Donna Ana, when, hearing some one coming, he hastily made his way back. The ancient dame saw the shadow of Martin flit past her door, which was open, the light from within being indistinct, though not quite dark; and fancying there was some spirit in her room, a belief to which she was quite a convert, she took it into her head to go to that of Teela, not choosing to betray her weakness to the young women by returning to her niece. She had scarcely entered the room, and closed the door, when Martin, anxious to know the cause of her absence, seized her in his arms, overwhelming her with kisses and questions. The old lady, bewildered and speechless with fright, could not answer, but believing it to be some supernatural visitation, and having borne her maiden reputation without blemish for so many years, was horror stricken that it should now be sullied, and by such equivocal means; the moment, therefore, she could recover the use of her tongue, she commenced such an outcry, that Donna Ana and Teela, who had been assisting Don Juan, in their turn ran from their room to ascertain the cause of the old lady's terror. Martin, on finding his mistake, made off with all convenient speed, and Don Juan, thinking the devil had obtained possession, followed his example, and left the ladies to explain as they were best able. The old lady was for some time in strong fits, and it was not without difficulty that she was restored, when it was all attributed to the malign agency of some evil spirit, whom it was the father *Carraco's* care on the morrow to allay. During the rest of the night they remained together, the aunt not choosing to trust herself alone, and Donna Ana waited impatiently for the day, fearing some unpleasant accident had happened to her lover, though by what means she was at a loss to conjecture. Don Juan, on his arrival at home, recounted the circumstance that had occurred in Donna Ana's apartment, to Martin, who agreed that it would be perfectly impossible to prosecute his views with regard to Donna Ana, without complying with the injunctions of the deceased to the letter. Don Juan, therefore, wrote a letter to his mistress, stating the singular occurrence, part of which she had witnessed, only omitting the share he had in the death of Don Lucindo, and asking her permission to absent himself for the purpose of complying with the injunction of the deceased, after which, he hoped she would reward his affection by giving him her hand. Donna Ana replied in the manner he could wish, and gave her consent to his request, that the nuptials should be solemnized on his return from Valencia.

Don Juan lost no time in fulfilling the mission required of him. He repaired immediately to Valencia, and discovered the fair one whom Don Lucindo had so shamefully deserted, to be Donna Laura de Fonseca, a young lady gifted with every advantage of beauty and fortune. Don Juan chose an opportunity of introducing the subject of his mission, though without mentioning the death of Don Lucindo. It was some time before she could believe in the sincerity of her former lover's repentance; but no one knew better than Don Juan the heart of woman, or the ways by which her gentle nature may be wrought upon. He soon obtained from her the letter required, containing her forgiveness of all that had passed, and an assurance of undiminished regard. Delighted at the success of his mission, which removed the only barrier to his happiness, Don Juan returned as speedily as possible to Toledo. He placed the letter under the piece of rock, according to the injunction he had received, and then ordered masses to be said for the repose of Don Lucindo's soul, who he doubted not would be sufficiently grateful for these efforts made in its behalf, as to abstain from further interference in his evenings' amusement.

The time had been fixed by Donna Ana for her marriage with Don Juan, which was to be celebrated with great splendour in the cathedral of the city, and the intermediate time had been employed in preparations for the ceremony, and the arrangements for their future residence. The troubled spirit of Don Lucindo seemed to be hushed into repose; for during this period, the visits of Don Juan had been uninterrupted by any ghostly agency, and Martin had, in consequence, quite regained his courage. The auspicious day so anxiously awaited by all at length arrived. The relations of both families, and a crowd of guests, thronged around the altar to witness the ceremony. The bride and bridegroom were arrived, and nothing was wanting to delay the performance of the rites, when a loud noise was heard at the gates of the cathedral, which had been closed before the commencement of mass. Under the supposition that some friends had arrived late, the doors were opened, and to the surprise of all, two figures clothed in black garments, and their features entirely concealed, slowly walked up the aisle towards the altar. The presence of these strangers seemed to throw a damp on the spirits of the guests, and whispers began to be interchanged as to their quality and errand. Don Juan, wishing to remove the unpleasantness that seemed to prevail, when the unknown visitors arrived near the altar, demanded though in a courteous tone, their name and business. The taller of the strangers immediately threw off his sable garments, and discovered to the astonished Juan the person of the deceased Don Lucindo. Donna Ana screamed, and fainted in the arms of her betrothed husband. Martin raised a similar outcry, and made no scruple in declaring it to be the restless spirit of Don Lucindo.

Don Juan was firm amidst the disturbance. "Injured shade," he cried, "what have I neglected to perform, that thou shouldst still be unquietly wandering on earth; what more can I do to insure thy repose?" The figure made no reply, but advanced and seized Don Juan by the hand. Consternation seized all present; but Don Juan felt the touch to be of so corporeal a nature, that either his senses deceived him, or ghosts had very much changed their nature, if Don Lucindo had not resumed his earthly covering of flesh and blood. "Don Juan," he exclaimed, "I will no longer deceive you. You will not have the sin of Don Lucindo's death to answer for; the wound you gave me was not mortal; but on a bed of sickness which it occasioned, I felt remorse for my conduct to Donna Laura, and vowed on my recovery to make her reparation. But willing to try the constancy of Donna Ana, I caused myself to be proclaimed as dead: the rest you know. I could not entrust my cause with Donna Laura in more experienced and better hands than your own, particularly when you had such a stake on its success. The result has proved it, and I have now the pleasure of resigning for ever all claims I formerly had on your intended bride, and of introducing to you one to whom my affections have ever been due, and from whom they shall never more wander." He then removed the sombre vestment from his companion, and discovered a young and most interesting woman, who, it need not be said, proved to be Donna Laura; and, in truth, the pair were gallantly attired for ghosts, being dressed in nothing less than full suits of rich wedding raiment. It is impossible to describe the surprise and joy of all present at this happy conclusion of an unpromising adventure; and after sincere compliments of congratulation on both sides, it was arranged that the marriage of both should take place together; thus sharing the festivities prepared for Don Juan's wedding, and cementing an intimacy which continued unbroken during their lives.

Guevara.

LUIS VELIZ DE GUEVARA.

GUEVARA has been designated by French writers as the "Spanish Scarron;" and forms one of that luminous tribe of wits, who infused life and spirit into the court and palace of Philip IV. of Spain. The king was himself attached to poetry, though more for the sake of amusement, than from any rational desire of promoting literature and its professors. To the native Andalusian grace and spirit, and nobility of birth, he united that promptitude and facility of genius, which early acquired for him a distinguished name, both as an orator and a writer, and introduced him to the confidence and familiarity of his monarch. Entrusted with the office of chamberlain to the royal household, he resided nearly the whole of his life at Madrid; and he bore away the palm of poetry and eloquence, as well as wit, among numbers who then disputed it with no trivial pretensions to the prize. Thus his fame as a lively writer, both in prose and verse, was little inferior to that of Lope de Vega himself. In the opinion of Nicholas Antonio, Guevara was his equal in points of dramatic plot and incident, and these qualities, added to his genial and animated disposition, rendered his death, in the year 1646, a serious deprivation to the court, whose society lost much of its pleasure and vivacity, and reverted to its former solemnity and gloom. Guevara wrote numerous comedies, all in the tone and spirit of his age; nor was this his crowning merit, as among the few tragic subjects treated by him is that of the celebrated Inez de Castro, whose unhappy fate he placed in so touching a point of view under the title of *Reinar depues de Morir*. His name thus occupies a high place among the dramatic writers of his time; but the work on which rests his chief claim to modern popularity and applause, is the *Diablo Cojuelo Verdades de la otra Vida*, The Devil upon two Sticks; Tidings of the other world; the earliest and most remarkable among those productions, entitled in Spanish literature, *La Novela allegorica Satirica;* and one of the many which have supplied the writers of other nations, as in the case of Le Sage, with the most valuable portion of their works. It is full of originality, and admirable traits of nature, combined with an ease and vividness of style, when distinct from scenes of low life, which render it universally popular wherever it is naturalised or known.

MODERN MIRACLES; OR SPIRITS OF THE OTHER WORLD.

THERE was a beautiful Andalusian girl, of the name of Beatrice, sprung from a distinguished family, celebrated in the wars of Ferdinand and Isabella, and their successors, whose numerous attractions and accomplishments made her the theme of every gallant tongue. Among the most assiduous and attached of her lovers, in the town in which she dwelt, was Don Pedro Giron, a youth of signal worth and accomplishments, calculated to attract the eye of a lady like Beatrice, who easily forgave his want of high birth and fortune, in consideration of his personal merits.

Fortune, however, whose course we know "in true love, did never yet run smooth," and that seems always to bear a sort of spite at mere personal merit, put it into the heads of the lady's parents to take a different view of the subject from her own. They courted a wealthy alliance; and the mere presence of the handsome Don Pedro in the same street, much more near their own house, threw them into a fit of the spleen, and they would scold the pretty Beatrice by the hour's length, for idly throwing her thoughts away upon a poor *parvenu*. Well for them the gallant Don Pedro heard them not, though they sometimes provoked their daughter to tell him; which, after throwing him into a terrible passion, made him only the more intent upon succeeding in his views, and foiling their opposition, by greater obstinacy and perseverance on his part. Even Beatrice's own attempts to dissuade him from the pursuit, tended but to excite his ardour; and he took a vow to brave every risk, natural or supernatural, ere he would desist from his pretensions to her love.

Of the temerity of such a vow, almost defying heaven as well as fortune, we shall hear more in the sequel; at present we must pursue the plots and counter-plots—all the resources of a love campaign—between the gallant Pedro and the lady's parents. Finding the bold and manœuvring genius with which they had to deal, they came to the resolution of making their virgin treasure altogether inaccessible, by placing it under lock and key, whether with or without consent of the party concerned.

They had just sense enough to see that she favoured Don Pedro's addresses; and, in order to make their own game the more sure against poor Pedro, they hit upon the following scheme. Without saying a word of their purpose, one warm Andalusian summer day, when the lovely Beatrice lay almost panting under the darts of Love and Phœbus, both striking her at once, her kind parents introduced a somewhat ancient but spirited looking cavalier, whom they announced with grand emphasis and distinction, with a string of titles, such as captain, colonel, or knight at arms; the most excellent and welcome Don Vasco de Ataide. He was then presented to her as her intended husband, and as a particular favour, the lady Beatrice was allowed till the next day to prepare her bridal ornaments, and receive him as her noble husband.

We shall leave to any young person over head and ears in love, to form an idea of the infinite surprise and concern of the fair Beatrice, at these very parental tidings. Her sighs and tears were so many, and lasted so long, that it was some time before she could see distinctly enough to mark what sort of a looking animal her new husband really was. When she did this, the striking contrast between him and her lover, by no means to his advantage, actually threw her into a fit, whether from love to Don Pedro, or aversion to the old cavalier, she had no time to state. Her cruel parents, however, paid no attention to this tender appeal to their feelings, beyond consigning her to her attendants, and adopting the usual means of recovery,—cold water and cold comfort of every kind.

In her bosom was detected a portrait of Don Pedro, carefully enveloped; and on Don Vasco expressing a wish to have it, the precious face was handed to him, on sight of which, the pretty Beatrice again took refuge in a swoon.

On her recovery, she appeared a thousand times more obstinately bent against the match than before; but what will not parental threats, promises, cajolings, and persecutions of every kind, seconded by the efforts of so experienced an old lover as Don Vasco, be able to effect in the constancy of a young girl like Beatrice. It was not that her first love was banished from her heart, as the vain old cavalier imagined; but she had no chance of effectual resistance against so many and such powerful adversaries. From this, Don Vasco soon really believed that he was preferred by the young lady, even before the handsome and spirited young Pedro; because, forsooth, at the end of four days, she found herself obliged to yield to the storm, and avoid a convent, by giving her hand to one whom her heart wished far away.

And of a truth she felt any thing but kindly feelings towards her new husband, notwithstanding the handsome presents which he lavished upon her, with those of her parents and other rich friends;

all of which, in her secret heart, she resolved in her turn to have the pleasure of presenting to her handsome lover. This at least was in her power, and something more, she thought, if they went on provoking her as much after her marriage as they had done before it; an intention, however, she did not care to communicate to any of the parties except one. She first sent him a pair of beautiful Andalusian horses, next several pages to attend him; with a very great variety of fanciful ornaments and jewels, befitting a young prince.

"Oh, then," he might well exclaim, "the inhuman folly and cruelty of these starched old duty bound fathers, who will neither lead nor drive. What chance has a luckless lover, like me, against their infernal arts. Here indeed, do I hold some of their precious trash;—even that little vengeance is sweet; but what are all these gauds and jewels for the price of that, my sweet Beatrice, which thou hast lost me. Stop only a little, and the infernal old knight shall pay dear enough for his folly and temerity; and thy cruel parents as well. Rank and honours, forsooth! they shall wear their honours thick enough upon them, ere long, that I promise them; and all Andalusia shall point at him as one of the most besotted and dishonoured old dotards in existence. When that is done, I will kill him; yes, I shall have the pleasure of killing him at least,—by this good sword again I vow I will, spite of man or fiend, for he has robbed me of my Beatrice,—and then I will marry her."

Such were some of the exclamations of the disappointed lover, on receiving a letter from the married beauty, in which she lamented the hard fate to which she had been condemned. She declared that she was excessively unhappy; and only lived in the idea that he still loved her, as she loved him, only better and better. At the same time, she intreated him to make no attempt just at present, as it could only have the effect of increasing her durance, and making her the more miserable. But though it was impossible to meet, still, if he wished to see her, she would appear at her prison window, and he might converse with her during some time of the night through the grating.

We need not say how gladly Don Pedro complied with this request; and he instantly hastened to prepare for the next evening a beautiful canzone to sing softly under her chamber, which we must be excused, however, from inserting. On approaching the spot, he beheld the usual signal of a white kerchief, and began to pour his love-song in the most plaintive and lugubrious measures. The fair one, through her smiles and tears, reproached him for bringing music, that might excite suspicion, and even sully her reputation.

On this he ceased, and with eyes bent earnestly towards each other, they began to weep over their misfortune, till at length Don Pedro declared he would set out for the Neapolitan wars, it being utterly

impossible to remain there and behold her in possession of another. Beatrice tried to inspire him with better hopes, and he at length took his departure somewhat comforted; brooding on revenge all the way home, and after he got home, upon different plans for putting the old new Benedict out of the world at the shortest possible notice.

At last he so far mastered his feelings as to resolve to challenge him fairly, and give him a chance of his life; yet fully resolved that both of them should not remain alive. For he knew that Don Vasco had little taste for that sort of duel he proposed, since he began to relish one of a less dangerous nature, insomuch that he had almost forgotten his old campaigns in the field of Mars. Could he be surprised, therefore, at receiving a challenge from a spirited young lover, whose promised bride he had appropriated to himself. It contained not the slightest apology for the desperate proposal it offered; and the old captain, with equal indifference, armed himself for the combat with the young knight.

Now old Benedict was a Portuguese, and had self-sufficiency enough to despise his neighbours, and he took the whole matter rather as a bravado than any thing else. He did not even think it worth while to take any company along with him, in the full belief that he should conclude the whole business to his own satisfaction, without any such assistance as a second. Don Pedro, in the same way of thinking, prepared himself merely with his own good sword, a breastplate, a dagger, and a small pair of pistols; not for the purpose of taking any undue advantage, but that he might be a match for any on the part of the wily old Portuguese. Besides, he had to go through some dark and obscure passages, the more secretly to reach the place of rendezvous, and to pass a large piece of ground, formerly a burial place for certain malefactors, whose bodies were forfeited to justice. It was about the eleventh hour of night; the sky was clear and tranquil, and the stars just shone enough, in the absence of the moon, to make the surrounding objects visible. But Don Pedro bent his way through the gloomy cemetery without the slightest fear, for he had been too well broken in to encounter danger, of whatever nature, in his early days, to tremble now he was a man, at shadows in the dark.

Just, however, as he had reached the centre of the malefactors' burial place, he heard something enough to upset the courage of the boldest philosopher, to say nothing of a young soldier's, who had only been accustomed to natural sounds and sights, however terrible, arising out of the perils of war. But this was neither natural nor tolerable to a mere mortal ear; and it was followed by a sight that had still less to recommend itself, just at that place and hour. It was in the shape of an enormous black dog, of such dimensions, indeed, that the young knight at first mistook it for a horse. At least he thought it must either be a horse, or Cerberus himself escaped above

ground, such were the infernal kind of howlings it produced in the ears of the terrified youth, who felt that, but for these, he could perhaps have stood his ground.

As it was, he unsheathed his sword, and essayed to pass on; but the monstrous beast placed himself directly in his path, or wheeled round him, whithersoever he turned. He had aimed many blows, but in vain; when taking a sudden spring, the hateful animal lighted with his huge paws upon Don Pedro's shoulders, and attempted to fix his sharp gnashing teeth in his neck. A cold shiver ran through his frame, as he felt the beast aiming at his throat; but soon resuming his courage, he took one of his pistols, and discharged it at the breast of his fierce assailant.

But, as it appeared to Don Pedro, the shot took no effect, and flew harmless from the scaly hide; insomuch, that one of the balls glanced back from its aim, and wounded its own master on the leg. The struggle continued during about half an hour; the dog attempting to worry the knight, and the latter to escape from his enemy's claws. Finding all human efforts vain, Don Pedro at length began to implore the divine aid, protesting that if he escaped from the present danger, he would renounce the evil design which he had in view. He had little merit indeed in such renunciation, being now incapacitated for any such expedition. The duel he had in hand was quite enough for that day; and he fought on, till, altogether overpowered by the huge apparition, he was dragged to some distance, where he was next morning found insensible by some passengers, and in that state carried back to his own home.

Meanwhile Don Vasco, like a brave old cavalier, stood attending the arrival of his enemy at the appointed spot. He had no other occupation but to gaze at the moon; till having looked and waited a reasonably long while, and never suspecting the kind of obstacle that stood in his rival's way, he grew excessively impatient, and began to revile him for an impostor and a coward. Determined not to put up with such treatment, he proceeded next morning to his rival's house, and found that he had just been brought thither in the sad plight we have already mentioned. He felt much hurt at the idea of not having had an opportunity of proving his courage, and returned home in no very good humour, to await the period when his rival should be sufficiently recovered to give him satisfaction.

Upon first coming to himself, Don Pedro saw his couch surrounded by some of his friends, who eagerly inquired into the cause of the late accident, and by whom he had been so roughly handled. This, however, like a prudent man, he resolved to reveal only to his doctor, or his father confessor; as, in fact, he stood in no little need both of one and the other.

The report of her lover's disaster soon came to the ears of Lady

Beatrice, and though unacquainted with the particular circumstances, she shed many tears, which proved how tenderly she was still attached to him. She had hardly need to plead illness, for she was indeed sick at heart, as an excuse for not attending at her meals, and confining herself altogether to her own apartment. She longed for an opportunity to assure Don Pedro how deeply she sympathised in his misfortunes, and how much she suffered from the severity of her husband's treatment, whose jealousy led him to debar her from the most innocent enjoyments of life.

By degrees her lover recovered from his late shock; and though at first he intended to renounce the pursuit of her, he no sooner set eyes upon her first letter, than all his former tenderness revived. In short, like a man who retires only a few steps back, in order to take a greater spring, Don Pedro resumed all his courage, bent on prosecuting the adventure to the last. At the same time, to satisfy his conscience, he abandoned the design of the duel, confining his views to the accomplishment of a less fatal, but hardly less difficult kind of revenge.

Beatrice, too, was fondly attached to him; at the same time she was of noble birth; and the preservation of her reputation was a matter of some moment. The manner of carrying on their correspondence called for the utmost care; and such was Don Pedro's persevering and impassioned earnestness, as to inspire her with fears, lest the whole should come to the ears of her incensed husband. He could not even refrain from reciting some of his romantic love ditties under her window, in which he gave free vent to his hopes and fears.

One evening, as he was thus employed, the figure of a man with the speed of lightning seemed to dart from one of the balconies over his head, soon followed by another; both of whom attacked Don Pedro with the greatest fury. He defended himself valiantly, like one resolved to sell his life dearly; but he had, nevertheless, the worst of it; and was on the point of falling under their swords, when luckily another man approached, and seeing how hard he was pressed, drew, and put himself at his side.

Upon this, the others retired, or rather vanished with the same speed they had approached, insomuch that Don Vasco, for it was no other who had come to Pedro's aid, remarked that they must have sprung from the other world. Don Vasco, as much astonished as Don Pedro, inquired if he were hurt, and the latter in his confusion, replied that he was, and he feared it was over with him.

Upon this, he was assisted into Don Vasco's house, neither of them knowing the other; and now by this strange adventure, Don Pedro found himself in the house of his beloved Beatrice, and she knew nothing of his being there. Upon lights being brought, Don Vasco, regarding his companion, exclaimed:—

"How is this? Don Pedro! do I see aright;—who then, pray,

were your assailants? and where are the wounds of which you complained?"

"I know not," was the reply; "it is all like a dream. Down came both of them upon me from the balcony, as I thought; and they truly seemed to deal me some severe and heavy strokes. But instead of being mortally wounded, I now feel perfectly well; yet had it not been for your timely aid, I was fast losing all consciousness, and doubtless must have died. If, however, you have only preserved me to betray me into your own hands, in this your own house, at least permit me to defend myself, or open your doors and let me go free."

"From all that I see," replied Don Vasco, "it behoves you, I think, Don Pedro, to look to yourself, and to mend your ways. For it is a true saying, that when men revenge not their own injuries, just heaven is on their side; and to tell you my mind, I suspect that your assailants were no men of this world. They vanished like smoke; I saw it; and therefore if you fear not man, yet fear God. No one injured, as I conceive myself to be, can treat the matter lightly; so that it will be better for us both, when you shall recover your presence of mind after this accident, to refer the affair to our swords, and fix upon a place of meeting like honourable men."

"I have no wish," answered Don Pedro, "to engage you now, Captain; for you are my benefactor; I cannot do it."

"Yet so it must be," returned Vasco, "my honour enjoins it: yes, Sir, I must hack you to pieces; you will find you have also to do with a man of this world as well as the other. What! did you not call me out? and do you shrink from receiving the punishment due to your temerity? It cannot be. In proper time the meeting must and shall take place."

During this dialogue the parents of Beatrice were present, and it was agreed by all parties that the adventure should not transpire, and Don Pedro be allowed to depart, upon the mere condition of never passing through the street where Don Vasco lived. Don Pedro pledged his word; whether in the intention of observing it or not, is another question, after which he returned thanks for their courtesy, and took his leave.

He walked home like a man in a dream, utterly confounded and astonished. For some days he continued to suffer under the same kind of excitement he had felt subsequent to his strange encounter with the terrible dog; and in the same manner had the men who sought to kill him, uttered ferocious threats, and yet left him alive and unhurt. There seemed something more than natural in all this, and Don Pedro began to feel that heaven had pronounced against him, and was armed against his life. No longer, therefore, wishing to contend with fate and his evil stars, manifested in such a fearful manner, he promised to renounce all idea of his beloved Beatrice, and the more so as he

considered himself twice indebted for his life to his more fortunate rival. He began by dropping his correspondence with her, and day after day passed without Beatrice obtaining the least token of his former regard. She had come to a knowledge of what had passed on that eventful night by means of one of her maids; and at length becoming quite impatient, she conveyed to him by the same means the following letter:—"Is it not rather surprising, that she who beholds the sword of her tyrannic husband suspended by a hair above her head, yet fears it not, should have to remind you, a man of approved courage and resolution, of fealty to her you professed to love. That this change should be owing to false terror of mere shadows, or the still viler fear of offending an old man, is still more strange, and little creditable to the character of a lover, whose professions taught her to expect that his attachment would be proof even against spirits of the air. My Pedro, I love you, or I would not say this; oh do not then prove inconstant; be true as I am true, and ever will be."

What could Don Pedro now do;—was there any resisting such a letter as this, written too by the fair Beatrice? No; for though he long struggled, his good intentions and fine promises were all in vain. No longer a repentant sinner, he again fitted on his cuirass, took his sword, and accompanied this time by two stout attendants, he hastened towards the street of his beloved. Her husband was from home on matters of business, and he could not have a more fortunate opportunity. He arrived beneath her window, it was opened, and Beatrice appeared. She was in tears, and Don Pedro was touched at the sight. The quarrels of lovers, we are assured, tend only to rivet the bonds of affection more closely, and so it was on this occasion. They renewed their vows of fidelity, and even agreed upon a place of meeting for the following night, in order to accomplish the ultimate object of pledging their immutable faith. All Don Pedro's good resolutions were put to flight; not a single pious thought remained; or if he thought of heaven, he still flattered himself that he should find a time for every thing, and that it could never be too late to repent. Besides, the near approach of the long wished for and delicious prospect in view, was too alluring to be resisted; and that night he returned home in a tumult of promised pleasure. It would now be worse than barbarous, it would be base and despicable to recede; and he could not find in his heart to do so much violence to her feelings and his own.

The ensuing night approached; and more tender of his Beatrice's reputation than of his own safety, and devoted lover, concealing his rope ladder in his bosom, issued forth. He arrived at the wished for spot; the silken thread was thrown over the balcony, a delicate white hand drew it in; the ladder was fixed, and in a few more moments Don Pedro found himself clasped in the arms of her he loved dearest on earth. Nor was it only this night that witnessed their stolen joys;

such was the skill and caution with which they pursued their wicked intrigue, as to escape even the jealous eyes of the lady's guardians. One night, however, just as the rope ladder had been fixed, and the lover was about to ascend into the chamber, there appeared a huge giant, about the size of four men, which seemed to dilate into still larger proportions as it approached the terrified lover. The apparition uttered some fearful and lamentable sounds, enough to strike terror to any heart but that of a lover's as infatuated as Don Pedro.

Spite of these portentous signs, he sought to scale the window; but the horrible phantom opposed his efforts, and he was compelled to desist. He was glad to turn his steps homewards, and had already reached about half way, when again plucking up his spirit, he began to revile himself for turning his back upon any danger in the presence of the bright object of his love. Like a gallant-hearted lover, then, he turned back; but this time he had not reached her door before the same figure rose to view. After a few dismal howls and furious looks, it threatened to put an end to our hero upon the spot, if he did not instantly take himself off; and this threat it followed up with such ferocious demonstrations of its intention, that the lover's courage quite failed him, and he sunk in a deadly swoon upon the ground. There he lay till early the next morning, when the holy brethren of the parish, going to prepare for the administration of the sacrament to a dying acquaintance, found him lying at full length just where the horrid phantom had left him the night before. Here lay his sword, there his pistols; and next his hat, his cloak, and one of his boots, all scattered in such a manner as to show that their master had been roughly handled by some body or other. The good brethren lifted him gently up, and conveyed him to his own residence, where we shall for the present leave him to the care of his Spanish doctor, and his father confessor, who both of them found enough to do.

Alas, the incredible power of love! Was it possible, after such manifestations of the divine displeasure as these, that the infatuation of their hearts should still hurry them on! Beatrice had beheld from her window the whole adventure of that fearful night; she saw the efforts of her lover, and alternate love and fear took possession of her breast. She was aware that heaven was now offended, and firmly believed in all that had previously happened to her lover. What was she to do; how to pacify the vengeance of the skies without abandoning the most cherished object of her love? "Wretched Beatrice," she cried, "does heaven indeed enjoin you, by these fearful portents, to separate, to bid him tear himself from my heart for ever! Oh, how shall I ever learn to live without him, how believe that he can live without me?" And here, overpowered by her troubled feelings, she sunk upon her couch, more dead than alive.

After the lapse of some days Don Vasco returned, and he soon heard

of the occurrence, that Don Pedro had been found, as before, insensible in the public streets; and what was worse, in the street he had promised to visit no more, and close to his own house. There are never wanting people to spread ill news; and Don Vasco's imagination easily supplied any particulars that were left untold, little flattering to his honour and repose. Now that it was too late, he made a rule that Donna Beatrice should never more converse with any one except in his presence. He changed all his domestics, male as well as female, even to the duenna; in short, he turned the house topsy-turvy, and took his own station to preserve its honour at his wife's chamber windows. He had hoped they would have been deterred by huge hobgoblins and phantoms, sent on purpose to fright and reform them; but as these had proved ineffectual, his faith in supernatural duennaship was much shaken, and he determined to watch the lovers with his own eye. But if they had not been afraid even of ghosts, why should they be afraid of an old man? However, he was resolved to keep them at a distance, and do his best; for Don Pedro had now recovered, and Beatrice was already contriving how to write to him, and how to see him again.

This she found to be wholly impracticable, and the more she persisted, the more cautious and severe did she find her implacable and lynx-eyed husband. Such at length became his harshness and oppression, that, incensed beyond measure, the lady resolved to regain her freedom at any price. Finding every resource cut off, in an evil moment it suggested itself to her, to accomplish at once the object of her love and hate, by depriving her vexatious guardian of his existence. She contrived at last to communicate her design to her lover, and it was agreed upon, with equal eagerness by both parties.

The wretched Beatrice administered poison to him in his food; but its effect did not wholly answer the expectations of the lovers. Don Vasco was taken seriously ill; he declared that his inside was all on fire, and he had wit enough to suspect the real cause. He accordingly made haste to make his will, and then took the sacrament in the most edifying manner.

Among other noble friends who called to inquire after his health, while he lay in a lingering state, was our unlucky and abandoned lover, who, the better to escape suspicion, came arm in arm with the chief magistrate, as the most expert thieves sometimes find no safer asylum than under the very nose of justice herself. Both asked very tenderly as to his present state, trying also to cheer him up. Poor Don Vasco raised his eyes, and fixing them stedfastly on Pedro's face, he said: "I shall die of this sickness; it must be so; but I will take care after I am gone, to revenge myself for those injuries which you did not allow me time for doing in my lifetime."

On saying this, the spectators all turned their eyes upon Don Pedro,

with an inquisitive look; for they had heard something of his proceedings, and they supposed Don Vasco to intimate that he was the author of his death. In fact, his confession almost betrayed him; but having high connexions, and nothing more being said, Don Vasco gave up the ghost, though it turned out to be a ghost by no means agreeable to Don Pedro. In melancholy mood the latter retired to his own house, where he passed many days wholly secluded from the world.

Soon, however, tempted by the increased facilities now afforded him, he resumed his visits to the guilty Beatrice, and for some time as before, he continued to do so with impunity.

It was one night, about eleven of the clock, that Don Pedro was alarmed by a very unusual noise, as if the whole house were falling about his ears. It began by the clanging of chains, and continued little more than half an hour; and such was its effect upon Don Pedro, that he hastened to call some of his domestics to his assistance.

As he was going, however, the ghost of the injured Don Vasco stood in his way; its face presenting a perfect likeness, and its arms outstretched, as if to embrace him. It carried a large wax taper in one hand, and pausing in a sorrowful attitude as it drew close to him, it said: "When this candle hath burnt to the socket, prepare to depart this life." As it pronounced these words, a terrible crash again shook the edifice to its foundations. Don Pedro shook still more, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he kept himself upon his legs. As it was, he was seized with a violent illness which lasted many days, though he still attempted to persuade himself that all he had seen and heard was but the effect of his excited imagination.

However this may be, we must now leave him on his sick couch, and return to inquire after the guilty partner of his crimes. Still more passionately attached than ever to the object of her regard, though she observed an outward show of mourning for the death of her deceased husband, she flattered herself that she should at length become indissolubly united by the holiest ties to her heart's idol. Surprised too that she had not seen him during the last few days, she made inquiry, and was shocked to learn that another adventure, similar to the former, had again occurred.

Being now completely her own mistress, both her aged parents having followed Don Vasco to the tomb, she summoned one of her most confidential domestics, and ordered him to bear her company, as she was proceeding upon a matter of the utmost importance. She then arrayed herself in a man's dress, and was just issuing from her own room to join the domestic, when the shade of Don Vasco intercepted her passage, and with indignant gesture addressed her in the following words: "Is it possible, then, abandoned woman, that, dead to all my wrongs and to your own reputation, you are thus eager to

throw your soul away, in spite of denunciations both human and divine. Draw back and repent of your enormities while there is yet time; for though dead, I am still appointed your guardian here and hereafter."

After pronouncing these words, the chamber shook with a tremendous noise; while the domestic, perceiving that his mistress delayed her return, entered the place, and found her lying senseless upon the floor. At first he thought she was deceased, and calling other help, they laid her upon her couch, and sent for immediate advice.

Dreadful as such occurrences are, and fictitious as they may seem, they are recounted just as they were handed down in the family annals.

On recovering in some measure from her fearful trance, Donna Beatrice found that her feelings had undergone a complete change. She resolved to eradicate from her bosom the fatal passion that had led her to the very brink of destruction; and this good resolution was confirmed by receiving a letter from Don Pedro, containing an account of his late sufferings, and deploring the apparent impossibility of pursuing their intended love, and becoming united to each other as they had hoped.

Don Pedro, on his part, was made acquainted with what had happened to his Beatrice, and was at the same time informed that she intended to see him once more at his own house, and there take leave of him for ever. The meeting accordingly took place; and with mingled tears of love and remorse, they tore themselves from each other; and Beatrice retired to a convent, while Don Pedro, having confessed his sins, and taken the holy sacrament, as the church required, resigned himself to his fate, awaiting the moment when the celestial taper should be burnt down to the socket, when he knew he must instantly expire. This event took place exactly on the same day two months after the decease of Don Vasco, and on the same day and hour as those on which the spirit had appeared to Don Pedro, with the fatal wax taper in its hand.

Isidro de Robles.

ISIDRO DE ROBLES.

Is a novelist whose name we find inserted in the *Bibliotheca Hispana* of Nicolas Antonio; from which, however, we gather nothing, except that he wrote novels about the year 1666. Some specimens of these are to be met with in the collection entitled, "Select Novels by the Minor Spanish Authors," 8 vols. 8vo., and from this publication is extracted the specimen we give of this author. Robles also published a volume of *Novelas Morales*, under the title of *Varios prodigios de Amor*, Love's many Wonders; but he attributed the work, from some whim, to different authors, whom he characterises as the *best minor writers*. It is remarkable, moreover, for containing five novels, each of which displays the peculiar humour of the author and his age, by dispensing with the use of one of the five vowels in each of the five tales. It at the same time served to show the richness and flexibility of the Castilian tongue, inasmuch as the reader is not aware of the slightest alteration or embarrassment in the style, not even discovering the absence of so necessary an ingredient to good composition. This is not indeed a solitary example of a similar experiment; the anonymous novel entitled *Meritos disponan premios*, being written throughout with four vowels, A minus; while at the end of one of the editions of the "Devil upon Two Sticks" (*Diablo Cojuelo*), we remember to have read another without the letter O.

THE DIAMOND RING.

In the royal and illustrious city of Madrid, there lived, no great while ago, three beautiful women ;—and what may be accounted still more rare, all three discreet and married ladies, altogether a pattern to their lovely sex.

The first of these was the partner for life, of a cashier to a rich Genoese merchant ; and his occupations were of so absorbing a character, that he had no time to go home and dine on week days, nor even to pass his evenings at home.

The second had for her spouse a painter of reputation, who, on the faith of his brushes, had been engaged for more than a month past in decorating one of the most celebrated monasteries belonging to this most Christian and Catholic of courts. Journey-work like his, permitted him little more leisure than his distinguished contemporary, the foregoing cashier. The festivals and other holidays, which brought a truce to his labours, were only just enough to divert that most painful and atrabilious tendency, which the assiduous, though contemplative nature of this occupation is apt to communicate to its professors.

The third lady was subject to all the varieties of that awkward distemper common to Spanish husbands upwards of fifty—namely, jealousy, that emptied her Pandora's box of plagues upon her innocent head, without a moment's cessation of her woes. With the help of eternal ill humour, the income of two or three respectable houses, and his poor hard striving wife, this elderly gentleman contrived to get over his leisure hours, and lead a decent kind of indolent life.

Now these three ladies happened to be intimate friends, they having formerly been educated altogether in the same establishment ; and they yet inhabited districts not very distant from each other. Consequently, the husbands also were compelled to profess a kind of good fellowship, to which, however, the jealous husband submitted with rather an ill grace ; while his lady was wholly precluded from paying any visits unless he happened to take her with him. Thus, on feast and play days, in fencing or in running the ring, they were generally in the habit of bearing each other company.

The ladies were one day assembled at the house of the jealous

man, listening to the history of his wife's grievances, with all the petty persecutions to which she was condemned by his absurd suspicions. He insisted upon accompanying her to mass, and seemed jealous of the very wind if it blew the lace or riband against her face; and such, in short, were his vexatious proceedings, that her friends had enough to do to cheer and console her.

On one occasion, while thus engaged, their husbands happened to drop in, and they all agreed upon making an excursion together, upon the approaching festival of St. Blas. On the evening of that day, the king was to proceed in state to visit our lady of Atocha, and they proposed to join the royal procession, after spending some hours in the fields and gardens in the neighbourhood. It was not, however, without some difficulty that Señor Geloso was prevailed upon to permit his wife to be of the party.

The joyous morning came; they arrived at the gala scene, and after partaking of an excellent dinner, *al fresco*, the husbands went to amuse themselves at their favourite game of nine-pins, in an adjoining meadow. It happened that, as the lady of Señor Geloso was resuming her history of domestic grievances, she cast her eyes upon a little fountain of clear water, not far from the spot where they were conversing; and the next moment, exclaimed, "What is that I see in the water? how it sparkles,—do you see it there?" "I do declare," returned the wife of the cashier, "it is,—it must be a jewel, it so dazzles one's eyes. Some court dame or other has dropt it, as she has been walking by, during some gala day, like this." The painter's wife, meanwhile, had approached without saying a word, and snatching it up, found it to be a diamond ring of great value; with which she returned in triumph to her companions. A contest instantly took place, one declaring she had first seen it; another, that she had declared it was a jewel; and a third, that she had found it, and would keep it. Such was the spirit with which they kept up the controversy, that it must certainly have reached the ears of their husbands, if the painter's wife had not shown more discretion than the others, and interfered. "My dear creatures," she exclaimed, "do stop your tongues a moment, and let us try some other plan of settling the affair; for in this way it will never end. It is rather an awkward discovery; for though so valuable, it is so small, that there is no dividing it, you know. But we can sell it, and divide the money it brings; only let us take care that our husbands hear nothing of it, or there will, indeed, be the deuce to pay, and we shall never hear the last of it. In the first place, to which of us shall the diamond be entrusted, until it be decided who is the real owner,—I mean among ourselves,—of this inestimable ring. We must have an umpire; and I declare, if there is not our friend, the Count, walking there with his party; let us call him aside, and we will abide by what he says." "I

know him," replied the cashier's wife, "and I for one am content; he loves justice, and I am convinced he will decide for me." "No, for me, I am convinced," interrupted the third lady, "if we can only escape the eye of my jealous husband, for the Count is young, and that alone would drive him mad."

While thus engaged, the king made his appearance; and there was a general rush, in which the three husbands joined, to see him come through the gate. The ladies availed themselves of the opportunity to catch the Count's attention; and they drew him aside. The important affair was referred to him; the diamond placed in his hands; and they all insisted upon having his opinion to whom of right it belonged.

Now, the Count having wit at will, and being something of a wag, at once replied, "Really, ladies, you allow short time for judgment; and I suspect I should show very little, were I to attempt to decide against any of the fair appellants in a case like this. But since you are pleased to confide in me, I am pleased to enjoin and decree as follows; that whichsoever of you, within the space of the next six weeks, shall succeed in playing off upon her husband the most clever and ingenious trick (always having due regard to his honour), she shall possess the diamond, and in the mean time it shall remain in my hands. But I perceive the gentlemen coming this way, therefore each of you exert your skill, and farewell." All three congratulated themselves upon this happy decision, confiding in her own ability to carry away the prize. Their husbands now approached; and the evening being far advanced, the party retired to their own homes, each lady by the way torturing her invention to hit upon some scheme, which she hoped would ensure her the long wished for trinket, for herself alone.

We shall first inform our readers of the immutable idea that occurred to the cashier's wife, in the execution of which she exercised her utmost skill, to cause infinite annoyance to her husband's peace.

There lived in the vicinity an astrologer; one of the most celebrated calculators of nativities ever heard of in Madrid. It was reported, that at one time he had paid attentions to the cashier's wife; and, in her present emergency, she bethought herself of applying to him, to turn his knowledge of the stars to good account. Feigning more kindness towards him than she really felt, she informed him, that she stood in need of all his skill to assist her in a little innocent jest, well adapted to the carnival season, for the amusement of her friends. It was merely to induce her husband to believe, that in four and twenty hours he would depart this life, and render up his account; which, she added, would be a very bad one.

The star gazer, without enquiring into her motives, readily pro-

mised to do just as she pleased; declaring, that it was exactly the same as predicted by his natal star. The lady next went to acquaint her husband's friends, stating how it was all got up for a mere carnival jest, to beguile the holiday season with a little harmless mirth.

Accordingly, the astrologer contrived to meet the cashier as he returned home in the evening, and thus accosted him; "Is it indeed you, my good friend; I should hardly have known you—how very pale and ill you look." "It must be with counting money then," replied the cashier; "I have been at it from morning till night, and I never felt better in my life."

"Perhaps so," replied the other, "but your complexion is the most deadly I ever saw. What does your pulse say, I wonder?"

A little alarmed, the cashier stretched forth his hand, and the man of horoscopes, with a still more serious and sympathising look, observed—"My dear neighbour, had my acquaintance with celestial influences been of use only to forewarn you of your danger, I should not regret the time and labour bestowed on the subject. My knowledge, at least, enables me to be of some service to a friend; for I should be no friend to you, did I not hasten to inform you of the imminent peril you run. I am sorry to say it—but pray lose no time in disposing of your affairs, and what is more, of preparing to depart in peace. I am bound to acquaint you, that before the same hour to-morrow, you will have exchanged this world for a better; and I trust there is nothing upon your conscience, in regard to keeping your accounts, or any other matter; for, if so, the sooner you put it straight, and make out an exact account for another place, the better it will be for your soul."

Half terrified, and half in jest, his companion replied—"Yet should this prognostic of yours, my friend, turn out like that you ventured upon the weather last season, I think I may promise myself a good many years yet."

"Be it so," exclaimed the wily astrologer, "for if you be alive after this time to-morrow, I will venture you may live for ever. I have fulfilled the part of a Christian and a friend; it is for you to look to the rest. You will at least have no excuse at the bar of the other world, for not having prepared yourself for the change;" you cannot say I failed to give you due notice;" saying which, he turned round, and walked off at a brisk pace. The poor agent stood some moments quite confounded; then felt his pulse, and proceeded homewards, in no very enviable state of mind. Finding himself much as usual, he at first refused to credit the evil prediction; he even got up a false laugh, and entered his own door half ridiculing the attempt to frighten him out of his wits. He did not even say a word to his wife, lest it should give her pain, but in his usual manner requested to have his supper.

This she soon prepared, well aware how he was likely to act, and having already concerted in what way to humour the stratagem.

In fact he shewed little appetite; and after a poor supper, he expressed a wish to retire to rest. Observing his dejection, the lady anxiously inquired into the cause; upon which he answered, that he had merely had a few words with his employer, but she need give herself no uneasiness on his account. She soon perceived that he in vain tried to compose himself to sleep; feverish and restless, he turned from side to side, while the wicked lady pretending to console him, secretly flattered herself with the success of her plan. He rose earlier than usual, looked ill; but proceeding to his business, dined that day at his master's, feeling, in fact, too weak to return home. On his way, however, in the evening, he met the parish vicar, accompanied by some friars and other persons, all of whom had been instructed by the painter how to act. Just as they passed, pretending not to see him, one of them observed:—"What sad tidings these are of poor Luca Moreno's sudden death," (for this was the cashier's name). "Sad, indeed," replied a friar, "for he died without taking the sacrament, or any Christian ordinance whatsoever. He was found dead in his bed this morning, and such was his wife's grief, that she had very nearly accompanied him."

"The worst of it," said a lay brother, "is, that he was forewarned by a wise astrologer, whom he only ridiculed for his pains. However, he has furnished a good example for unbelieving folks." "The Lord have mercy upon him," said a fourth, "for his case is indeed pitiable; he died like a brute, and left not a maravedi to any holy order."

"True, but his widow has now a handsome fortune; though gotten by bad means, it will serve to grace her next nuptials, and perhaps come into the hands of some honest man. But it is very cold, and we had better go home; it is useless to waste more words upon the old usurious wretch."

Not a word escaped the unhappy Luca Moreno; for he stood spell-bound to the spot, unable even to reply, or inquire if there were any other of the same name who had recently died. Besides, they gave him no time, each walking briskly away, leaving him to deal with his luckless fate as well as he could.

He continued his way home in great perplexity of mind; and on entering a street that led into his own, he perceived the astrologer conversing with the stranger; and on approaching nearer, he heard the following words pronounced in a loud and indignant tone: "Well, it was his own fault: he refused to believe me, and almost laughed in my face, when I informed him he would die within the four and twenty hours. I wonder what he thinks of the matter now. As he has sown so he must reap: it is ever thus with these ignorant sceptics. Now I will venture, he wishes he had attended to what I said."

The painter replied: "Would to heaven his sins may be forgiven, for he will have much need of mercy. He was, I fear, a sad extravagant and abandoned man. What with sitting whole days counting over his thousands, and eating hot suppers, I always thought an apoplexy would be his end. I am sorry for his poor wife."

This was too much; and approaching with a most ludicrous expression of face, our poor agent said: "What can be the meaning of this? Who pays me these funeral honours during my life? Or has someone been imposing upon me, and dying instead of me? Be it so; for I am very well, thanks to God, and likely to do well."

At the sound of his voice, however, the speakers all started off as if they had seen a ghost, crossing themselves, and crying out to each other, "It is the spirit of Luca Moreno come to restore some of his ill-gotten gains. Would it were again in purgatory, instead of coming to frighten poor Christians out of their wits."

More alarmed than ever, poor Moreno made the best of his way home. As he approached it, he encountered his friend Geloso, who appeared to be coming from it, and he instantly approached him. But his friend as instantly started back, crying, "Blessed spirits of purgatory," and most devoutly crossing himself as he retired, "what do I see? Is it some terrific phantom? or is it indeed my deceased friend?" "It is I, Luca Moreno, and no other," replied the poor cashier; "why are you afraid?" And saying this, he took Geloso by the cloak, in order to prevent him running away like the rest. But the other struggled to get free, exclaiming, "Avaunt! thou evil one! touch me not! why come to haunt me thus? I owe you only six zecchins, which I lost at nine-pins the other day. If you must have them, take and sell this cloak;" at the same time unloosing the clasp about his neck, "and the devil give you good of it. I want no dealings with men of the other world."

He then ran away, leaving the cloak in Moreno's hands. What could he think? what could he do? For such was his surprise and confusion, that he had nearly fainted away. "Alas!" he at length said, "it must be true: one may lie, and two may lie; but everybody cannot be mistaken. I suppose I must be dead. In that case I have perhaps died, and heaven has restored me to life again, in order that I may dispose of my own affairs; I had better go and make my will. But then, if I died so suddenly, and have been the wretch they say I was, how is it that I have not yet seen the devil, been brought up to judgment, and know so little of the other world? How is it I find myself drest just as usual, and feel just as well? Am I alive? am I dead? or have I died and risen again without knowing it? How am I? who am I, I wonder? Certainly I must have died suddenly: I heard something about it. One thing I am certain of is, that everybody runs away when I appear, because they think I am dead; even my own

friends seem terrified when they behold me; and there can be no doubt but I have died. Still how odd it is that I should never have felt any of the pangs of death. They say they are hard to bear; but I am sure I found no sort of difficulty about it. Then how strange that only my own acquaintance seem to avoid me: but perhaps others are not yet informed respecting my decease; otherwise one might think it were some trick they were playing me."

In this confusion of his faculties, our unhappy hero arrived at his own house; and finding all shut up, he knocked loud and long before the servant maid came to the door. She, too, was in the conspiracy, and in a low and mournful tone she inquired, "Who is it?—for you cannot come in, my master is just dead."

"The Lord have mercy upon us," ejaculated poor Moreno, "why, Casilda, it is I, your old master—open the door, pray."

"Who calls at this hour? it is the house of a poor widow lady; we are all in grief for the loss of our master; who comes to disturb the house at such an hour?"

"Hold your tongue, you hussey, and let me in. I am your master. Don't you know me? don't you hear it raining and blowing?—I can bear it no longer."

"Would to God it were indeed my master!" replied the girl, "but that is impossible;—I fear he is counting cash in another country he little likes, where he must make out a fair account, and prompt payment, instead of long bills. Heaven have mercy on him, poor soul!"

Dead or alive, this specimen of menial vituperation threw our hero into a great rage; and he began to batter the door in so forcible a style, that it speedily gave way, and in walked the master of the house. The servant took to her heels, crying out, like the others he had met, as loud as she could. This brought her mistress to her assistance, who stept out of the parlour, arrayed in all the solemnity of widow's weeds. No sooner had she set eyes upon her husband, than with a well affected scream, she threw herself upon the ground, as in a violent fit. The astonished husband in perfect sincerity had very nearly followed her example; for he now felt convinced he was no longer a proper inhabitant of this world.

Pleased, however, at such proofs of affection, which he had seldom before seen, he took her up in his arms, and conveying her to his chamber, tenderly placed her upon the couch, trying every means in his power to restore her; at which sight the servant girl, no longer able to contain her laughter, ran to her own room to give full loose to her mirth.

Soon beginning to feel the cravings of hunger, the newly deceased hastened to the pantry, and began to partake of everything the house had to afford—such as sweetbreads, marmalade, and other delicacies.

He found a second life by no means so intolerable as he had at first expected; could he always continue, he thought, to regale himself as he had done that evening.

Determined too, if possible, to drown the horrid fears that had gotten possession of him, he applied himself to a bottle or two of his choicest wine, which so far strengthened his heart, that he persevered until he had fairly lost all recollections of his late dilemma, in the joys of pure noyeau. He then, as well as he could, found his way to his bed-room, and once more buried his cares in a deep and long sleep, only chequered a little with dreams of the most confused and comical kind. All Dante's poem, except the Paradise, ran riot through his head, and he could no longer complain of having visited no other world except his own; for many times was he alive, dead and buried, and alive again during that single night.

Meanwhile his friends had assembled at his house, to learn from the servant everything that had passed. They were informed in what an unghostly kind of manner he had sacked the provisions, and paid his respects, in repeated libations, to the Bacchanalian god.

Next morning, perceiving that he was still asleep, the lady rose and arrayed herself in her best attire. She removed every indication of mourning from the room, decorated the apartments as if for a festival, and returning to her husband's chamber, proceeded to rouse him in no very gentle style, giving him a few sharp pinches and twitches of the nose, exclaiming in the kindest tone, "Waken, my dear!—how heavy you are to sleep—how long you lie abed this morning. Come, awake, my dear," and again she gave him a more painful pull by the nose. After a few heavy groans and yawns, the persecuted cashier began to recover his recollection, and opening his eyes with some difficulty, he beheld his wife standing at his bedside with the utmost composure, no longer drest in her widow's weeds. "How is this, Polonia?" was his first inquiry; "where do you come from? Are you dead then, as well as myself? Have you followed, to show the love you bore me in the other world; and are we to be married over again here? What did you die of, aye! and what did I die of; for as heaven is my judge,—if we are allowed to swear here at all,—I know not when I died, nor when I got to heaven, if we are indeed there. I see there are rooms, and places like anywhere else; but is there plenty of wine and meat, for yesterday, on my arrival, I really thought I did not fare so much amiss for one newly come; and to look round me, I should say it was the carnival season, the house looks so fine."

"And a fine good humour you are in for the carnival, forsooth," replied his wife laughing, as she observed him rubbing his face and arms where she had pinched him black and blue. "What sort of nonsense is all this you are raving about? Do you never mean to rise and go to your business any more? I have twice sent to your

master, the Genoese, and I wish he would come and deal with you as you deserve."

"Am I not dead then? Was I not interred only yesterday?" inquired the bewildered man.

"I know of no burial," replied his wife, "except that you buried some of our best wine, and the greater part of the dainties prepared for the carnival, a beast as you are."

"Don't be angry, my dear, though I acknowledge I paid the last funeral honours to some good wine. At the same time, you must admit the truth of what the vicar said:—the mournful countenances of our friends,—the house shut up,—the servant terrified out of her wits; and you yourself, my dear, fainting away in my arms, all drest in deep mourning." "Cease," replied his wife, "this ridiculous nonsense, or I will myself go and bring your master the Genoese."

"And are they too here,—there must be very poor hopes for my soul, if such grand people and usurers like him, come to inhabit the same place."

"You are drunk, you are mad, to talk such stuff as this. Get up directly, and go to your business like a man."

"I tell you, woman, it is not five-and-twenty hours since I died. I know not how long ago I was buried, and yet you will have me get up and go about my business as usual. No, no! go you and ask all our friends and acquaintance, from the old astronomer to our servant girl, who saw you in your widow's weeds yesterday, whether I am not dead and buried to all intents and purposes. As it strikes me too, you are dead likewise, and that is the reason I now see you in white, instead of being in mourning as before. Perhaps you are an angel, only you might be a little more good tempered if you were."

"Well," replied the lady, "your head must be turned with a vengeance; you went to rest last night with me as usual, and what do you mean by all this nonsense of dying, burying, and being in heaven, when you are in your own house. But Casilda! quick! run for the doctor; our friend the astrologer I mean, without delay; he will be able to inform us what has happened to my poor husband; I fear he can have been in no good company, for they have turned his brain."

More perplexed than ever, the poor man was at a loss to determine if he were really dead or alive; but it was impossible to dispossess him of one idea, which was, that he had been allowed to return in order to arrange his affairs.

The astrologer next came in, and agreed in every word he said, with the lady. He affirmed that her husband had bewildered his mind by too close an application to affairs, and that if he did not take care, and the police came to hear of the case, he would run a chance of being placed in the next lunatic asylum, instead of a comfortable house of his own.

"If that be so," replied the poor man, "and I am not really dead, why did you threaten me yesterday with all those horrible prognostics of my speedy death." "You saw me yesterday!" exclaimed the astrologer; "impossible! I was absorbed in my studies, and never left my house during the whole of the day, busily calculating the chances of discovering the purloiners of a rich diamond jewel." "And I," declared the painter, "I can protest I never left the monastery where I am now employed, during the whole of the day." All the unlucky cashier's friends repeated the same thing, and then said, "It is very strange, for I thought I saw my friend the astrologer; and he remarked upon my complexion, my horrible deadly looks, and prognosticated my death within four and twenty hours."

"That," replied the astrologer, "must have been a dream; recollect yourself, Señor Moreno, and pray do not attribute any such absurdities to me." "Oh, then," exclaimed the cashier, in a joyful tone, "I dare say it was a dream. Only convince me of that, and I will cheerfully bear the whole burden of the feast, and song, and wine to boot, on next Shrove Tuesday."

"Now you begin to recover your senses, we can understand you," said the astrologer; "and we willingly accept your proposal; and I can assure you, there is not a doubt that it was all a dream. We will go and take a pleasant walk, and then hear mass,—the fresh air will do you good. The effect of imagination, more particularly in dreams, is a very wonderful thing."

The now happy patient did as he was desired, and in the course of their walk they met the vicar and his companions, who all expressed the utmost astonishment when he asserted the strange delusion he had undergone; insomuch that he agreed with them all it could only have been a dream.

Accordingly, he handsomely redeemed his promise of giving all his friends a dinner, to celebrate his perfect recovery from the dream, and he moreover obtained leave of absence from his master for a fortnight, by which he escaped the raillery and jocularity of his acquaintance, till the affair died away. The parties concerned, however, were careful not to reveal the share they took in it to the principal, and to the last day of his life he continued in the firm persuasion, that the whole of these trying adventures had occurred to him in the space of one night, and that, like life itself, they were all—only a dream.

The lady of course considered she had made pretty sure of the diamond ring, so complete had been her success. The wife of the painter, however, now prepared to enter the lists with her; not a little encouraged by the discovery, that it was no such difficult task to pass off a successful joke, even upon the lords of the creation themselves. For this purpose she concerted a plan with a brother of hers,

who happened to possess a fine genius for amusing himself at other people's expense. In the first place, they contrived to have a false door made at the entrance of her house, on such a plan (then frequently adopted), that it might easily be substituted for the real entrance, even at a short notice. It was brought thither secretly one night, and concealed in a cellar, while the brother and two friends lay ready to carry on the intended plot in an upper chamber of the house. In about two hours after everything had been arranged, the painter returned home from the monastery for the evening; having left his apprentices to grind colours ready for the ensuing day, for he had entered into an agreement to have the entire painting completed for exhibition on the ensuing Easter day. In short, he had no time to lose. His wife, Maria, received him that evening with more than her usual kindness, and having supped, they early retired to rest, in order that the painter might resume his task early the following morning. He slept till about midnight very soundly, when he was suddenly awakened by the screams of his wife, who had never closed her eyes, having her head full of the most mischievous projects she could devise. "Heaven have mercy upon me," she cried, "for I think my last hour is come; I feel just as if I was at my last gasp. Do, my dear, get up directly, and go for my confessor, for I shall not last long."

Her husband, only half awake, inquired what was the matter; and fell asleep again before he heard the answer. But in vain, for she soon roused him with more piteous ejaculations than before, insisting on his instantly dressing himself, and going to find the holy man. Her repeated cries soon brought her niece to her bedside. Being well schooled in her part, she added her lamentations to those of her aunt, pretended to apply warm flannels, mulled some delicious wine with rich spices, and adopted all the most approved methods for restoring suspended animation on these occasions. Still the patient insisted upon her husband fetching a confessor; which he at length attempted to do with a very ill grace, muttering that it was all owing to her eating too much salad with strong vinegar for supper, and that he had said enough about it at the time. What between reflecting upon her folly, looking for his clothes, and thinking of his next day's task, the afflicted husband was ready to hang himself, while all the answer he obtained was:—"You cruel man, is this a time to reproach me for what cannot now be helped. Go along with you, if you do not wish to see me die before your face; and after you have called my confessor, run as hard as you can for my good nurse Joan, for she knows my constitution, and will be able to give me something to relieve this racking pain. If you will not, at least consent to go as far as the undertaker's, and give your orders, for I am a dead woman." "But, my dear," replied the afflicted painter, "recollect where the nurse

lives. She is gone to live at the Fuencarral Gate, about three leagues off; it is a cold rainy night, and even if I get safe, it is ten to one whether she will like to get up and come out on such a night as this. I will go for you to the chemist's, and bring you that fine remedy which did you so much good before; and in heaven's name try to compose yourself; for really while you are in this state, I dare not think of leaving you to go half so far as the old nurse's house. Besides, it would be all in vain; and I would not leave you for the world. It would be the death of me, as well as you; I should never get back alive. No, I cannot leave you; ask me anything but that."

These words brought a fresh storm of lamentations. "Blessed heaven," she exclaimed, "only to think what a helpmate thou hast given me. What mighty favours do I ask? Did I ask to take thy life, or to squander thy whole property, you could not make more fuss. Just to fetch my old nurse, and soil a pair of shoes, is no such great sacrifice, I should think. But I have long suspected you wanted to lead a second woman to the altar; and this conduct convinces me I was right. Get to bed with you, and sleep and snore to your heart's content; but if I die, I will swear to my last breath that you mixed poison in my salad. Yes, you did, you wretch, and your present behaviour proves it."

"Woman, woman!" replied the indignant painter, "set a rein upon that tongue; for if you rail at me much longer, it is likely that I shall, at least, remove the pain out of your stomach to your shoulders, by means of a good strong stick." "Beat my aunt, you wretch, would you," interrupted the niece; "the Lord requite you for your pains; but I will first scratch my ten commandments in your cheeks; and tear out both your eyes,—yes, I would." These words increased the painter's ire to such a degree, that he was about to take summary vengeance, when the girl ran off, and his wife renewed her screams, declaring that she had been poisoned, and wished to take the sacrament before she died. Alarmed at the violence of his wife, and fearful that if she really should die with such accusations in her mouth, it would go hard with himself, he now did all in his power to appease her. He promised to go, and taking a lanthorn, his boots and cloak, he sallied into the streets in search of the nurse; and before he had got fifty yards from home, found himself wet to the skin.

The sole direction he had was, that nurse Joan resided somewhere in Fuencarral; but it was not likely, on such a night as that, he should meet a single soul to direct him. Thus he went muttering to himself, and cursing his own fate for contracting matrimony, without studying the temper of his lady. We may well imagine how long he was in finding the place; indeed, so long, that we shall have plenty of time to return, and inquire into the state of the infirm lady.

Having watched her *caro sposo* clear off the premises, she hastened

to call her brother and his companions, who soon removed the ancient doorway, and placed the new one in its stead, with its bolts, locks, and hinges, all previously prepared. In short, it worked beautifully on its hinges; and they next hoisted above it a public sign-board, with the motto of "*House of Public Entertainment.*"

This done, a party of friends, all in readiness, were invited with their wives and children; a grand treat was prepared, and a band of musicians with all kinds of instruments to celebrate the exploit of the poor painter, who had not yet succeeded in discovering the nurse's abode: all he had effected was to knock at wrong doors, and rouse the peaceable inhabitants from their slumber.

At length, he was seen exploring his way back to his own house, knee-deep in mud, and mad with vexation and fatigue. As he drew near, the sound of mirth and revelry struck on his ear; and to his infinite astonishment, appeared to come from his dwelling. Extremely perplexed, he now approached the door, and holding up his lantern to ascertain the spot, he saw the public sign over the door, and found that the music issued from a new inn. How odd he had never seen it before; and where was his own house; for he felt convinced that he had left it somewhere near that spot. On this he began to examine his neighbours' houses with great caution, till at length, more puzzled than ever, he exclaimed; "Good God! not many hours ago I left home; this very place, if I mistake not, and my wife was then more dead than alive. I find my neighbours' houses just as they were; this is the street, the place, and the house, only it is not mine, it cannot be mine. Besides, there were only my wife, her niece, and myself, and all the town seem to be gathered together here, singing and dancing as if they were mad. Am I asleep or awake? for I am sure there was never an inn before in this street. But here it is, however it came here, for these are none of my old doors that were near tumbling about my ears. No wonder if I were intoxicated, and could not see; but I am drenched with water to the skin, enough to sober Bacchus himself."

He then rubbed his eyes, and shook himself again and again; applied his ear to the door, and started back as fresh peals of music burst upon his bewildered senses. At length it struck him that the whole must be some horrible enchantment; and he trembled in his shoes as he gazed on the fearful sign above his head. No longer able to support this state of agony and suspense, he seized the knocker and gave some tremendous peals, that roused half the neighbourhood, followed by a dozen people's heads popped out of the windows to learn the cause of such an unusual alarm at that hour of the night. Among these appeared a head thrust out of an upper window; doubtless that of the ostler or the shoe-boy, with a candle in his hand. At the same time a voice was heard exclaiming, "Go about your business; how dare you make such a clamour; there is no room here, and if you do

not take yourself off, a good horsewhip will help you;—to think of disturbing honest people at this time of night."

"It is my own house! let me in," cried the painter. "Off with you, or I will fling something on your head you will hardly like."

The unhappy man, however, persisted, and in a few minutes the door opened, and out rushed two dogs and a stout fellow, and all of them fell upon him at a time. "You villain," cried the servant, "how dare you make such a riot here at this time of night? Did I not inform you there was no room?" "But, my good fellow, this is my own house; it has been in my family from time immemorial; and how it has been converted into an inn is what I can no way divine." "Who are you?" inquired the man. "Diego de Morales; and this mansion has belonged to the Morales', time out of mind. I am an artist of reputation, and master of this house during more than twenty years. My wife's name is Maria Morales; unless, indeed, she have turned hostess within these few hours. Perhaps you can inform me what is the meaning of all this."

"The meaning is," replied the man, "that more than six years ago the hostess of this place came hither, and has ever since been entertaining more than half the strangers in Madrid. My master's name is Pedro Carrasio; his wife's, Maria Molino; and I am their head waiter. I have to request, therefore, that you will depart without delay, before I have recourse to harsher measures." Saying which, he shut the door in the painter's face. His case was now pitiable; and he had no alternative but to turn round, and make the best of his way through the miry streets till he came to the house of Señor Geloso, about three o'clock in the morning. Again he knocked with all his might; his friend threw up the window, and seeing who it was, hastened down and opened the door. He believed some dreadful calamity must have befallen him; but on hearing the explanation, he decided that it could be nothing but some frolic, the consequence of his good Cyprus or St. Martin's wine, to which he was known to be somewhat addicted. However, he took him into the house, assisted him to take off his wet clothes, and gave him what he lay most in need of—a good comfortable bed.

No sooner did his wife perceive that the poor painter had quitted the field in despair, than she hastened to restore her establishment to its former appearance. The sign-board was removed, the old door replaced upon its hinges, and the guests all retired. The hostess herself, completely fatigued with playing the castanets and dancing, besides the laughter, which she could not conceal, was glad enough to get a little more rest.

Early next morning the painter returned to his own house, attended by Señor Geloso, who had been more than half persuaded of the truth of the story. When he found everything exactly in its former situation,

he began to tax him with wishing to play off a trick upon him ; and the painter was little less surprised on his part, when he witnessed such a complete metamorphosis in the appearance of everything from what it was the night before. The unfortunate husband protested, on the faith of a Christian, that some horrid necromancy had been practised upon him by some vile Jew or heretic, in order to drive him out of his senses. Upon knocking at the door, it was opened by the niece, who appeared half asleep, quite in dishabille, and in a night-cap.

"Gracious heavens, is that you, uncle?" she cried ; "you have behaved in a very pretty manner, truly. You deserted the bedside of your dying wife, and now return at ten in the morning just as unconcerned as if nothing had happened."

"Bridget, my dear," replied the painter, "if you only knew the sufferings I have undergone since I left this place last night, you would pity instead of reviling me."

"Oh! you wretch!" exclaimed his wife, hastening towards them, "you are a kind husband and an excellent messenger ; are you not? Where have you been keeping company the whole of last night? You brought the confessor and the nurse, did you not? So you did not venture to face your injured wife alone ; you have brought a friend to intercede for you. But it shall avail you nothing ; for I will insist upon a separation from such a cruel-hearted wretch as you are. No more husbands for me! I have no further inclination to have my supper sprinkled with poison. No, sir, I know you well : a bill of divorce is the sole chance that is now left for me."

"Be pacified, good lady," observed Señor Geloso ; "for my friend here meant to commit no offence. There has been some horrible witchcraft at work, not to make you love, but to divide your affections, as it appears."

"Yes!" added the husband, "she might at least listen to the chapter of accidents and calamities that befell me this last horrible night."

He then entered upon his defence, giving a description of what had passed at his house, which had only the effect of throwing his wife into a still greater passion. "What," she exclaimed, "must your friend here think of us ; such doings as these, indeed, at any honest woman's house. But it is all a malicious falsehood ; and he knows it. Our house an inn, forsooth! Dances, revels, and feasts! I should like to see them here, with a vengeance. The only music were my sighs and groans ; my only supper was a little rhubarb, and a small spoonful of hartshorn. But for this, he would have left me to die, as I doubt not he intended ; but, heaven be praised, it cured me ; and he looks thus unhappy because he finds me alive."

"In the name of all the saints, my dear," cried the poor painter,

"cease to torture me thus ; I cannot bear it, both by day and night. By St. Jerome, I have only spoken the truth ; for the devil and all his imps were celebrating their orgies here the last night. Do, my dear, consent to leave this house ; better take up our lodging in the street, than have to entertain such guests."

"Yes, uncle," observed Miss Bridget, "I have been haunted all night long, and I am pinched all over black and blue, by these imps and witches."

"Lord, niece!" interrupted her aunt in a pretended fright, "why did you not tell me that before?" "Why, because I thought you would not believe me, aunt, and then I was afraid of hurting the reputation of the house."

"Then, I think," said Señor Geloso, "we had better say no more about it. You are all sale ; and though you have been bedevilled for one night or so, it will be easy to have the house exorcised. Let the bad spirits be laid ; and meanwhile we can all spend a merry Easter together."

The lady now expressed her willingness to make the matter up, after giving her husband a sharp lesson on his evil ways and practices, that had doubtless encouraged the devil to come and take possession, and convert his house into a tavern. The pranks he had been played were only a proper punishment for his sins, and he had now had fair warning. The unlucky painter took all this advice in good part, and promised compliance with everything she chose to exact from him ; insomuch that Donna Maria believed it to be morally impossible that either of her rivals couid more effectually succeed in imposing upon the credulity of their respective husbands. She consequently flattered herself with the speedy possession of the prize, for which they were all three thus laudably contending, to the infinite perplexity and annoyance of their unlucky helpmates.

Now at length came the turn of the lady of Señor Geloso, and she had a long score of miseries and vexations to pay off, on account of his foolish jealousy. "Though last not least" in shrewdness, and keen desire of revenge and triumph, she set about her task with a gay and courageous spirit, surpassed by neither of her rivals, and which gave her a happy presentiment of success. Luckily, too, her brother was a monk, and had just opportunely arrived at Madrid. He was, moreover, prior of the convent of Capuchins, a fact altogether unknown to Señor Geloso, as will appear. He had often received letters from his sister, lamenting her husband's unhappy and jealous temper, and the misery she consequently endured. She had more than once, indeed, insisted upon having a divorce, unless he altered his manners ; and would have executed her threat, had it not been for the scandal it might bring upon her family and the church.

Finding that all remonstrances had hitherto proved ineffectual, or

rather tended to exasperate his jealous temper, the good monk, pitying her case, declared his willingness to join in any plan for bringing the old gentleman to his senses. Besides, he could no longer tolerate the harsh treatment of Señor Geloso towards a beloved sister, whose continual sighs and tears were enough to move a much harder heart than the good priest's to sentiments of compassion. We shall proceed to detail the plan adopted, to carry the intended reformation into complete effect.

Returning to the convent, the prior assembled his holy brethren, explaining the whole merits of the case, and referring it to their judgment. It was unanimously agreed, that in so charitable an undertaking as the correction of a bad husband, almost any means were justifiable. Being thus sanctioned, the prior sent his sister a present of a certain medicine, the effect of which was to give the patient a good sound slumber during many hours. The lady received it with infinite delight; and after supper, she took care to mix it in a large glass of wine, which her husband drank. She had the pleasure of seeing him drop asleep in his chair, even before they had time to remove the supper things. Had they not expected such a result, they would infallibly have pronounced him to be dead, and have sent for an undertaker, and had him buried without more delay. They put him to bed, and then sent to inform the prior, who, attended by two lay brothers, instantly came to the spot. Proceeding to the chamber, the prior ordered one of his attendants to begin, who, taking out a razor and a huge pair of scissors, began to cut and shave till he was prepared to be equipped in the monastic tonsure, altogether presenting a new spectacle to the eyes of his friends. Arrayed in cowl and frock, like one of the brothers of St. Francis, they carried him neck and heels, and laid him in some straw at the bottom of a vehicle prepared for the purpose.

It stopped at the convent, and Señor Geloso was conveyed to one of the penitential cells, where he was placed upon a hard wooden couch, with the ensigns of his new profession placed near him, and a light burning upon the table lest he should recover in their absence from the effects of his sedative potion, and awake in a sudden fright.

It operated, however, during the next two hours upon the unconscious novice, who continued in his lethargy till after midnight, when the bells, as is usual, first began to ring for matins. One of the friars then took his rounds with the *matraca* in his hands, a kind of square instrument, headed with iron nails, which makes a horrible noise when he strikes it against the doors of the sleepers' cells.

No sooner did it reach the ears of the new father Geloso, than leaping up in a fright, and fancying himself at the side of his wife in his own house, he cried: "Lord have mercy on us; what in the name of all the saints is that dreadful clatter? Is the house going to tumble about our ears? Is it thunder;—is it doomsday;—or is it the devil

in a gale of wind?" As he thus said he looked about for his wife, but she was not there; she spoke not, and a suspicion now first arose that she had deserted him. "What!" he exclaimed in a rage! "left her couch at this time of night? Vile adulteress! I dare say she has let her wretched paramour gain admittance through the top of the house. Stop a little, and I will be amply revenged. Bring me my clothes this very instant, and my sword; my honour is at issue in this affair." He next began to feel for his clothes, and first set hands upon the friar's habit at his side. But what was his surprise when he found himself in a small square cell, without knowing how he got there! and in trying to open the door he knocked down a skull over his head, which coming into contact with his own, was by no means calculated to improve his good temper, though it tended rather to cool his jealousy. Considering it too a bad omen, he looked eagerly about him to ascertain by what way he could have entered, how he was to get out, and what was the real situation of the place. By help of his taper he at length found he was in the midst of a vast dormitory, extending far and wide on both sides; and rubbing his temples, yet aching with the effect of his encounter with another skull, he exclaimed with a most puzzled look: "Heaven defend us! what is all this? Did I not retire to my own chamber, after eating supper at my own house? And how came I by this habit; a hood and cowl too as I hope to be saved! What will become of me;—am I in the hospital—in a monastery—or where am I? What if my jealousy hath driven me mad, and I have been conveyed hither by my relations to end my days in Bedlam, for such it seems to be. This room is little better than a strait waistcoat; it is certainly more like a gaol than a hospital. And now I think of it, I was only yesterday, as it seems, talking very wildly about my honour; while, in fact, I may perhaps have been for the last three years under the doctor's hands in this hospital for fools. Then this must be a lucid interval for the first time; and I will no longer labour under the delusion that I was yesterday at home, and by the side of my wife. But confirmed lunatics and felons, I know, are accustomed to have their heads shaved, and in that case I should be like them." Saying which words, he put his hand to his head, and found his own as bald as a shaven board, with the exception that he wore a fool's cap—the very crown of the king of jealous fools.

As he was thus pursuing his lucubrations, and stood shivering in his shirt, one of the lay-brothers, whose business it was to attend upon the monks, walked very leisurely into his cell. "Well, holy father," said the visitor, "are you determined to be absent from matins this morning? it is high time; and yet you seem to be making no preparation to dress."

Señor Geloso, having now almost lost his patience, replied very sharply to this interrogatory;

"What do you mean? Do you know what you are prating about? What have I to trouble myself with matins or vespers? Are you too one of the incurables belonging to this asylum, unable perhaps even to carry a message? If you should not be quite mad, however, I would intreat you to call the doctor, as I wish to inform him that I have been suddenly restored to reason, and feel quite well again."

"Surely," replied the friar, "you mean to jest with me this morning, but there is not time. Had you not better dress, and not stand shivering there in the cold. They have rung for matins long since, and doubtless the holy prior will be greatly offended at such an instance of neglect."

Saying these words, the friar retired, and poor Señor Geloso was left in a state of anxiety and alarm, not easily to be described.

"What!" he cried aloud in a tone of horror, "I a monk! I father Rebolledo! how dare the villain make use of such terms? I go to matins, forsooth! I, who a few hours since imagined myself in my own bed, and my wife with me in our own house! I wish I were rightly awake, for there is something strange or mad about all this, for which I can in no way account."

Thus puzzled and incensed, he stood lost in deep thought, while the wind whistled through his cell, reminding him of the policy of dressing himself; but he abhorred the idea of touching the frock and cowl, far more than the cold. In a short time another friar made his appearance:—"My good father Rebolledo," he cried, "what is the meaning of this? the vicar has sent to know what can be the meaning you do not attend matins. They are almost over; and yet remember that it is your turn to lead the choir the whole of this week."

"All the saints in the calendar bless me," exclaimed the astonished father; "for I suppose I must needs be father Rebolledo, and no other. Yet how?—when was I made a father?—who and what am I? Heaven help us, is not this same a refuge for madmen and fools? Pray can you tell me who has robbed me of my house, my wife, my dress, my hair, and my very beard?"

"What sort of conduct is this?" interrupted the chorister; "is this an answer for me to return with to the vicar? you will be reported to the chapter, you may depend. Surely you paid your respect to the refectory last night in a way from which you are hardly yet recovered. You are intoxicated, holy father, but try if you can dress yourself, and if you are really too tipsy, I will do what I can to help you."

Saying this, he threw the friar's frock over the neck of the novice; but when he next attempted to adjust the cowl, somewhat of a close fit, it came into Señor Geloso's head, that the friar was going to strangle him. Releasing himself, therefore, he knocked the poor chorister down with a heavy blow, and uttering a few loud, deep, and tremendous curses against all evil spirits and enchanters, he rushed

out of the cell, and ran along the dormitory as if all the demons below had been in pursuit of him. This was a most amusing sight, and the prior and his whole order of monks, who witnessed it from one of the galleries, had very nearly betrayed the secret of the scheme by their obstreperous mirth. However, they contrived to subdue their laughter sufficiently to form into regular procession, and advance with lighted tapers in their hands, as if coming from the choir. Skillfully cutting off the new father's retreat, the worthy prior met him face to face.

"What now, father Rebolledo," he cried in an indignant voice "what means this rebellious conduct in a son of the holy church? Have you dared to disgrace your sacred order by lifting up your hand even against a minister of the most high; neglecting your duty at matins as you have done, when we were about to celebrate a great festival; you have now added sacrilege to your other crimes, and must prepare for excommunication. Down upon your knees, humiliate yourself before me this moment, and we shall see what can be done by means of a little wholesome discipline, that may be of some efficacy, I hope, in removing your excessive presumption and obstinacy."

"Humble myself, forsooth," cried the new monk; "why should I humble myself? and who are you, I wonder? Away; get out of my road, ye vile demons and sorcerers, as ye are. Ye have changed me; but metamorphosed as I am, I know ye, and defy ye. By this sign of the cross ye have no power over a true Christian, such as I." "What! dare you?" interrupted the prior, with a stern look, and stamping his foot in a manner that quite daunted the poor novice. "You will see who will have the worst of it, and cry out *peccavi* first. Are you mad?" "Nay, have pity on me," exclaimed our hero, half prostrating himself before the prior, "I am penitent, and I am heartily tired too, I can assure you."

"Will you be more orderly, then," inquired the prior, "and learn to obey us?"

"I do obey—I do repent from the bottom of my soul; but of what I confess I do not well know."

"A fine sort of repentance, this, forsooth!" cried the prior; "but we have subdued many a rebellious sinner before now."

As he uttered these words, the prior raised his holy staff, and suddenly showered down a succession of heavy blows upon the shoulders of the old noviciate, who fell at full length, as his only resource to save himself from the prior's well directed vengeance.

"Stop, reverend father," he cried; "spare my shoulders; do not quite break my bones, and I will confess myself one of the vilest sinners upon the face of the earth. As regards my future conduct, believe me, I will so comport myself as to merit your entire approbation, if you will only spare the heavy hand of chastisement."

"But do you know you are a monk; and that a trivial offence is more unpardonable in you than a glaring sin in a mere layman?"

"To be sure I do. I confess that I am a monk, and a very sinful one."

"Of what order? Quick, tell me to what order you belong?" "To what order!" replied the poor novice, infinitely puzzled. "Why, to any order your reverence best pleases. I will readily become the Grand Turk, if it be your good pleasure." "And you promise henceforth, father Rebolledo, to be ever obedient and industrious in all your duties; will you?" "Yes; I will be father Rebolledo, or any father you may please but to call me."

"Be quick, then, and kiss the feet of that venerable friar," said the prior, "and express your gratitude to the whole brotherhood for their well-meant correction."

"I will kiss anywhere you please, holy father," said the repentant novice, "so that you will withhold your heavy hand from my smarting shoulders; and I will confess my obligations to you for all past favours."

This admirable example of humility was too much for the risible faculties of the holy brotherhood; and they began to titter and whisper among themselves, till they received a reproving look from the superior. "Can you see ought to excite mirth, my dear brethren, in the wilfulness and folly of a companion. Rather learn to weep, to think that a monk who, during the last fifteen years, had been a pattern of piety and obedience to the whole monastery, should, at the last, so far have forgotten himself—rather weep, I say."

Fifteen years! thought Señor Geloso. Well, that is indeed wonderful; and surpasses every miracle I ever heard of. Never did knight of romance meet anything more strange. Monk as I am, devil a bit do I know how, when, or where I became such.

"Get up, and follow us to the choir," continued the prior. The father Rebolledo obeyed; but as he knew about as much of music as a horse, he led off the choir in so novel and facetious a style, that the superior affecting to believe that he sang in ridicule of his brethren, ordered him to be forthwith removed, and imprisoned during the space of eight days, in a solitary cell. He was to be treated only to bread and water; and to be whipt twice every day on the soles of his feet, to rouse him to a livelier degree of repentance.

This having been performed to the letter, he was next sent on a journey to beg alms, along with another monk, for the benefit of the monastery; and it was to be repeated every Saturday. So very docile had the new monk become through such excellent discipline, that he used to set out singing a psalm, with a wallet at his back, cheerfully obeying his superior; and suffering himself to be conducted even into his own street, till he actually recognized his former dwelling. But

he only muttered to himself:—"Good heavens! and am I no longer the husband of my wife. It seems impossible to question that fact, and yet I must not believe it; for how, by all the saints, how came I by this shaven crown, and monkish habit? See, there is my beloved wife;" and suddenly bursting away from his companion, he ran into the house, and meeting her at the entrance, he threw his arms round her, and cried out in a most piteous tone:—"Ah! my dear, if you only knew how hardly I have been dealt with, as a punishment, doubtless, of my unjust and unkind conduct towards you. Alas! I have been made a monk against my will, without knowing when or wherefore. But henceforward they may find some other alms' collector; they shall not come and disturb the happiness of a married man."

"What new piece of impudence is this," exclaimed the wife; "help, help, my friends, here is a brutal monk who has dared to be impertinent; out upon your rudeness."

No sooner did the friar, who was waiting outside, hear these words uttered in a tone of anger, than he ran into the house, followed by some of the neighbours. Unable to recognize Señor Geloso at first sight, they took him by the neck and shoulders, and thrust him out of doors. They would even have inflicted more serious punishment, had it not been for the intercession of the friar, who declared that he was only a poor lunatic from the monastery, who had got possessed with the idea that every woman he met, must be his own wife. "We were led to think," he added, "that he was latterly sufficiently recovered to go and beg alms, in company with another, but he will smart for his bad behaviour when I get him back to the monastery; come, father Rebolledo, come along." Accordingly, when he got back, the prior gave him another castigation, and he was put upon a new course of bread and water during so long a period, that his hair and beard had full time to grow afresh. Not many days after having recovered these ancient honours, as he was sitting brooding over his misfortunes in his cell alone, he overheard the following words uttered in a very plaintive voice:—

"You have been a very wicked and cruel man, Señor Geloso; you have suspected your innocent wife, who is wholly free from any of those faults you once laid to her charge. You find heaven has punished you for such conduct; and your still more ridiculous jealousy. Be warned, therefore, in future, and if you should be permitted to see your wife once more, take precious care how you venture to hurt a hair of her head, or give her the slightest provocation whatever. For if you do not take care, you will bring down still heavier punishment upon your head."

The voice thrice repeated these words, which had such an effect upon Señor Geloso, that, clasping his hands, he fell upon his knees, and in a tremulous voice, full of devotion, he cried out:—"Blessed oracle,

whether divine or human, only assist me to escape from this horrid prison-house, and I will become everything that can be required of me. As to my wife, I will be the very mirror of husbands; never dare to utter a word of complaint; but ever continue to return thanks unto the Virgin for this kind intercession in my favour."

As he made this vow, one of the brethren entered with a hot supper, and some wine, of which he had never tasted from the first day of his transformation. The friar assured him that he ran some risk in thus supplying him with an excellent bottle of wine, which, he did not add, contained a soporific dose, similar to that he had before taken. He drank it, and the opiate very soon began to take effect. Of course he fell into a sound sleep, and as his hair and beard were now completely grown, he was conveyed back to his own house, and arrayed exactly in the same dress as he had before been, and put to bed. He enjoyed an excellent night's rest; and it was late next morning before he awoke.

What was his surprise on first gazing around him; the elegant apartment, handsome furniture, fine clothes, &c.; but, more than all, when, upon stretching forth his arms, he discovered that his long lost wife was quietly sleeping by side him. At first, he believed she must be some witch or spirit, and began to cross himself, and utter exorcisms, to the best of his ability. Being all the time awake, heartily enjoying her husband's perturbation, though she affected to slumber, she at last, as if suddenly, started out of her sleep, exclaimed, "What is the matter, my dear? What are you mumbling about,—are you in another fit of the sulks?"

"First tell me," replied her husband, "who are you that make the inquiry? I am, by no means, in the sulks; I am much worse;—I am ill of what they call the MONK; and I beseech you to tell me who you are?"

"Why, who should I be, you stupid wretch, but your own wife; your affectionate, but ill-used wife."

"But how came you to get admittance into this convent?" inquired her husband. "If the prior should come to hear of it, you will infallibly be excommunicated, as I have already been. Think of being expelled out of the pale of the holy Catholic church; and, as regards myself, I am sure to get a sound bastinado, within an inch of my life."

"Are you dreaming?" exclaimed his wife; "what monastery, and what prior, are these you talk of?"

"Why don't you know I have been a monk for the last fifteen years?"

"You are raving, I suppose," replied his wife; "but if you think of getting up to-day before dinner, you had better bestir yourself; unless indeed, you wish to get supper at the same time."

Altogether unable to account for the singularity of his position, and lost in a crowd of strange ideas, the Señor could hardly believe his senses, especially when he raised his hand to his chin, and found himself possessed of a beard as long as the Grand Turk's.

Agreeably to his wife's direction, having found his way out of bed, he first saw that he was in his own room, and not a remnant appeared to indicate the nature of his late pursuits. He was arrayed in his former dress, and on consulting the glass, he saw exactly the same personage he had been accustomed to contemplate before he assumed the ecclesiastical habit, and underwent so many mortifications of the flesh. Again he crossed himself in an impulse of grateful devotion, firmly believing that what he had of late gone through, was wholly to be attributed to the promises he had heard pronounced by the mysterious voice. As he replied with the utmost politeness to the queries of his now happy wife, with a grave and somewhat sad countenance, he admitted, at her suggestion, that the whole must have been a dream, intended to give him warning how he longer ventured to conduct himself with the same neglect and unkindness towards such a wife.

It was her object to keep up this opinion, and she actually promised nine masses to the Holy Virgin, when it should please heaven to confirm her good endeavours, and turn her roughly handled husband from the error of his ways. By this plan, she sought to inculcate upon him a little more of that Spanish virtue of conjugal obedience on the part of the husband; to all which, with exemplary patience and resignation, Señor Geloso agreed. He entreated her forgiveness for the past, and assured her, that he would never more accuse her of any fault, of which he did not himself become an eye-witness. In short, he gave her permission to go out wherever she pleased, and said he would endeavour to make himself easy during her absence.

Not a little rejoiced at her success, the lady hastened to acquaint her two friends, who sat anxiously awaiting the result, to compare their respective exploits. Having informed them of the reasons she had to delay the affair during so many weeks, all three agreed to adjourn to the residence of the Count, in order to recount the merits of their different efforts, in their new school of the husband's reform. The whole three declared they had wrought a thorough cure in their worse halves —namely, of the vices of avarice, drunkenness, and jealousy, which had so much disturbed their matrimonial happiness at home.

"My fair and accomplished ladies," replied the Count, "that diamond ring, found by you on the day of the late festival, and which has excited you to such happy exertions, is the same that was lost by me just before you came to consult me. The value amounts to two hundred pistoles, and I believe I promised to make it one hundred more. But to attempt to distinguish between three ladies of so much

ingenuity, is a difficult task; it is almost impossible to draw comparisons, where all are in the superlative degree; so I must leave you to divide the contents of this purse as you please. Seldom have I parted with my money with so much pleasure 'as I now do.'"

After expressing their gratitude to the Count, these merry ladies took their leave, repairing to their respective homes, with the resolution of appropriating to their own advantage their recent good fortune, by the purchase of whatever their husbands might happen to refuse to let them have.

Nor was this their only reward: the steward having realized sufficient for an independence, withdrew from his master's service, and took an elegant country villa. The painter, from that time forth, renounced the society of all quarrelsome and drunken companions; while the old jealous Señor was so completely cured of his former obstinacy and suspicions, as to allow his wife to follow the natural bent of her inclinations, as to where, when, and whom, she chose to visit; in short, he openly avowed his intentions of discontinuing his course of curtain lectures, which he had before regularly delivered, to the extreme annoyance of his fair audience,—so many, indeed, that they would have filled a handsome quarto volume.

It was thus that the three merry wives of Madrid proved to the whole world, that they knew how to take advantage of the good old proverb of being "Merry and wise," and to turn it also to some account.

A PRODIGIOUS ADVENTURE,

IT once fell out, that a young man from Andalusia, intending to study for one of the learned professions, whichsoever he might most fancy, resorted to the University of Alcala de Henares. He belonged to the middle rank of life, but it had already pleased heaven to take both his parents. Being one of those youths who are apt to aspire to higher matters than seem quite befitting their scanty means, and proper station, he estimated himself not exactly according to the rule of right reason. Now if we may credit Seneca in his tragedies, Juvenal in his satires, and Horace in his art of poetry, there is no hard-mouthed animal that requires a sharper bit and steadier rein, nor one more inclined to perform extravagant antics, than an unruly youth. Indeed, the new student had no sooner set foot in Alcala, than he began to show signs of that overweening folly and presumption peculiar to some youthful and fiery wits, that carry far more sail than ballast, and whose lighter particles continually bubbling to the surface, prove that they have at least reached the full boiling point of the juvenile thermometer. Accordingly, his first step was to take possession of some splendid apartments, that would by no means have done discredit to the taste of a young sprig of quality, or the scion of some princely house. He next engaged two livery servants, one butler, a housekeeper, and other attendants, to regulate his household and table, without once inquiring how far his purse-strings were likely to answer the draft upon their respective demands. Had he in fact consulted that indispensable *vade mecum* of a young student, it would have taught him the wisdom of joining in an economic cause with some three or more students, to live like poor patients and hard-working sizars, in some poor court of the college, dividing between them some sixty onions every day, and taking it in turns to ask charity every other night from their wealthier neighbours.

These prudent college rules, however, he threw along with those of Aristotle upon the shelf, and with only three or four hundred marks in his pocket, undertook to support the elegant establishment already stated; and if need be, like every wise administration, to draw farther sums upon the national credit. After these preliminaries, he began to

cultivate the society of the wealthiest students in the place: accepted invitations; visited all the great houses, whose attentions he repaid with compliments, and more rarely with presents, that failed not to obtain for him the reputation of a fashionable, as well as an open-handed youth. He resided in the street set apart, *par excellence*, for the most distinguished and influential families, though he kept strictly to the rules of those who run up large accounts and take long credit, rewarding the long-suffering parties by the splendid promise of making the fortunes of all his creditors.

Had he thus continued to confine himself within the due bounds of ambition, without carrying his vanity to a pitch of absurdity, no doubt but, with his gentlemanly manners and liberal spirit, all must have gone well. But fortune, the traitor to all great men, was the rock on which our young student was destined to split. He attached himself to the study of the canon law; and here, too, he piqued himself upon his lofty and capacious views. Sometimes he appeared in a broad and splendid ermine mantle, sometimes with his sword and cape —plainly indicating that he should rest content with no common figure in the world, did success only continue to fill his sails with the same auspicious breezes as she had done. Soon he appeared absorbed in the abstract study of the laws; for when the voice of the schools seconds that of fashion, and is re-echoed in the ears of princes, the popular candidate for court-favour and offices seems, through this medium, to claim rather than solicit the favour of the court. He pursued his studies then, though in the midst of splendour, with redoubled ardour; his credit rose and became inexhaustible. He had already kept his terms, and he now took the highest degrees, buoyed up with a confidence that gave additional eclat to his success. His genius was lively and versatile, his memory great, in possessing which he showed no respect to the decided opinion of Aristotle, who maintains, that where the understanding is very great, the memory can only be improved by incessant and repeated study, which is not often the case.

When residing in Andalusia, his name had been plain Paul; but in Castile it became Don Pablo, and was in a fair way for far higher titles ere long, had he but known how to apply his resources with due discretion. His demands, however, upon the credulity and the purses of the good people of Alcala was carried to an imprudent length; the tide of good fortune had risen to its height, and at length it began to ebb. His great friends seemed inclined to retort the compliment of borrowing upon its patron, when they found it carried to such an extreme. Like an able tactician, he had taught them his art of war by dint of pushing his successes too far, and they gradually turned the credit-system against its ingenious author. At first, by way of requesting a reimbursement; secondly, by hinting accommodations of the

same kind—with what success you may imagine ; for those who are in the habit of giving long credit to students of the universities, are much in the case of a bankrupt merchant, expecting an argosy from the east. Thus Don Pablo began by amusing his creditors with that well-known maxim, that money, like manure, is of no use until it be spread ; that you ought to throw your bread upon the waters, and trust for its return after many days ; that he who gives quickly gives twice ; that if you are asked for your cloak, you should give your coat also ; and that if your friend ask you to walk a mile, you ought to go with him twain.

For the first time, he was observed to look a little thoughtful, indulged the idea of sounding a retreat, and sometimes almost wished he had entered Alcala in quality of a great man's attendant, instead of the great man himself. In such a mood, with all "a poet's remorse," he might be observed pacing the banks of the river, by turns sighing and swearing, or devising schemes how best he might prop up the fallen fortunes of his new house. Still he made a bold and ingenious defence, and was a long time driven "from pillar to post," before he was reduced to think of flying, much less of surrendering to his creditors at discretion.

One day, however, on returning from one of his rambles, in pursuit of fresh projects, he was joined by a friend, who came in haste to inform him, that a limb of the law, the whole body of which he had himself so long been dissecting, was just then employed in taking an inventory of his affairs, and questioned the prudence of his proceeding at that moment in the direction of his own house. Without a word, Don Pablo turned short round, and pursued the other way, proceeding at a pretty quick pace, being resolved to encounter any one just then, rather than one of the college police. Of these latter gentlemen, a party had already waited on him at his splendid apartments, and finding him "not at home," had informed themselves of his "whereabouts," and were even now walking briskly in pursuit of the Don, as his friend gave him the timely hint. More than this, he assisted him in concealing his precious person until nightfall, when he might have a better chance of disguising or absenting himself for good, whichever he might judge best.

Here was a sad revolution in Don Pablo's affairs, and it proved a great hindrance to his studies, in which he had always shown a decided predilection for the theory, in preference to the practice of the law. He imagined himself already seized and incarcerated for debt, and that he was become the jest of all the place, particularly of the students, who would be infinitely amused at the notoriety of his adventures.

For this reason, he took speedy leave of his companion, and sought shelter among the shady elms and poplar trees that skirt the banks of

the river Henares, till he arrived at a little wood, in which he soon disappeared. But not yet thinking himself secure enough from the searching eye of the alguazils; suspecting even the fidelity of his late companion, he mounted into a lofty poplar, whose thick umbrageous arms completely sheltered him from public view. Having found a secure seat, he there first gave himself up to his melancholy forebodings, in which he was doomed to beguile his time, until the shades of evening should afford him safer escort to proceed on his way. He was bent on flying as far as possible from Alcala and his creditors, though he felt assured they would hold him in so much respect, as not to meddle with much of his substance during his absence, which he meant should continue some special long time. He now repented of his extreme folly, and prayed heartily that in future he might be endowed with grace to conduct himself with more prudence and discretion.

In this perplexed state of idle repentance, weak resolutions, and hearty prayers to be released from his manifold difficulties and anxiety, he continued to ruminate some time. He was first roused by the sound of footsteps, and looking out sharply from his concealment, he saw a well-dressed elderly man, well known to him, and a native of Alcala. His name was Rosino, a most industrious genius, who had contrived to raise himself from nothing, to a respectable and even lucrative condition; for he had married his daughter to a man of letters, and established his two sons in a promising way, if they would only have turned out half as good as their father. One, however, assumed the air of a bully, the other became a gambler; and, in short, what the father had amassed by long economy, and cudgelling of his brains, his hopeful sons dissipated, by bringing themselves into all kinds of scrapes and excesses. The sagacious old gentleman, seeing the speed at which he was going down hill, after all his efforts in climbing up it, judged it would be wise to stop a little short of the bottom. "At this rate," thought he, "what will become of me when I am an old man; (he was not then quite seventy;) my dear, blessed, and long-saving wife is dead and gone, and I can no longer keep my house together against the violence of these scape-graces—they would ruin a nation. Alas!" he continued, "they have turned it almost inside out; there is no one now that cares to lay by a single shilling; nay, by heavens, they have broken through stone walls and locks, and ransacked all my drawers and boxes. They have stripped me nigh to the skin; yet why talk only of my spendthrift sons; there is my son-in-law, a man of letters, my daughter, and ten grandchildren, all as greedy as the rest; and when they come to see me, it is only for what each and all can carry away with them. I live in continued hot water; like an old soldier on active service, I have to fight to the last, surrounded by inveterate enemies. Yes, I shall be ruined. I see it as

plainly as that poplar tree, (here our hero drew in his breath,) there is nothing left for it, but to steal my own money, and hide as much of it as I can get."

In this way the old man went on lamenting himself, much to the edification of the student; at the same time proceeding to count out of a large yellow bag, one by one, a thousand crowns in hard gold. He had come to the resolution of concealing them in the thickest part of the wood, where no wicked relations would have any further chance of finding them. So cautiously wrapping them up in a cat-skin, which he had prepared for the purpose, in order the better to secure and protect them, he set to work to find an appropriate bank for their safe deposit. With this view he approached the identical tree on which he had before fixed his eyes, for an apt illustration of his hard case, and from whose venerable branches Don Pablo had contemplated the whole proceeding. With his usual caution, the old merchant looked earnestly round him, on every side, and in every direction, except above his head; till finding all safe and quiet, he took from his pocket a large garden knife, and with singular dexterity began to excavate a little savings bank at the foot of the tree. He first made some neat incisions in the green turf, which he carefully removed, and then hollowed out the earth till he had made a reasonably sized aperture, when he stopped and breathed a little from his labours. Next he took the gold, which after wistfully gazing at some moments, he still more carefully deposited in the hole, observing, at the same time: "Heaven defend THIS at least from all evil hands; as heaven knows it is done with good intent, to befriend a poor man in his old days, instead of his being driven to beg alms from door to door, besides saying a mass or two for his soul when he is gone, which I doubt his own sons would never have the grace to see done!"

Saying these words, he proceeded to replace the earth, and refix the sward exactly in the manner he had found them. Moreover, that he might be at no loss to recognize the precise spot where he had deposited his treasure, he carved with the same knife in the bark of the said tree the following letters in large capitals, such as we see used for grand inscriptions at our cathedrals:—"HERE." He then looked very complacently around him, as if congratulating himself on his providential labours; and returned, well satisfied with the security of his money, to rejoin his friends at Alcala.

Meantime Don Pablo, intent on all that had passed, permitted the old gentleman to go, without the slightest molestation. He even maintained his seat till evening; but then he descended from his aerial station, and forthwith began to repeat the same operation which the old man had shortly before concluded. He guessed so well, that he hit at once upon the hidden treasure, which he began to count at his leisure, and found it amounted to not less than five hundred.

But the night having set in, Don Pablo was at a loss to make out whether the precious pieces were doubloons, reals, crowns, or penny pieces. It was his good fortune, however, to find that the whole consisted of doubloons; and as to reconciling his conscience to carry them away with him, though he had some qualms, he consoled himself with the mental reservation, that he would certainly one day restore them, when somewhat less inconvenient to him than just at present. He then proceeded smartly on his way, after first inscribing, by way of rejoinder upon the tree, under the emphatic word HERE, the following couplets :—

"*Here* came one who could not see,
The man who saw him from this tree;
May fortune grant, ere long he may
The money that was stolen repay."

Many were the schemes Don Pablo now revolved in his mind, as to his future movements, and the most prudent plan of applying his wonderful piece of good fortune. Instead of entering upon new speculations, he conceived it would redound most to his advantage to re-establish his credit upon its former basis in the University he had left. He therefore lost no time, but retraced his steps with wonderful alacrity. Before morning broke, he had again arrived at Alcala, and went to take possession of his former abode.

Now it happened that a few choice spirits, among his former gay acquaintance, had met together at the very same house, by no means deficient in a good stock of wine, and were busily celebrating the obsequies of their friend's reputation, and discussing the relative merits of the catastrophe which appeared to have overwhelmed him. What was their surprise, then, to see him walk into the room, and seat himself, with his usual self-complacency, at the head of the table. Had his ghost presented itself, they could not well have looked more alarmed. There was a general exclamation, and all rose, and were for making the best of their way out. He reassured them, by filling a glass to their gay carousals, in a style too good to be imitated, even by his ghost. They then, one and all, took him to task for the perilous step he had just taken in returning, and flying, as it were, into the very face of justice, whose Argus eyes were on a sharp look out. "It will be a fine treat for your enemies," cried one; "it is impossible you can ever extricate yourself; and you will die the death of a sinner in close 'durance vile.'" Don Pablo laughed, filled another glass of wine, and thus addressed them,—"Know, my good friends, that I am not so poor a fellow as you take me for; nor am I one to engage in a matter I am unable to carry through. Do you imagine I have not ample resources in my estate to meet the little expences I have incurred in living here at Alcala? Do you? and do you take me for a fool? I had,

indeed, a stupid wretch of an agent, to whom I had confided the settlement of my accounts, who, by his remissness, put me to some inconvenience. The moment, however, my creditors applied to me, I wrote him a sharp letter, threatening to have him up before the council of the University, which brought me in reply a remittance of two hundred and fifty doubloons. So I think I am a match now for your alguazils and your debtor's jail; for I have luckily more gold than bills after all. I will therefore trouble you, each and all, to give my creditors notice on the morrow, that the poor souls may attend at my chambers as early as they may deem fit; for I will trust my rascally agents no more; but have the pleasure of satisfying the wants of the good citizens with my own hands." Saying this, he took a little bag of gold from his pocket, as an earnest of greater things; at the same time throwing down a doubloon, with which he begged them to make merry, as they had already done that evening, at his expense.

The whole of this magnanimous declaration was taken as it was intended by the students, and the different members of his own establishment. He had before conducted himself like a man of wealth and fashion, and besides, no one could contradict him without knowing that he was not in possession of all to which he laid claim. His credit, in short, was restored even faster than it had given way; all his debts were paid, and the report of his good conduct did him far greater service than his late dilemma had done him injury.

All this led Don Pablo seriously to reflect; next to repent of his errors; then to resolve, and upon good resolutions to lay the foundation of a reformed life. He grew discreet, studied hard, and avoided all undue extravagance and display. Indeed, he applied the remainder of his time at the University to such good purpose, that he rose high in credit with all classes. He succeeded so well in his profession, that in a short period he was raised to the Decretal Chair in the University, and was in no want of the approbation and patronage of men of rank and influence.

In a very brief period, he became both honoured and wealthy; acquired the reputation of a distinguished pleader, and formed an union with the daughter of a man of great landed property, so as to assure him a fixed rank and station among the chief families of Alcala.

It was now Don Pablo had leisure to think of the good turn which a certain old gentleman named Rosino, had once served him, as we have seen. As bound in honour, as well as in conscience, he immediately restored not only the capital with the entire interest, but did everything to forward the interests of his family, and to oblige him in every respect. And true it was, as the old gentleman had predicted, it would ensue from his graceless sons, although they had paid the forfeit. He found him begging his way from door to door; one of

his sons had died, and the other met with the accident of being hanged. Moreover, he assured Don Pablo, it was a wonder he had not himself died when he returned to claim his secret treasure, and instead of it found only the said inscription upon the tree. He would certainly have hanged himself from one of its branches, but for the consolatory tenor of the last line, which held out a sort of promise of restitution.

Upon this single hope he had ever since lived, and never ceased to pray, and weary heaven that the thief might be forgiven and permitted to prosper, in order the sooner to be enabled to clear his conscience by refunding the whole sum with interest, as early as convenient. To these prayers, indeed, the old man attributed Don Pablo's sudden reformation and subsequent success; and he often declared, that unless the borrower had been honourable enough to leave his note of hand upon the tree, he should perhaps never have thought of praying for his reformation; that consequently Don Pablo would have gone on in his old courses; have come to some bad end; and he himself, without heaven's help, never have seen his money more.

Salorzano.

ALONZO DEL CASTILLO SALORZANO

WAS one of the most voluminous writers of novels that flourished in Spain during the middle of the seventeenth century. He addicted himself chiefly to the satirical class, with the erotic, the moral, and the historical, interspersing them all with poetical effusions, which he poured forth with infinite facility, and with a display of erudition too often out of place. If we except certain traces of that national affectation and conceit which began to prevail in the language during his times, the style of Castillo will be found extremely chaste, animated, and full of wit and spirit. He composed some comedies, or rather novels in dialogue, which have nothing remarkable in them as distinguished from others of the same class.

From the same pen proceeded an historical romance on the subject of Antony and Cleopatra; an abridgment of the Life and Deeds of Pedro III. of Arragon; and a volume of Lives of the Valencian Saints. He is supposed to have been a native of the same province; and a number of his works are known to have been published there, and that he was in the service of Don Pedro Fagardo, Marquis de los Relez, and Viceroy of the kingdom of Valencia. Finally, he is one of those authors who have been commemorated by Lope de Vega in his *Laurel de Apolo*.

THE DUCHESS OF MANTUA.

ON the death of Frederick, Duke of Mantua, his only daughter, the young and beautiful Camilla, then the theme of every tongue, assumed the ducal sceptre. She was everywhere extolled, no less for her virtues, than for her graces and accomplishments. Such too was her discreet deportment, that she found no difficulty in regulating even affairs of state, and was thus universally respected and obeyed, as well as loved, by all classes of her subjects. Many of the adjoining princes had already sought her hand in marriage, but like another Zenobia or Panthasilia, she highly valued and delighted in her freedom, and the exercise of her own authority. She rode with consummate grace, and managed her steed with uncommon spirit and skill; was attached to the chase, and not afraid even of war. In the exercise of her power, directed to the happiness and prosperity of her people; in her public and private amusements; or when in pursuit of the stag or the wild boar, she forgot there was such a thing as love in the world; or at least she offered up the capricious deity as a sacrifice on the cold shrine of Diana.

Foremost among her suitors ranked the Duke of Modena, a generous, but eccentric prince; the Marquess of Salucio, a famous soldier; and the wealthy Duke of Urbino. Of these her lovers, and numerous others, she possessed indeed a perfect gallery of portraits, which she disposed of much more easily than of the originals. The latter were all either too proud and arbitrary, or, what she disliked still worse, too mercenary for her. She therefore gave the same answer to all their ambassadors, namely, that she had no intention of changing her condition just at that time; and by these excuses she contrived to keep them at a respectable distance, and yet in good humour, frequently assuring each of them, that when she should think about it, their master's merits would first come under consideration.

The Duke of Modena least of all relished these repeated delays, for he happened to be in possession of her portrait, and had become deeply smitten with the charms it displayed. In short, he could not resist the temptation of going in disguise to Mantua, and there he found that she even surpassed the ideas he had formed of her beauty, accusing the artist of a most envious and niggardly pencil. On his

return, he employed fresh ambassadors and fresh presents, in the hope of softening or subduing her continued resistance. But they were followed only by similar results, for both presents and ambassadors were returned upon his hands, and he was still more puzzled and miserable than before.

One day, during the most delightful season of an Italian spring, when the air is full of fragrance, and the earth teeming with flowers, beneath a sky that gladdens the soul, no less than the eye, to behold; the lovely Duchess went forth to enjoy the chase, accompanied by her favourite Clenarda, daughter of old Ernesto, her minister of state. This lady had been attached to the Duchess from her infancy, and their friendship had known no interruption up to the present time.

On arriving at the mountain, the hunters each took their appointed station, and when the sport commenced, Camilla and her companion descended from the carriage, and joined the courtly train, mounted upon two light and spirited steeds. Each was armed with a light hunting spear; and soon the sport began, with the barking of dogs and the voices of the huntsmen; the usual loud and cheering concert on similar occasions. Suddenly, there started into view, on the side where the Duchess rode, an enormous boar, followed pretty closely by two noble hounds. Yet, not at all daunted, and taking her aim with precision, she advanced some way before the party, and wounded the animal as it rushed past her, towards the other side, in which direction it continued its career, followed by the entire company, with the exception of the Duchess.

Lingering to enjoy a full view of the chase from the eminence, she remained until they were lost from sight by some intervening shrubs and trees, when she first thought of rejoining the cavalcade. After riding a pretty long space, without regaining even a sight of her party, she blew her silver hunting-horn, then paused, and again repeated the shrill music; but she heard no answering sounds. She next resolved to remain some time where she was, in hopes one or other of the hunters might appear; and still she was disappointed. Now she thought it time to try and recover the track, which she succeeded in following a little space, but soon lost the path she was pursuing, till at length she came to the edge of a less frequented cover, opposite the same path by which the party had first entered. Again she stopped, and listened whether she could catch any sound to guide her, when she was suddenly startled by a noise that seemed to come from some close thicket near her. She turned and fixed her eye upon the spot, but the dense foliage prevented her distinguishing any object. Suspecting it might be some fierce animal, she grasped her spear, to prepare for the encounter, and on the glimpse of some object appearing from the underwood, she threw it with all her force. The next

moment a young man, with a noble air and features, stood before her, with the weapon enfixed in his left arm, but with a drawn sword in his right, as if eager to attack the enemy who had thus grievously wounded him. Camilla fixed her eyes upon him, while his were no less intently directed towards her. Both stood rivetted with surprise for some moments, as if struck with admiration of each other's beauty. He seemed indeed to have forgotten his wound; he uttered not a word, nor even attempted to draw the dart that had pierced quite through his arm. Camilla, on her part, expressed no less wonder at his countenance, than at his strange attire. He wore a rustic cloak, which reached as low as his knees, with a rope of coarse sedge for his belt; but it hardly served effectually to conceal his under garment of rich blue cloth, embroidered with spangled lace and silver coronals. His stockings and garters were of a colour adapted to the rest of his dress: the hilt of his sword was of gold, and was worn without any scabbard. These were incongruities on which to muse more at leisure; for his noble presence and elegant deportment, with the peculiar circumstances in which he appeared, altogether presented an enigma not easy of solution on the spot. He first, however, recovered use of his speech, by observing:—"I had imagined, fair lady, that these leafy solitudes would at least have shaded me from mortal weapons; and that my slumber might be indulged without risk of surprise. But heaven hath so willed, that nowhere shall we boast impunity from evil; and according to its impenetrable purposes was I led, while seeking these quiet retreats, to feel the point of your weapon, doubtless intended for some enraged spoiler of the woods; for your eyes assure me you would be incapable of employing any more cruel force than they can well inflict, without having recourse to ruder, though not less deadly weapons. Yet it rejoices me that I have become the victim of your weapon, and your willing prey. If you please to preserve the life of him you have captured, it is well, and I will live a slave to your service; if not, here is my sword for you to complete what your keen dart has left unfinished."

Hearing these words, the Duchess betrayed still more surprise; and moved at the same time with compassion and regret for the injury she had inflicted, she quickly alighted from her steed, and accosted him: "I could almost vow never more to wield that fatal spear, were it only for the wrong it has done so patient and gentle a youth as you appear to be. But haste and apply this kerchief to your arm, until we be enabled to procure you some more desirable aid." The young man, kneeling at her feet, presented his arm, which the Duchess carefully bound, not without fresh expressions of her regret. "Nay," replied the stranger, "such adventures might well be sought after, if the same cause of remedy could always be applied with the same tender care."

"Cease your flattery," observed Camilla, "and tell me whether you

suffer much pain; for I am sure, from the flow of blood, it can be no other but a grievous wound. "The pain," returned the youth, "is less now, since you applied your charms to remove it." "Cease, then, I repeat, this language," said the Duchess, unused to be thus addressed; while she felt she knew not what of strange and pleasing in the sound: "I am lost in wonder when I reflect on the singular incidents that have just occurred. When on the point of striking, as I thought, a wild beast, a youth presents himself to my view; and when I expect some rustic speech, to judge by his rude attire, I hear the language of a courtier, utterly at variance with his dress. At more leisure, you will inform me how this can be; at present we must attempt to join my party, which, methinks, I already hear at a distance." So it was; and one by one the hunters began to appear, all equally anxious to ascertain the cause of their sovereign lady's prolonged absence.

Camilla, assisted by the noble youth, again mounted her steed; but ere they reached the approaching horsemen, an immense boar was seen coming towards them, followed by Clenarda, who had already wounded it. No sooner did the Duchess observe this, than she crossed its path, in sight of the youth, who kept close to her, and wounded the beast in the flank, in such a manner that it was unable to free itself from the weapon. Camilla then drew nearer, when, disentangling itself at the moment, the furious animal rushed upon her horse, inflicting a desperate wound with its tusk. Mad with pain, the poor steed plunged, and threw its lovely rider, who then lay at the mercy of the infuriated boar, had not the stranger at the same instant rushed between them. Seizing the weapon that lay on the ground, instead of throwing, he held it firmly grasped; and at the instant the boar lowered his head for the deadly assault, he planted it, with sure aim, in his neck, near the spine, and leaving it in the wound, he seized the Duchess in his arms, and bore her off in safety. For a moment she felt her bosom pressed against that of her liberator, before he placed her in the hands of her followers, who now crowded round. They instantly left the mountain, the brave youth accompanying them, who now first learnt the sovereign rank of the lovely being he had rescued. He felt a pang of disappointment, for which he could not account, and would instantly have retired, had he not been enjoined to enter the city with the cavalcade.

On their arrival, he was the first object of the Duchess's attention, who, spite of his humble dress, suspected him to be of higher rank than he appeared, and ordered the first advice, and the most splendid apartments to be procured for him. She then sought her favourite Clenarda, to whom she communicated the whole adventure, and entreated her advice as to the best plan of discovering who the stranger really was. Clenarda, having attentively eyed the handsome person and noble manners of the youth, was by no means at a loss

to account for the peculiar anxiety evinced by the Duchess in his behalf. She agreed with her friend, that he must be a person of high rank, and even felt a degree of jealousy at the manner in which she spoke of him; for she had not beheld the stranger without a feeling of admiration, not a little new to her.

During the ensuing week, the Duchess continued at Mantua, without once resuming her mountain sports. She frequently sent to inquire after the health of the wounded stranger, enjoining that he should be treated with the utmost attention and respect. But when he was sufficiently recovered to appear before her, she commanded a dress to be prepared for him of the same rude materials as his cloak, with coarse gaiters and thick shoes, like those of a common labourer. In this attire he appeared before the beautiful Camilla, and the contrast she now observed between his appearance and his manners tended to confirm her still more strongly in the opinion that he must be some person of rank. She first inquired, "If he were perfectly recovered from his wound?" On his replying that he was, she continued: "You will now then, young man, inform me respecting your real name and country, as well as the reason of my meeting with you in those mountain solitudes, disguised in a dress somewhat different to that you now bear." Without the slightest appearance of confusion, the youth replied as follows:—

"About four miles from the city of Ferrara, there is situated a small village, of which I am a native, born under the sway of the noble Duke Philip. But as regards my parents, I cannot speak with the same certainty; inasmuch as those who had the care of my education, always treated me in a manner far more respectful than those whom they called my brothers. This, indeed, was so remarkable, that I began to suspect there must be some mystery in it, and that I could hardly be their own child. Soon I was sent to the university of Pavia, where I was carefully instructed in various branches of polite learning. During the vacations, I again returned into my native village, and was universally looked up to by those of my own age, and became a sort of dictator in all their sports, quarrels, and cases of doubt or emergency.

"Upon one occasion, a large assemblage of the country people took place at the village, in order to celebrate the annual festival of St. John the Baptist. Like most others, the house of my parents was filled with guests; and among others, came an old friend, with his wife and only daughter. Her name was Libia; a perfect prodigy of beauty, the sight of which made such an impression upon my imagination, that it was long before I could forget it.

"I had tried every method of making her sensible of the feelings she had inspired, but she was always in the presence either of her own parents or of mine. The sole reply I could obtain, were timid and

downcast looks. On the eve, however, of the expected festival, it so happened, that all the rest walked out, leaving her in care of the house till their return; and I had thus an opportunity of explaining the young passion that consumed my heart. And so earnestly did I appeal to her tenderness and compassion, that she could not refuse to listen to me, though her parents were already in treaty with a substantial farmer, who soon afterwards joined them, to bestow her hand in marriage. He arrived in the midst of the rural sports on the ensuing day; nor was it long before the duke himself, attended by his son, a gallant youth, made his appearance. This gave redoubled animation to the scene, as they shewed a marked interest in the emulation exhibited in the games, such as wrestling, racing, both on horse and foot, throwing the bar, and singing and dancing; to all of which they assigned some proof of their admiration at any superior display of strength or skill. I was fortunate enough to attract the eye of the young prince. Turning to his father, he extolled my performance in such terms, as to excite me to fresh exertions, in all of which I succeeded in bearing away the palm.

"The duke now inquired my name; and on being informed that I was the son of a poor labourer, yet withal well accomplished in learning as well as in rural sports, he sent for me into his presence. He received me with much urbanity; and the young prince was pleased to present me with a rich dress; the same which I wore on the day when your highness surprised me in the wood. He also invited me to come to Ferrara, a proof of favour which excited in me ambitious hopes, far above the views of my humble birth. Nevertheless, I had not yet forgotten the lovely Libia, at whose feet I laid the prizes won by me on that fortunate day.

"She received them with manifest pleasure; while the attentions of her intended husband were met with coolness and constraint. The festival being over, the duke and his train took their departure, and my lovely rustic returned also to her native village. But unable to support her absence, in a few days I followed her, and few evenings passed that I could refrain from repeating my visits. These, however, gave rise to such remarks, that I was induced to continue them only under the friendly shade of night; when I could only converse with her I loved through a vile grated window. At length, Libia confided our attachment to an aunt, sincerely loved by her, who strongly dissuaded her from encouraging it, on the ground of my superior education and pretensions. She, moreover, expressed doubts of my honourable views; and as her love was not so deeply rooted as my own, she judged it prudent to secure a more decided and substantial offer. The change in her manner, at first cut me to the heart. What was worse, in order to end our engagement, she acquainted her other admirer with my secret solicitations. He became desperately

jealous, and even engaged two of his cousins to join with him in giving me the meeting at the appointed spot, instead of the treacherous and cruel Libia.

"On that evening I had exhausted all my taste and attention in decking out my person to most advantage. I was arrayed in the handsome dress presented me by Prince Lodovico, namely, a blue cloth embroidered with silver, and rich hat and sword. I was mounted upon a light steed belonging to my father, that brought me as quick as a lover's fancy to the appointed spot. Having fastened my horse to a tree, I found myself in a few moments at our favourite trysting place; but hardly had I given my usual token, before I was attacked by my rival and his abettors, who rushed on me with drawn swords. Throwing my cloak over my arm, I stood my ground, and summoned my utmost skill to disable him, whom I at once conceived had been guilty of the atrocious design. In this I succeeded, by thrusting my sword clean through his body, entering at his breast, and coming out at his shoulder, and he fell dead at my feet. On witnessing this sudden and fatal result, his two companions betook themselves to flight; and the next moment Libia herself appeared at the window, whence she had witnessed the catastrophe, and cried out, 'Would to heaven, Fabio, it had fallen to your lot instead of my dear Florio, for your outrageous conduct well merits punishment, even were it death.' She then closed the window in an apparent agony of grief and rage. I stood riveted to the earth with astonishment; could it have been the voice of my Libia; had she really been capable of such treachery and fickleness within so short a time, and without any shadow of provocation?

"I hastened from the spot, in an opposite direction to my own village, and pursuing my route till morning, I met an acquaintance who generously undertook to go and inquire into the results of this unhappy affair. Meantime I sought refuge in an obscure hamlet until mid-day, when my friend returned, and informed me that the father of the deceased had already set out to lodge an information against me with the duke himself. Being a rich farmer, and in favour with the duke for his ready contributions in time of war, I perceived there was no resource left for me, but retiring as speedily as possible from my native state. I had but little to support me, which had been just given me by my father, who declared that he could do no more for me; but that he would some time confide to me an important secret when he should have permission, an observation that made me extremely happy, as it seemed to confirm my former suspicions. Soon I found myself on the confines of Mantua, though I journeyed only by night to avoid pursuit. I had some difficulty in making my escape, as I found that the duke's police had more than once got upon my track. At six leagues hence, I was compelled to part with my horse;

and I next arrived near that woody mount, where I first yielded my wearied limbs to repose, and where your highness surprised me, in a manner so alarming to you, but so extremely gratifying to myself."

The fair Duchess, on the conclusion of this narrative, was far from being so well satisfied as she had expected. There were some things she could reconcile neither to probability nor to truth. How, for instance, had he learnt that Libia's aunt had been so prudent as to give her all the good advice which he so particularly described; and how happened it that her more substantial lover, who had conducted himself in so orderly a manner, when he saw his rival paying her so many attentions, should, the moment he heard Libia had broken with him, become so violent, and attempt to assassinate his rival in cold blood?

The poor Duchess found herself quite as much puzzled as before; still she pretended to give credit to his story, and invited him to remain some time longer at her court. At the same time she desired him to assume a more courtier-like dress, to which Fabio, with a respectful bow, consented, and having been admitted to the honour of kissing her ducal hand in testimony of allegiance, he retired from her presence. She did not forget that he had saved her life, and a regular establishment was provided for him. Her favourite Clenarda was the person employed to convey to the stranger the Duchess's commands, in regard to his affairs on every occasion. She thus gradually indulged an admiration of his superior qualities and accomplishments, which at length ripened into a tenderer feeling; and this wonderfully sharpened her observation of the sort of patronage and regard shown towards him by her sovereign lady. He had rescued her from a dreadful death, and gratitude is of itself a warm feeling, more especially in the female heart. Judging too from herself, she suspected that the Duchess liked the stranger. He was, moreover, invited to join in all parties of pleasure, and in the more select literary circles, in which the Duchess took particular delight. Here the most interesting subjects were discussed; the most recent poems were read aloud; and new topics for various or improvised effusions, were proposed. What was still more novel, the discussions upon the characters of Petrarch and Laura, and on the courts of love, were no longer prohibited as they had been in the select meetings, and the amusement of the chase seemed to have lost much of its charms. Premiums were also awarded to the most happy delineation and poetical commentaries upon the passions; sometimes consisting of a diamond, worth two hundred crowns, at others of ladies' gloves or bracelets, while the best lyrics on Endymion and the moonlight were extolled to the skies. A series of six poems were composed upon the single idea of the lovely Camilla being surprised slumbering in her flower garden, by a malicious deity in the shape of a bee, that stung her, till she cried, upon her ruby lips;

and to the best of these was assigned a rich golden chain of the value of one hundred and fifty crowns. The most celebrated Italian and Spanish musicians were invited to the Mantuan court, whose rare and rich concerts attracted all the beauty and chivalry of Italy from distant states. In all these exhibitions of love, poetry, and music, the most successful of all competitors was still the handsome stranger, who carried off prizes in every department of literature and art; but most of all in his amatory lyrics and chivalric romance. At the conclusion of a grand festival given by Count Rosardo, on the Duchess having completed her twenty-first year, she expressed her desire to make a collection of all the poems that had been composed, in particular those that had carried prizes in her praise. These were presented to her soon after by the Count, contained in royal quarto, with gold letters and illustrations, and most splendidly bound. She received it with a delicious smile, followed, however, by a gentle sigh, that did not escape the ear either of Clenarda or the young stranger, who felt a thrill of sudden rapture that ran through his whole frame.

That evening she spent in her garden bowers, in company with her young and beautiful attendants, hanging over the pages of the golden volume; at times perusing or expounding doubtful and difficult passages, until she came suddenly on some love verses, written for her portrait by the stranger. She then drew in her breath, stopt, and blushed —a blush too that did not escape the Argus eye of her favourite Clenarda. Though she ceased to read aloud, in her secret heart she confessed the surpassing power and beauty of Fabio's poetry, to each specimen of which, some prize had been awarded. The names of the different authors, before unknown, were here given, and the Duchess seemed much amused in recognising them. But her favourite Clenarda could not conceal her pleasure, and extolled the lyric effusions of the handsome stranger, beyond bounds. The young Duchess remarked it, and, from the language of Clenarda, began for the first time to suspect the tendency of her own secret feelings. The discovery, however, seemed to give her no anxiety, for the difference of rank was a sufficient safeguard against the indulgence of more serious thoughts; and yet it pained her to observe Clenarda's undisguised admiration of her young protegé.

From that period he continued to rise in the estimation of all ranks, such was the charm of his conversation, and the affability of his manners. His talents were of a high order, and had not escaped the attention of the Duchess's ministers, in particular of Count Rosardo, her former tutor, whom she highly respected, and retained at the head of her affairs. To evince his sense of her favours, he now did all in his power to render the stranger's residence at the court agreeable; and display his merits in the fairest point of view. The nobleness of this proceeding may be estimated by the fact, that the

Count was sincerely attached to Clenarda before the arrival of Fabio, and that he was aware of the alteration in her manner towards himself, and the light in which she regarded the accomplished stranger. Still he might justly aspire to her hand, being every way her equal, and boasting superior pretensions in point of rank and fortune, to those possessed by his rival, such as he supposed him to be. Thus he left no honourable means unemployed, to recover his lost ground in the young lady's regard, with what degree of success will farther appear

At present we must return to the love fortunes of the agreeable unknown. Could he, indeed, have dared to indulge a serious passion for the lovely Duchess, or had he only meant to convey a poet's thoughts and feelings in his beautiful love elegies, and lyric songs? Unfortunately, the exquisite grace and charm they boasted in the eyes of her to whom they were addressed, arose out of their genuine fervour and truth. He was only too passionately attached to the lovely being he had rescued from a cruel fate; yet he was compelled to disguise his feelings under an allegorical and poetical dress. His eyes ventured not to reveal, his lips to utter, the delicious secret of his breast. His days were no longer calm and cheerful, and his nights were robbed of repose. He grew thoughtful and solitary; he was a prey to disappointment, and the lover's remorse, for having surrendered his affections without a struggle, or the most distant hope of a return. He was equally debarred from speaking his thoughts, and from flying from her presence, lest he should excite the displeasure of her he adored. He had no friend in whom to confide; and to breathe his wishes, would be to provoke the fate of a traitor and a fool. He knew he was of noble birth, but not such as to authorise him to aspire to the hand of Mantua's mistress, and the idol of more than one princely heart. Soon, his health began to give way under the torture and wretchedness of continually beholding her he loved; whom it was impossible he could ever possess. Count Rosardo perceived the change, and was at a loss how to account for it, as Clenarda seemed to smile upon him; yet he generously sought to amuse him, and they continued even better friends than before.

The state apartments assigned to Fabio, were situate under those belonging to the Duchess, the balconies of which overlooked his windows. Among his other accomplishments, he had a fine taste for music, a fact of which the Duchess was not yet informed. One night, while enjoying the *fresco* at his window, he sought to divert his melancholy by striking the chords of his theorbo, running over a variety of beautiful and difficult airs. To these he soon added his full and rich voice, which catching the ear of Camilla and her attendants, they proceeded to the balcony, eager to learn whence such exquisite music came, and extolling the skill of the new performer. Camilla, when it

had ceased, despatched one of her pages to learn whose performance it had been; and he shortly returned with intelligence, that it must be Lord Fabio, as he had actually seen him with the instrument in his hand.

She was delighted to hear these tidings, and Clenarda no less so, who secretly flattered herself, that the complaints and praises contained in the romantic songs they had just heard, were directed for her ear. But the Duchess had read another tale in the sad voice and appealing eyes of the stranger, who now seemed to have lost even his usual self-command. Nor did she feel offended at the discovery; for no woman, however high her rank, ever deplores the effects of her beauty or her power; and she now became more attached than before to her friend Clenarda, towards whom she had lately felt a degree of estrangement she could not well comprehend. At the same time, she felt it would be incumbent upon her rank, to check the aspiring hopes of her young protegé, in the manner we shall shortly relate. Clenarda, on her part, gave him to understand, as clearly as her eyes would permit, that his attentions would not be disagreeable, at least to her. What was her mortification to find, that all her tenderness was thrown away upon, or only met with melancholy or averted looks.

One day, while thus engaged, the Duchess suddenly entered Fabio's apartments, and turning to him with an air of displeasure, said—"To whom, Sir, may the burden of those romantic songs you sung the other evening, that seem to steal away the hearts of all my hand-maids be addressed? are they not a little too bold and open?" Fabio stammered, and coloured deeply, and was some time before he could reply —"Mere romances, please your highness; and I would hope not bold, but full of poetic truth and sentiments of honour." "You are right," said Camilla, "could they only boast as much success as they do beauty." The young lover stood riveted to the spot; for by these words he knew that the secret passion of his soul was discovered, though she affected to believe that it applied to some other. There was a tenderness, likewise, in the tone she spoke, ill disguised under an appearance of anger; and her colour came and went, as if under the influence of some strong emotion. "You confess, then, you were the author of that love rhapsody we heard the other evening; did it soften the cruelty of the lady?" a question that brought burning blushes into the fair Clenarda's cheek.

"It did not," replied Fabio; "that was impossible; it did not even dare to aspire so high." "I do not wonder," returned the Duchess; "perhaps the boldness of the attempt was sufficient reward. I fear me the days are passed for love miracles, and it were unwise to expect them, though love, we are told, is known to confound all distinctions of rank." "That," said Fabio, "is what I intimated; and the lady replied to my gentle appeal, that though success was out of the ques-

tion, the glory of having loved remained my own. To love the most excellent and beautiful for its own sake, is worth more than enjoying all that inferior beings can bestow upon us." "Those refined ideas in these matters," replied the Duchess, "have, we know, laid many a lovely head low, and should you ever be brought to that hapless pass, tell her she will at least be bound to give you a handsome monument, inscribed with lofty praises to your gentle shade. But now-a-days," she continued, laughing, "no one ever dies of love." Fabio was about to reply, when the Duchess, interrupting him, continued,—"It is now time that I acquaint you with my attentions respecting your residence at this court. I wish to employ you in my service, and finding you so accomplished a musician, you shall be my court professor in this delightful art. Tell me, how would you like such an appointment." At these words Fabio suddenly changed colour in such a way as to excite her attention; but as quickly recovering himself, he said, without the least show of anger, "In *your* service, princess, I should feel honoured in accepting any situation most agreeable to you. However, it is a profession wholly new to me, as a profession; and if it will please your highness only to command my poor powers of pleasing in this line, without any professional title, I shall always feel happy to obey you." Having said this, he made his obeisance, and retired in no pleasant mood to another apartment.

There he began bitterly to inveigh against his own folly, for not having earlier revealed his real rank, and thus subjected himself to what he would have regarded as an insult from any other being in the world. As it was, his wounded pride could ill brook the trial to which the lovely Duchess had subjected him; and, in short, he fell grievously sick after it. When his life began to be despaired of, Camilla was concerned to think that her harshness had perhaps reduced him to so sad a pass. She called the best advice to his aid, and felt the more anxious as she was now convinced that he was of higher birth and pretensions than he appeared.

It one day happened that she met her favourite Clenarda proceeding to the patient's couch, with a dish of fruit and sweets; and she appeared to wish to avoid her. A pang of jealousy like that she had before felt, again seized the Duchess at this sight; and she rather sharply reproved the lady for demeaning herself, like a common menial, by attending on a man, with whose real rank and character she was wholly unacquainted. Perceiving her confusion, the Duchess became still more suspicious, and even threatened, that in case she found her again in a similar error, the loss of her favour would assuredly be the forfeit; and she would be compelled to inform the young lady's father. Clenarda attempted to reply, but only burst into tears; on seeing which, the beautiful Camilla instantly entreated her forgiveness, and embracing her, declared that she had no intention of hurting

her feelings ; for she herself had already began to feel the bitter sting of disappointed affection.

About this time the King of Naples was engaged in a war with the Sicilians, and the other princes of Italy attached themselves to one or the other party. The care and kind attentions of the Duchess having soon wrought an improvement in Fabio's health, he was now nearly enabled to leave his apartment. And no sooner did he obtain notice of the expected campaign, than he summoned his friend Count Rosardo to his apartments. There, in confidence, he acquainted him with his intentions of joining the army of the King of Naples as speedily as possible. This he further proposed to put in execution without informing the Duchess, lest his departure should be delayed or prevented. "He had come," he said, "to the resolution of distinguishing himself in some way that should entitle him, at least, to some more honourable distinction than that of becoming a court musician, and merely for the fault of having tried to amuse himself one evening with a song, when he had felt rather melancholy." His friend, the Count, did not attempt to dissuade him from pursuing his object ; and the less so, as he hoped his absence would be favourable to his recovering his Clenarda's good opinion, and making her his, if possible, before Fabio's return to the court. He declared that it was a resolution every way worthy of the noble blood from which he doubted not he must have sprung, whenever he judged right to make known his real birth. Nor did he disguise his reasons for speaking thus ; acquainting his friend with the long and hopeless attachment he had borne Clenarda ; and he was assured in return, that the idea of her had never crossed his (Fabio's) thoughts. At the same time he thanked the Count for his noble and kind attentions to him, the real worth of which he had not before so fully known. He then prepared to write a letter to the Duchess, expressing his unceasing gratitude, and sentiments of profound respect ; giving also his reasons for the step he was about to take.

He was readily supplied by the Count with everything requisite to his new undertaking ; and accompanied by a single attendant, he set out on the same night for Naples.

It so happened, that on the ensuing morning the Duchess sent her page to enquire after his health, and if well enough, to request his attendance. She had not hitherto seen him since his recovery ; and on her page's return, she learnt that he had found the entire suite of his apartments open, and that he could no where meet with him. Enquiries were then made throughout the palace, and next through the city, with the same result.

At length, an account was brought of his having been seen with his servant, proceeding on his way from the city. The real truth flashed in a moment on the Duchess's mind, and she felt much hurt.

Doubtless his departure had been owing to his respect for Count Rosardo, and a sense of wounded pride, in having received her offer of a subordinate situation ; and she could not but honour his motives, while she lamented her own imprudence. What confirmed her in this opinion, was his own letter, now presented her by the hand of Count Rosardo, the perusal of which redoubled her regret. If it were not love she felt, it was something very nearly allied to it. But that it was not a passion like that of Clenarda's, the intense grief and disappointment displayed by the latter, fully proved. This at once awakened Camilla's anger and compassion. She sent instantly for Count Rosardo, and inquired if he were aware of Fabio's intention to quit the city. Rosardo did not attempt to deny what had passed between them. The Duchess reproached him for not communicating the intelligence ; not that she would have thought of preventing his departure, but that he might have no cause of complaint in any way against the court of Mantua.

She then retired to her own apartments, where she again perused Fabio's letter, and gave freer vent to the feelings it inspired. In the recesses of her own heart, where the importance and duties of her rank no longer imposed silence, she felt a sad bereavement of enjoyment, in losing the unknown, but accomplished lover. Her attachment, also, seemed to grow more and more by his absence ; and to all her doubts and wishes succeeded a pensiveness, and languid dejection, which no amusement, and no sense of duty, could remove. She still struggled against it ; and with the view of trying change of scene, she set out for one of her villas, about six miles distant from Mantua. It was a place that presented all the attractive charms of rural life, and had been a favourite resort of the dukes of Mantua ; much like the paradise of Aranjuez with the kings of Spain.

This was the first time she had gone thither unaccompanied by her favourite Clenarda—no longer a favourite, and now suffering under severe illness, and all the sorrow of unrequited affection. There, too, she was soon followed by a new ambassador from the Duke of Modena, with proposals for an alliance in marriage. But they were now more decidedly rejected than before, and he returned to his master with the old story of a bootless errand. The Duke's pride was deeply wounded ; this, he said, was really past enduring, and his former love and admiration began to partake of something very like hatred and revenge. He even swore to risk his dukedom, sooner than see her bestow her hand upon another ; in pursuance of which design he resolved upon her abduction. He fixed on her residence at the villa as the most favourable opportunity ; thence he would convey her to his own capital, retain her at Modena some days, and then send her back to her own state, under the plea of not finding her a suitable match : after which proceeding he imagined few would like to court her alliance.

Meanwhile Fabio had arrived at the city of Naples, where he had the mortification to learn that the differences between the two belligerents had already been adjusted. On this he felt the utmost desire to return to Mantua; absence only had the effect of increasing at once his grief and his love. At the same time he resolved to conceal the knowledge of his intention, his pride not permitting him to present himself openly before the court, so soon after secretly leaving it in the hope of signalizing himself by some exploit. Besides, he might have sought another scene of action in Germany, where the emperor was engaged in a war with Denmark, and the King of France was also on the same terms with England. But he could not resist the temptation of being near her he loved; and on arriving at Mantua, where he heard that she had retired to her country seat, he forthwith resolved on following her thither. It was late in the evening as he approached the villa, and under the favour of the deepening shadows, he eagerly sought to catch a glance of her person from some balcony or other spot, as she appeared to enjoy the *fresco*. While thus employed, he observed a number of men in close parley under a row of trees in the public walk, not far from a battlement that adjoined the park. Their appearance excited Fabio's curiosity, and he contrived to approach near enough to be within hearing, concealing himself under the shelter of the night, close to the spot. "Your excellency," said one, "is about to engage in a very difficult enterprise, and, I fear, not without some risk of your person. Should you escape it now, yet doubtless in carrying off the Duchess, it will be followed by war, not only with Mantua, but with all those neighbouring princes who aspire to Camilla's hand, and who, for reasons of policy, will take her part. Besides, your excellency, by this proceeding, will forfeit all title to her regard, for although you may detain her by force at Modena, you cannot compel her to become yours. Do, my lord, consider the matter, and that I only give this advice for your own benefit." The other replied (whom Fabio now knew to be no other than the Duke of Modena), "I left my own court with the decided resolution of taking the young Duchess by surprise in this her unguarded retreat; let those whose craven hearts misgive them, return home, and I alone will carry into effect my own project: I will bear the proud beauty from this place, or perish in the attempt. Have I not already the consent of Leonido to admit me through the first gate at midnight, when all are at rest, and does not the darkness of the night and everything second the attempt? We have only to wait patiently under these trees until I give the sign, and I am sure of my man; he is bribed up to the mark."

The party then seated themselves on the green turf to await the occasion; while Fabio, astonished at what he had heard, hastened back to the spot where he had left his servant, whom he forthwith

despatched in search of Count Rosardo, with an injunction to bring him back with him precisely to the same spot.

The Count was found by the messenger in his own apartment, and expressed no little surprise at the earnest solicitation of Fabio to attend him at that hour on business of importance. At first he suspected it must be a challenge, for what else could have induced Fabio to retrace his steps so soon after his resolute departure from Mantua. Being a man of courage, the Count took his sword and buckler, and followed his guide to the place where Fabio awaited them. After a polite salutation Fabio first addressed him: "You would naturally conjecture, my lord, that my sudden return to Mantua must be owing to some delicate affair, in which a lady is concerned. You are already aware of the termination of the war, and though I might have sought employment in other countries, yet I judged it most fitting to return hither, hearing that a certain knight had arrived, who was very desirous of seeing me." Thus much did he state to the Count, to give a fair colour to his return; assuring him that he had come to wait upon him at the villa, with the intention of concealing himself from the eye of the Duchess. "So well too have I timed my arrival, as to become instrumental in bringing to light a foul treason, even now upon the point of being put into execution." He then acquainted him with the whole plot, and the treason of Leonido, who had actually concerted to give the Duke admission into the villa. Rosardo's astonishment was such as almost to deprive him of the power of deciding upon what was best to be done, but Fabio soon removed his doubts, by declaring, that the Duchess ought by no means to be made acquainted with the plot until after the danger was over. The plan of conducting the affair was determined upon as follows:—It was first of all necessary to secure the person of Leonido, while Fabio, on his part, was to fall in with the views of the Duke, so as to decoy the whole party into certain capture. This being accomplished, the Duchess was to be made acquainted with the attempt, and the sudden arrest of the illustrious prisoner. The stratagem seemed to promise well, and Count Rosardo instantly sought the company of the traitor Leonido, and after having sometime conversed with him in his own apartment, he dexterously turned the key upon him as he went out, and placed two soldiers in guard at the entrance. He next placed eight cavaliers on whom he knew he could rely, at the entrance to the palace, while he himself determined to head a body-guard of twelve more, intended for the special protection of the Duchess. This done, he returned to the spot where Fabio expected him, to whom he related what had passed, and proceeded, as if on Leonido's part, to communicate with the Duke. He was found on the very spot where Fabio had last seen him; and the artful Count, as if commissioned by Leonido, declared that he had come to guide his excellency to the

Duchess's presence, where he would assuredly succeed in his intended object. Such was the Duke's infatuation, that he easily believed him to be Leonido's agent, feeling assured that no one but he was acquainted with the secret; and he agreed with his companions to accompany the Count into the palace. He led them into one of the lower halls, and leaving them in perfect security, he assured them he would almost instantly return with Leonido. There they stood safe in custody, under lock and key, while Rosardo hastened to advise Fabio of the success of their project. The Count then sought the Duchess's chambers, who had not yet retired to rest, and revealed to her the whole of the plot, to her infinite indignation and astonishment.

With a strong party the Count next proceeded to secure the Duke's person, and on the doors being opened, the guards entered. At first he prepared to make a vigorous defence; till the Count, declaring him a prisoner in the Duchess's name, summoned his attendants to yield their arms, as they valued their master's and their own lives. The Duke's companions instantly complied, assuring him that it would only be provoking their fate to offer a weak and ineffectual resistance. Upon this, the Duke handed his sword to Count Rosardo, observing: "The lovely Camilla must be well aware that only love and anxiety brought me hither, and no evil purpose. All indeed is owing to my deep regret and disappointment at not having been deemed worthy of obtaining the honour of her fair hand." "And so it is rightly considered," replied the crafty Rosardo, "your excellency may safely venture therefore to come along with me." He then attended his illustrious prisoner to a state-tower in the palace, where he was provided with every thing becoming his station. This was a severe blow upon the Duke, nor the less so to be deprived of his own attendants, who were removed to different prisons.

On returning to the Duchess, the Count was questioned by her as to the manner in which he had been enabled to detect the Duke's design; and he was at length induced to confess that it was Fabio who had first discovered it. The Duchess expressed her gratitude in the most lively terms, no less than her high satisfaction on his return. She instantly gave orders for him to appear before her, and a search was made throughout the whole palace, but in vain. He had set out with his servant the moment he had heard of the Duke's capture, and taken up his quarters at a little place about a mile without the city of Mantua, where he intended to pass the night.

Finding all their researches ineffectual, Count Rosardo concluded that he had purposely absented himself, in order not to be recognised by the Duchess. Camilla felt much hurt, as it had been her wish to bestow upon him some high office, as a reward for his signal services. At the same time, she consoled herself with the idea, that, ere long, he would again be seen at court.

The report of what had passed at the palace, brought the inhabitants of Mantua in crowds on the ensuing day, to assure themselves respecting the Duchess' safety; and on Duke Ernest, Clenardo's father, devolved the duty of explaining the affair, and examining the parties concerned in it.

This last process took place without farther delay. The able and experienced minister ordered the culprits to be brought before him separately, threatening them with the severest penalties, if they refused to reveal the whole truth. Three among them instantly confessed; accusing Leonido of having treacherously entered into the plot, with the intention of betraying their sovereign mistress. Others averred that the sole blame was to be imputed to the violent passion entertained by the Duke, who had flattered himself that by obtaining the lovely Camilla's acquaintance while residing in that delightful retreat, he might so far ingratiate himself as to merit the honour of her hand. But Leonido's treason being clearly proved, orders were given that he should be brought into the city, and forthwith condemned to lose his head, before the assembled multitude.

This accordingly took place; after which the Duchess was desirous of having an interview with her illustrious prisoner. He was conducted into her presence, and there he beheld, seated in her drawing-room, the proud and indignant, yet lovely Duchess, prepared to receive him. The Duke made the most humble and courteous obeisance in his power, testifying his submission; to which the fair Camilla replied by a somewhat stern and distant motion of her head. By order, a seat was placed for the prisoner, at some distance from the footstool of the stately canopy beneath which she sat, and she then addressed herself to him as follows:—

"I know not, my Lord Duke of Modena, what motive may have induced you to embrace such a design as that of which your own attendants accuse you. Of a truth, the lords of the house of Mantua have ever shewn themselves friends of yours, and little deserved so insulting and base a return for their courtesy. True friendship is one thing, and individual taste another. In respect to the first, you would never have experienced the slightest diminution on my part; and for the second, it is not that I have refused to do justice to your merits, or cast the slightest imputation upon your good character; my sole offence consists in my objecting at present to enter into the married state.

"My own mother, if you will recal to mind, was not so exceedingly happy in that state, as to lead me to embrace it at once, without ample consideration. Is it wonderful that I should wish to avoid some years of slavery? I am both esteemed and obeyed in my own state; and although my subjects be desirous that I should give them a master, in order to secure the succession of our line, their wishes are not such as

to annoy me. For this reason, I naturally long to delay the period of my subjection, which surely may be granted without being interpreted into an insult against those neighbouring lords and princes who offer me their hand. If you indeed sincerely wished me to become yours, you would rather have attempted to persuade, than to outrage my feelings. And what had you to hope from the success of your design, in case you had really carried me away to your own court? Did you imagine I should ever submit to violence; are you of opinion that power and rigour can more effectually win woman's regard, than humility and courtesy of demeanour? Could you suppose that such temerity would fail to excite the indignation of all my subjects? In order to give you to understand how far I value your attempts—how far I fear you, from this moment I set you at liberty, and grant permission for your attendants to accompany you back to your own city. You are also at liberty to do your worst; but I would rather caution you to be more gallant, and give no farther occasion, by any instance of pride and baseness, to punish you more severely than I have done."

Having uttered these words, the Duchess, without awaiting a reply, left the drawing-room for an adjoining apartment. The Duke, terribly exasperated at the manner in which the beautiful Camilla had chastised his temerity, hurried back to his prison without uttering a word. There he was treated to a splendid repast, but felt little appetite for the dainties set before him. On its conclusion a messenger on the part of the Duchess came to acquaint him that the carriages were in readiness to convey him and his party to the place from whence they came.

Overwhelmed with shame and disappointment, the Duke instantly set out; and by the time he reached Modena, he found an ambassador from the Duchess ready to receive him, who politely insisted on the return of certain troops, sent in aid of the Modenese by her father, when much in want of it. To this demand the Duke made reply, that in the state in which he had inherited his dominions from his father, so would he preserve them; and those troops also were a part of such inheritance; for which reason, God willing, he would retain them. With this laconic reply the ambassador returned to the court of the fair Camilla, where it excited the greatest astonishment. A council was forthwith held, and it was agreed, that since so fair a claim was resisted, it would be necessary to recover a right thus usurped by force of arms. A levy of men was instantly set on foot; while the Duke of Modena, on his part, was not idle; having concluded upon war in consequence of the refusal to return the troops; for instead of doing this he everywhere doubled them.

Having soon raised a choice body of troops, Count Rosardo was placed at their head, by order of the Duchess, as a man of approved

courage, experience, and skill. He led them in strict order across the Mantuan territories into the Modenese. Now our hero, Fabio, was residing in that little village near Mantua, and had heard every event that took place, not a little gratified at the high and generous spirit shown by the Duchess in defending her own right and honour.

On the war breaking out, he flew to lend the fair Camilla the support of his arm, being resolved to defend her, or perish in the attempt. In the first encounter between the rival armies, he signalised himself in a manner to draw the whole eyes of the army upon his deeds. Count Rosardo, too, observed him, and after the battle, made strict inquiry respecting the name of the noble volunteer. He was seen just as he was retiring for the night into a small cottage, and was informed that he must instantly appear before the commander-in-chief.

He complied, and was instantly recognised, to the no small satisfaction of the Count. He insisted on Fabio sharing his own quarters, inviting him as a dear friend and companion in arms, to dine and to repose in the same tent. Fabio's reputation was already brilliant, and an account of his conduct was transmitted to the Duchess. Camilla owned her vast obligations to the handsome stranger, and sighed for a termination of the war in order to reward him as he deserved.

Whilst the war continued, Camilla never left the walls of Mantua, being actively engaged in preparing supplies for her army. Every evening before the gates of the palace were closed, the guards went round the city walls, carefully examining every part, and round the vicinity. On one occasion, close to one of the old towers, they surprised a man lying fast asleep. Upon being rudely awakened, he manifested the utmost confusion, and was unable to reply a word.

This excited suspicion, and he was instantly secured, and brought into the presence of the Duchess, who, on being informed of the manner in which he had been taken, inquired whence he had come? The prisoner answered, that he was a subject of the Duke of Ferrara, and native of a village about four miles from that city. "And how is your venerable Duke?" again inquired the Duchess; "does he not yet think of marriage, seeing that he has no heir to succeed him in his estate?" "It is not that," replied the prisoner, "which gives him any anxiety at present; it is the loss of his natural son, young Rugero, my lord and master, for whom I am now in search, since the time he disappeared from the court of Ferrara." "And for what reason might he abscond?" asked the Duchess. "Of that," replied the man, "should your excellency be at all desirous of hearing more, I can gratify your wish in a few words." Camilla intimated her curiosity to hear the full particulars; and the stranger proceeded to obey her commands in the following manner.

"Upon the death of the unfortunate Ludovico, the Duke's only legitimate son, the next heir to the ducal sceptre was an aged but ambitious cavalier, named Renato, his own cousin. Perceiving that the Duke was plunged in affliction at the sad event, he sought to beguile his grief in the best way he could. One day, when they were conversing together, the Duke informed his relative of the circumstance of his having a natural son, then resident in the village where I was, in order to screen him from the jealous eye of the Duchess. Here, though he had obtained the best education at the University of Pavia, he appeared in the character of a mere rustic, brought up in the house of Tirreno, a poor countryman, albeit he is my own father. Now the Duke gave his kinsman, Renato, to understand, that it was his desire that the young man, who possessed admirable talent, and a noble disposition, should succeed him in his dukedom, there being many examples of the kind, in case of the failure of the legitimate branch. The proud Renato was little flattered at this intimation, which went to cut off himself and his sons from what he deemed his rightful inheritance; but he contrived to disguise his real feelings. Soon after the Duke sent to inform his cousin, that it was his intention to have his son, Rugero, brought from his retreat, and owned as his successor, in a manner becoming his high station. I was the person despatched to bear him letters from the Duke, on this occasion, and your excellency may imagine the delighted feelings of Rugero on learning, that, instead of being a poor rustic, he was the son of a great prince.

"Notwithstanding the desire of keeping this some time longer a secret, the happy Rugero could not longer conceal that he was no more my brother, and the son of my poor father. During this interval, Renato was not idle; for, having taken counsel with his wife and sons, the result of their indignant and disappointed feelings was a resolution to effect their design, by procuring the death of him who stood between them and their succession. Prince Renato had great influence at Ferrara, though not by any means popular or beloved; and he, with little difficulty, organized a plot with some of the most abandoned hirelings in the place, to accomplish the death of his nephew Rugero. By a fortunate circumstance, being then in the city, and acquainted with the friends of some of the parties, I got intelligence of the affair, and forthwith wrote word of it to Rugero, whom I advised to depart instantly, and in secret, from the village. This he accordingly did; and I, and one of my brothers, were companions of his flight. That very evening had been fixed upon for the perpetration of the horrid deed; the assassins were commissioned by their employer to break into the house, and dispatch the young Rugero in his bed.

"The Duke, now becoming anxious for his son's arrival, in order to

announce him as his intended successor, and unacquainted with what had passed, sent to inquire the reason, and was informed by one of his principal ministers of his son's sudden flight. It directly struck him that Renato was in some way concerned in this, and he sent for him into his presence. At the same time, the families of the assassins were arrested, and the Duke issued orders that they should not be liberated until tidings of his son's safety should be obtained. These soon came to hand, and were communicated by my father, who first received them, to the Duke, without a moment's delay. They contained an account of all that had occurred to Rugero, from the time of his leaving the village. The Duke then commanded the most diligent inquiries to be set on foot on all sides. These, however, were fruitless; no tidings of him were received; and it was concluded that he must either have passed into Spain, or have died at some obscure spot. This supposition added to the Duke's affliction, and had it not been for the society of an only daughter, to soothe his declining days, the lot of Ferrara's Duke would be little enviable, splendid as is his station.

"Hearing at length of the war with the Duke of Modena, it struck me that my young lord might possibly have joined the ranks of your army, and, in compliance with the Duke's wishes, I instantly resolved to seek him there. Yesternight I arrived on my way at this city, and finding no other quarters open to me, I even laid my weary limbs to rest on the spot where your guards surprised me."

"And what," inquired the Duchess, "might be the name of the young prince of whom you speak?"

"He goes by the name of Fabio," answered the man; "and I would it were my fortune to meet him."

At once startled and delighted at this intelligence, the Duchess yet more eagerly observed; "Of a truth, there was one of that name, and from your territory, who sometime sojourned at this court. I it was who met with him, when engaged in the chase upon the mountain side, not far from the city, and our encounter had nigh cost him his life." The Duchess here related the whole occurrence, describing very accurately his appearance and dress, in order that he might more easily be recognised. "That is he—it is, indeed, the same—" exclaimed the stranger with a cry of joy, "no other than Rugero; and can your excellency inform me if he still remain here?"

Equally gratified as the other, the Duchess replied; "He is not, indeed, in this city at present; for I am informed he is engaged with the army in defending my person from the attempts of the Duke of Modena; and he had never informed me who he really was." It were needless to observe, that the stranger was now set at liberty, and liberally rewarded; while the joy of the Duchess received a fresh accession, by letters from her commander, Count Rosardo, stating how the

Duke of Modena's army had been routed, and himself taken captive, by the hand of Fabio; or rather the young prince of Ferrara. Already, too, the army was on its way back to Mantua, with the gallant young Rugero and Count Rosardo at its head. It was now the heart of the fair Duchess first began to beat, and that tumultuously, with the new hopes this discovery of the high birth, and approved worth and valour of her former protegé had excited. Her pride had before forbidden her to love; but now she knew and felt that she loved:—loved with a fervour and devotedness, that gathered additional force and intensity from her former pride and coolness. Now, if he too loved, he might aspire to her hand.—Would he do so? Her first step was to send letters to the Duke of Ferrara, earnestly entreating, that as he hoped to hear tidings most dear to him, he would be pleased to resort to the city of Mantua, and bring with him his beloved daughter, whom she was extremely desirous of seeing. Being on most amicable terms, the Duke lost no time in complying with Camilla's request, bringing along with him his daughter. They were received in the most splendid style by the young Duchess, into whose presence they were ushered through a long line of nobles, and courtiers of the first rank. She expressed her joy at their arrival, and invited them, after partaking of a sumptuous repast, to retire to repose, in order to be better prepared to hear happy tidings, and share in the triumph of the morrow, when she expected the return of her victorious army, with its illustrious prisoner, the captive duke, and other prisoners of rank.

On the ensuing day the princely party took their station at a magnificent balcony, commanding a view of the leading street, by which the army, led by its triumphant cavalcade, and followed by its prisoners, was to appear. Expectation was excited to the highest pitch, and the windows, roofs of houses, and every spot, seemed alive with spectators eager to catch a glimpse of the novel scene.

First appeared the general in chief, Count Rosardo, leading the vanguard; the captive Duke was seen in the midst of a squadron of horse, and next came his conqueror, the valiant Rugero, who had taken him single-handed in the field. What were his feelings in thus presenting himself before the eyes of the lovely Camilla, whom he so passionately loved, whom he had rescued from the grasp of a hated rival, and brought him in chains to do penance at her feet? How her eye, too, brightened; how heaved her bosom, as with flushed cheek she saw her conqueror approach, all unconscious of the presence of his princely father, and the glorious reception and prospects in store for him. Now he approached her, led by Count Rosardo, and kneeling at her feet, received the proffered hand, which he pressed with thrilling emotion to his lips. At this moment a burst of general applause was heard from the vast assemblage around, and Camilla's countenance was lit up with joy, as she sat by the old Duke's daughter, and pointed

them both out to her enraptured lover. Yet she wished to put his passion and devotedness for her still more to the proof, and feigning an indifference she could not feel, she said, "here, Prince Rugero, is a lady with whose hand I wish to reward your high services ; she is the daughter of a nobleman of distinction, and the kind Duke of Ferrara has already given his consent. Inform me, then, if you will be quite happy in complying with his wishes, for the Duke, as you see, has deigned to honour my court with his presence."

At these words Rugero changed colour, and could not conceal his confusion from his fair tormentor. Perceiving, however, that she too was agitated and even trembled, he summoned his courage and thus replied : "I feel most grateful to your excellency for this proof of your regard, and rejoice to find that the rustic Libia has found noble parents to protect her. My former attentions to her, before I knew either who I was or who she was, I scruple not to confess, but that is past. I was compelled to leave my father's house, owing to the attempt of some villains who sought my life. Delighted I am to have rendered you some small service against the treachery and violence of your foes ; but, while I thank you, I must decline the proffered alliance, and throw myself for forgiveness at the feet of my honoured father, and crave his blessing." The Duke, raising him up, shed tears of joy over his return; and to crown Rugero's joy, the Duchess now stretched forth her hand, and standing with him before his father, avowed her love, and intreated him to accept her as a daughter—as the gallant Rugero's wife.

They then joined hands and knelt at the feet of the old Duke, who gave them his blessing ; at the sight of which the people raised another deafening shout of applause, in which all joined except the unfortunate Duke of Modena, who stood writhing in all the bitterness of disappointed love and ambition. But the old Duke of Ferrara stood his friend, and on condition of a simple apology for his conduct, he was set at liberty ; and Camilla generously solicited the Duke, in her turn, that he would bestow upon her cousin of Modena the hand of the beautiful Lisaura, now presented to him as the sister of Rugero, and the lovely pledge of future amity and love. The Duke of Modena instantly closed with the offer with the best possible grace, and, no longer a prisoner, joined the festive board.

The same day beheld the union of the two princes and the Count Rosardo with the objects whom they held most dear upon earth. The three marriages were solemnized at the court of Mantua, among all whose inhabitants no one heart experienced more true rapture than that of their lovely Duchess, in receiving the bridal salute from the lips of Prince Rugero.

THE MASK.

NEAR the celebrated city of Madrid, lies a favourite promenade called El Campo de Leganitos, affording a delightful resort during the sultry summer evenings, to the most distinguished ladies and cavaliers of the Spanish court. Casting aside their fashionable attire, it is there they appear under the cool and friendly shadows of twilight, to enjoy all its freshness, in simple dishabille, and throwing off much of the ceremony and restraint appertaining to state occasions. The vicinity, moreover, of the deep bay of Guadarrama, adds its cool, inviting influence, tempering the rage of the canicular beams, no less with its delicious freshness, than with the pure and gentle breezes that ruffle its surface.

One evening, when not even the moon shed her silvery beams, there ventured forth two fair ladies, who had their residence near the spot, to partake the evening fragrance, mingled with the murmurs of waves and breezes from the delicious fountains of Leganitos. They were accompanied by two female domestics,—were delicately arrayed in light embroidered dresses, with richly ornamented girdles; and, to command greater respect, were followed at a respectable distance, so as not to infringe upon any little exuberance or flashes of gentle mirth, by an ancient squire, ready to assert his chivalry on any sudden emergency, but whose gallant motto was "Ne Deus intersit, nisi," &c.

With this understanding, then, the two ladies and their damsels, with their old duenna just in sight enough not to see without occasion, directed their course along the great road of the College called Donna Maria de Aragon, down towards the said fountain of Leganitos. When within about forty paces, they perceived a man habited in somewhat coarse and rustic garments, with his grey cloth cloak, a hunting cap of the same, a capote with two skirts, and white linen trowsers. On approaching nearly in a line with the ladies, he contrived to place himself by the side of the most beautiful of the two, named Serafina. The other was her sister Theodora; and by his manner he appeared desirous of introducing himself to their better acquaintance. "Of a truth," he began, "the moon is ashamed of displaying her less radiant beams to-night; it irketh her, peradventure, to

be outshone in this her favourite and delicious spot." Both his fair listeners looked with some surprise upon hearing a compliment couched in words like these, from the lips too of an apparent clown. But perceiving they had fixed their eyes upon him with an expression of surprise, he rather drew back, and sought to conceal his features in his rustic cloak, without, however, leaving the spot. Being of a lively turn, and, like most other women, fond of novelty, Serafina was unable to resist her curiosity to clear up this apparent mystery, and in a playful style she suddenly lifted up his mask, observing :—"Let us draw up the curtain, sister, and see the face of this new actor; he has already piqued my fancy; only think of hearing the flattering courtier break through all the restraints of this rude disguise—it is a poor device."

"I would not willingly," said the stranger, "think you so indifferent to your own charms, as not to have seen them reflected far more brightly in the truth-telling mirror, than my poor praises can ever succeed in doing."

"Oh," replied Serafina, "flattery is a cheap commodity; yet, such as it is, I suspect you would hardly have been guilty of uttering it, had you always been condemned to wear these simple rustic weeds. Disguise, however, is sometimes convenient, and perhaps you have doffed your holiday suit this evening, the better to beguile a leisure hour after the cares of state."

"There, lady, you deceive yourself; humble birth should boast no rich raiment; but surely high thoughts and a heart of courtesy, need not always be denied it."

"And of what such lofty thoughts be sprung," returned Serafina, as she withdrew somewhat apart from the throng, "I should like well to know." The stranger, drawing nearer, said :

"My thoughts, lady, such as they be, aim at reaching something higher than my condition doth seem to promise; and they have now attained half their object in being imparted to one capable of giving to them fresh strength and lustre."

"You there at least misapply them," replied the lady; "for if you imagine that you have fallen in with some person in disguise, I am bound to undeceive you, and to add, that you can profit nothing from such an idea. You are come to seek employment at court, I presume."

"No," said the stranger, "I had never that vanity; with my poor parts it were impossible. But in regard to my good fortune in having met with you, I am not without hopes that I should merit it, and win your good opinion, were I permitted to enjoy sufficient opportunity. For not in vain, I trust, did I direct my steps to this delicious spot."

"Dreaming only to refresh myself," returned Serafina, "in the cool air of those clear fountains, there can be no objection to our passing the time away in conversation with one who seems to love it so well."

"You do me infinite honour, and equal pleasure," replied the stranger; "and the greater in proportion to the little title I can boast to them."

"Then as you hope to be saved," replied Serafina, smiling, "pray indulge my curiosity, and tell me what caprice has put it into your head to-night, to assume this odd disguise. To be sure, I have my suspicions that you are only patiently awaiting the appointed hour when you expect to be admitted into some more pleasing society."

"Not so," said the stranger, "I am so complete a novice in the ways of this court, that I have not yet met with any similar adventure. This you see is my real dress, in no manner unbecoming my humble birth. In this I walk during the day; and as night serves for a veil to hide many defects, I select it as the best to disguise that of my poor dress, which I should yet not esteem so lightly, could its master boast of being numbered among the sincerest admirers of your surprising beauty."

"Love, they say," retorted the sprightly Serafina, "is quite blind, and you have fallen, or feign to have fallen, upon him in the dark, the blind leading the blind;' what credit can I give you, Señor Mask? Give me a satisfactory answer, and tell me who and what you are; on which terms only will I consent to prolong our conversation here during the remainder of the evening."

"Will you promise me nothing for the ensuing?" inquired the stranger.

"Certainly, you will so far have a better title to my courtesy, after acquainting me with the motives for this concealment."

"To be sure," said the other, "I might invent many a pretty story; such as feigning myself a great courtier, which I am not; but you have taken my fancy captive on a sudden, so that I know not how to feign, only earnestly desiring to give you the utmost proofs of my fidelity and truth." As he thus spoke, Serafina's admiration increased, and she was mightily puzzled how to reconcile the language and the appearance of the speaker. She longed to obtain a clearer view of him by the light of the moon, and continued to converse some time, but always refusing to believe that he spoke with sincerity of his sudden passion, or that he was the humble plebeian he pretended; both of which positions he very stoutly maintained.

At length the moon shone out, just as the parties began to desert the vicinity of the fountain, when the two ladies, with their attendants, approached nearer, and another figure in exactly a similar dress, suddenly appeared, as if following the first stranger. Perplexity and surprise now partook of apprehension, though the party was soon re-assured by the manner of the second visitor. While the ladies were engaged enjoying the *fresco*, the two men were seen softly

whispering together, a proceeding by no means pleasant at that hour, and in a court where there resorted so many dubious or audacious characters. They felt a sudden qualm lest the two strangers might belong to that impertinent class of adventurers, who live by making free with the purses of their betters. Serafina told her thoughts to her sister, trembling for the safety of some jewels and other ornaments which they both had about their persons. Yet they beheld people walking not far from them; and affecting to make light of the matter, they again entered into conversation with the first stranger, rallying him, and insisting that he should disclose his real character, and by persevering in asserting his humble condition; although, he added, that it had received a large accession of honour and importance by his being admitted to converse with such accomplished and lovely minds as they appeared to possess.

Again Serafina tried to catch a better view of his features by the light of the moon. In this she partly succeeded, and thought he appeared to be about four-and-twenty, with a fine complexion and genteel carriage. His dress she found as we have described it; but one circumstance did not escape her; she remarked, that his hands, instead of bearing the slightest resemblance to the rude hard skin of base hinds and peasants, were of the most delicate shape and colour, from which she concluded he must be something above the common order. Then she observed, that after refreshing himself with water from the fountain, he drew a fine linen kerchief of the most approved and fashionable kind, which he delicately pressed to his lips. This gratified Serafina not a little; for she was certainly pleased with his conversation and manners, and would have lost one of her best bracelets to gratify her curiosity, as to who, or what he could be.

However, the ancient squire now made his appearance, heartily weary with dancing attendance *al fresco*, and suggested the propriety of retiring homewards. They all set themselves to oppose it, in particular Señor Mascara himself, who earnestly entreated to be allowed a little more time. At the same moment approached his second with a gold salver in which he brought some delicate confections, choice wine, ice, and some Genoese sweets. He presented them to the ladies, with an elegance and gallantry of manner quite his own, showing he was no stranger to fine breeding, all which threw an air of greater mystery over the whole adventure.

At length, observing the last groups of company about to disperse, Serafina, turning to the stranger, said: "My evening walk has pleased me well; and not the less so for your courteous treatment, which, believe me, I would gladly acknowledge, did I only know to whom. It irks me to retire to rest without the satisfaction of hearing even your name. We sometimes frequent this spot to enjoy the fragrance of the summer evening, though I can by no means assure you we

shall be seen here on the ensuing one ; unless with the promise of being informed with whom we trust ourselves to converse."

"I truly regret," replied the stranger, "the strange embarrassment of my situation, which even compels me to decline complying with so trivial a request ; eager as I am for every occasion of convincing you of my devoted and lasting regard."

The ladies then took their leave ; insisting, however, upon not being followed, as the surest pledge of such courtesy and regard. This, with evident regret, was acceded to ; but as there was nothing said on the part of his companion, the latter kept them in his eye at a distance, until they had actually entered their own residence.

The fair Serafina was certainly struck with the noble bearing and courtly manners of the first stranger, and did not attempt to disguise her admiration from her sister. But that she had excited in the breast of the object of it, exceeded even her own. Her surpassing beauty, added to the charm of her voice and manner, had completely taken him by surprise ; and he longed, with an ardour and anxiety that robbed him of all rest, for the ensuing meeting. At the first tinge of evening he hastened to the exact spot where they had parted, and beheld with delight the distant approach of those he sought. He wore precisely the same dress, a circumstance that led his companions to apprehend he must really have sprung from the low origin he had pretended, by again appearing thus arrayed before their eyes. But he accosted them with the same courtesy, and even greater deference than before, acknowledging, in the most grateful and lavish terms, the rapture he felt in their not having disappointed him.

"Indeed," said Theodora, "you are not a little beholden to us, considering how many obstacles were in the way ; under the control as we are too of others."

"I may not doubt it," replied the stranger ; "but ah ! deign to relieve my anxiety ; is it a husband or a brother who enjoys the honour of controlling your time and pleasure ?"

"Enough," interrupted Serafina, "there is some one to whom we are bound to render account ; surely that is all that concerns you."

"True," replied the stranger ; "yet I cannot resist my earnest desire to learn whether you be really a married lady, or—or still free ?"

"How can that benefit you, one way or other ?"

"Much, very much ; I cannot reconcile myself to the thought of your being engaged."

"Indeed," replied the lady, "I have a lord and master, though now just now at Madrid."

"I could have sworn it," exclaimed the stranger ; "for never yet did fortune give me her smile, but it was sure to be followed by a gathering cloud upon her brow."

"Really," said Serafina, "had I imagined it could have caused you so much pain, I would have been the last person in the world to inform you."

"What would have been my delight to have heard you were free! For, lady, though my birth had forbade me to aspire to so proud an alliance, love, you well know, acknowledges no rank; yes, it would have rejoiced me to hear you owned no master over your destiny, though without the faintest prospect of ever becoming yours!"

"What an odd fancy," replied Serafina, "aware, as you are, of the strange inequality of our rank. Why wish to set me free? Nay, affect not such becoming grief; how very handsome—I mean how mournful it makes him look," added she, in a lower tone, to her sister.

"How can you be so cruel, Serafina," whispered the other; "he looks as if he were going to hang himself forthwith."

"Well, then," said Serafina aloud, "I was perhaps only jesting about lords and masters; thank heaven, I am yet under no subjection to any one."

"Ah, heaven bless you then for those words!" replied the stranger; "and with the same sincerity I may declare, that should I ever be undeceived in this respect, you would never be troubled with my company again." Hearing these words, Serafina and her sister looked at each other, as if still more perplexed than before what to think. In every word and action they beheld the elegant and impassioned lover, maintaining, at the same time, with an air of sincerity, that he was but of humble birth. This, too, the dress he wore seemed to confirm, more especially as he had not thought proper to make the least alteration in it. He was desirous of finding Serafina's hand at liberty; but while they conversed on many a topic, they decided upon nothing. He conducted himself with the same courtesy, and again treated them to elegant refreshments. They remained late, and this time permitted the stranger to accompany them home, though without entering their mansion.

These two ladies were daughters of a cavalier of high rank, who, in consideration of his services in Flanders, under Philip the Third, had obtained the royal patronage, and titles which, on his decease, were to be continued in the person of the lovely Serafina's husband. Consequently, she had numerous lovers; her fortune amounting to three thousand ducats yearly. Still she was so young, and had so tender a regard for her sister, and an aged mother, for the most part unprovided for, that she was resolved to delay the period of her marriage. The stranger had retired to his hotel, more captivated with her than ever, while Serafina's anxiety more than equalled his own. She was as much perplexed as hurt to find, that he could not be induced to abandon his assertion of belonging to a humble sphere of life, in which she felt convinced there must exist some kind of mystery.

On the following evening, as the two sisters were employed at their embroidery, in one of the lower apartments of the house, the door suddenly opened, and a lady, completely enveloped in a mantle, stept forward, to their no small surprise. They both rose, and left their work, to receive her, though with an expression of evident alarm. Observing this, the lady, in a tone of real concern, endeavoured to remove it, saying—"I entreat you, gentle ladies, to pardon this my unlooked for intrusion; but when you learn the cause, no other than the hope of saving my perilled life, you will not, I trust, be angry. I had believed that he who seeks my life, was now many, many miles from this city. But it has, alas! pleased Heaven, as a chastisement for my disobedience, that everything should combine to make me wretched. Ah! protect me from him then, at least for this night, for on the morrow I should be enabled to give notice to some person who has the power to defend me." As she thus spoke, the afflicted fair one threw aside her veil, and discovered an uncommonly handsome face, whose lovely expression was enhanced by traces of sorrow, she tried in vain to disguise. The two sisters were moved at the sight; and Serafina, as the eldest, took her hand tenderly in hers, and replied—"Endeavour to calm your feelings, dear lady, and be not afraid, for there is none here to molest you. You shall be protected from anyone who should dare to insult you; and while in this house, believe me, no one will attempt it." Hearing these words, the grateful creature would have thrown herself at Serafina's feet, and was profuse in her expressions of grateful delight. Theodora then insisted upon taking off her mantle, and, to set her mind still more at ease, that she should be admitted to share her own couch.

This occurrence prevented the young ladies that evening from keeping their engagement, to meet the handsome stranger at the fountain of Leganitos. He felt the disappointment severely, nor was it at all pleasing to Serafina, who could not but regret the cause of such an interruption. Long and vainly did the pensive lover linger round the spot, until, spite of his desire of seeing her, he lost all patience, and retired in a fit of the spleen to his chambers. But Serafina was too good and generous, to let her own little vexations affect her noble treatment of the unhappy lady, whom she regaled with the utmost elegance and splendour, having first, like an affectionate daughter, solicited permission from her aged mother, although commanding the entire establishment, and a handsome fortune in her own right.

When the hour came for retiring to their own chambers, Serafina, being unable to close her eyes, entreated their new guest to oblige them with some account of her adventures, and the reason for having deserted her natural protectors and friends. "Those, you know," she continued, "who have the courage to unburthen their hearts of sad

feelings, are sure to obtain relief, and perhaps find some remedy, that may bring everything they could wish to pass.

"That is true," replied the afflicted lady; "but first of all, I must again express my lively gratitude, with the fervent sincerity of my whole soul, not only for my refuge from the fate that threatened me, but for the rare honours and favours you have already lavished upon me; most of all, that you permit me to be near you, and to relieve my mind by conversing with you, as if you were at once a mother and a sister to me."

"The last, if you please," interrupted Serafina, smiling, "I hope I am hardly old enough yet to be your mother. But pray, as I fear it will be no laughing matter, oblige us by proceeding, and be very exact and circumstantial in all you say." "I wonder;" said Theodora, "whether it is your father or your husband who has thus treated you, and almost frightened you to death. You have your revenge, for I dare say they are in terrible alarm lest you should have made away with yourself. How was it, and how did it begin?" "It never will begin," interrupted her sister, "if you go rattling on in this way. Now pray begin in the very middle of your story, before she has time to speak again."

"You are very pleasant and very kind to try to amuse me," said the lady, "and I am only the more grateful; so, in obedience to your command, I proceed to relate my sorrowful adventures as follows:

"Seville, the rich and populous capital of Andalusia, is my native place; my family that of the Monsalves, so universally known throughout all parts of Spain. I was the third child of Don Enrique de Monsalve, having two brothers older than myself, of whom the eldest became my natural guardian upon the death of my parents, an event that occurred in early life. Sincerely attached to me, he kept a jealous eye over everything that might affect my happiness. His name was Don Rodrigo, and that of my second brother Don Antonio, whose more impetuous disposition led him to embrace a military life. He greatly distinguished himself in the army of Flanders, and speedily rose high in his profession. Don Rodrigo, with whom I remained at home, declined every opportunity of forming a grand alliance for himself in marriage, until he should behold me arrived at a sufficient age to bestow my hand on some noble youth, who would thus become my natural protector. He gave me masters to accomplish myself in every grace and virtue, withholding nothing that might add to my amusement or my instruction.

"On one occasion, a friend of my mother, to whose daughter of my own age I was tenderly attached, gave me a pressing invitation to accompany them to their country seat, situated near a place called San Juan de Alfarache. Now this noble lady had also a son, then a student, who one day returned secretly from college along with a

friend of his, a native of Cordova, belonging to the illustrious lineage of the Godoys. Before his mother's return, the student had selected an apartment in the villa, communicating by a secret door with the principal drawing-room; and he had so taken his measures, that none of us had any suspicion of his return. From their retired chamber they could easily obtain a view of what was passing in the villa, and had often their eye upon my young friend, Donna Rufina, and myself, when we fancied we were conversing with the utmost confidence. Only the old gardener was admitted into their confidence, and soon afterwards their sister, there being nothing that bribery and persuasion will not effect both with young and old. One day we had just passed through the beautiful flower garden into that containing the fruit, then just coming into season, which we by no means spared, notwithstanding the old gardener's evident anxiety, who kept his eye upon us at a distance; thence we sought refuge from the intense heat in an elegant and spacious hall, where we began to beguile our time with all kind of pleasant games, and in dancing and singing, of which I was passionately fond, to the infinite delight of our young country friends, no less than that of the young gentlemen, who, it seems, beheld us from their place of concealment.

"It was thus the brother's friend, Don Esteban, first began to admire, and soon became passionately attached to me. After we had continued to beguile the sultry hours in innocent mirth, and play till the shades of evening once more invited us to enjoy the *fresco*, we took our harps, guitars, and other music, and again sallied forth into the flower garden. We were accompanied by our female attendants, who, with their voice and tambourins, were to fill up the pauses of the concert. This was a rich treat for the secret lovers, whose ears were so well regaled, that they could not refrain from sending an invitation by the old gardener to my young friend Rufina, entreating that she would pity the case of Don Esteban, and contrive to bring me along with her, to have a first interview at the villa. She instantly invited me to accompany her back for a few moments, leaving the whole party where they were; and I, wholly ignorant of her real object, as readily gave my consent. Hand in hand we entered the great hall, where the two cavaliers instantly appeared and accosted us. I uttered an exclamation of surprise, and was about to retire, when I was assured they were only the brother of my Rufina, and his friend, Don Esteban, just returned from college.

"I was certainly struck with the manners, and more with the conversation of Don Esteban. In the most courteous and gentle terms, he sought to reassure me, and soon, to my infinite confusion and surprise, declared how he had first seen, admired, and become passionately eager to show his personal respect and regard for me. He then entreated to be permitted thenceforward to enjoy more of my

society, and to have an equal chance of winning my regard, by being put on an equal footing with my numerous other admirers. Having never been thus warmly addressed before, you may imagine I was thrown into strange confusion, while I felt myself quite at a loss to make any kind of reply. The rest too were silent during some moments, in vain awaiting my reply, until my friend, repeating Don Esteban's request, said :—'Of a truth, Lady Clara, you look as terrified and astonished as if you had seen two live dragons instead of my poor brother and his friend. Is there anything so very novel in a handsome chevalier wishing to escort the ladies ; more especially, if tolerably equal in point of birth, and prompted only by honourable feelings? Our friend here, Don Esteban, is no new sprig of quality, but of an ancient and noble family, yet ambitious of showing his devotion to you, for which he hardly merits your cold and averted looks.'

" Such, in fact, was the effect of her persuasions, added to those of her brother, that Don Esteban easily extorted from me permission to consider himself as a suitor for my hand ; and I already began to feel a strange sensation of pleasure and anxiety fluttering at my heart. I had never known what love was, except the name ; on the contrary, I had, till now, been accustomed to make a mock of those fancied pains and sorrows, which were but now springing up in my breast. The object of my new feelings was worthy of all the anxiety and affection he was calculated to inspire ; he had a noble presence, high port, handsome features, and fine complexion, such only as my brother's, Don Rodrigo, could at all compare with. From that day forth he paid me the most unremitting assiduity and attention ; and when he left the villa, he continued to correspond with me, expressing still greater devotedness and affection.

" Sometimes, with the concurrence of my dear Rufina, he contrived to steal an interview with me at her house, though she always continued to be present, and I never suffered a greater degree of freedom than that of his taking my hand. At this time, he happened to be engaged in a law-suit at Seville, and wished to delay, until he knew the result, his formal application to my brother, and intended declaration. Often during the interval would he importune me to see him more frequently, and at least consent to hold some conversation with him through the grating of my chamber windows. In order to avoid the risk of being suddenly surprised by my brother, he farther requested, that it should be only under the friendly veil of night.

" He appeared, indeed, to love me, as he said, to distraction ; and as it is the nature of love never to rest content with what is granted, until wholly in possession of the beloved object, I was too weak and fondly attached to him long to withstand his request, and at length he

gained admittance into our house. This, alas, was a step fatal to my future happiness and peace; for under the repeated vows of becoming my husband, which he farther enforced by oaths, sworn even over the Holy Cross, he succeeded in depriving me of my honour. The continued repetition of his nightly visits soon awakened the jealous care of my brother, and in addition to my fears for my lover's life and safety, I had next the daily increasing terror of finding I was likely ere long to become a mother. It was now I became eager, and even wild in my entreaties, that he would perform his plighted vows, and apply to my brother, in order that I might be introduced as his wife. Excuses, and fresh protestations, were all he deigned to give me; and floods of tears, and deep remorse, seemed to be all the sad resource left me. Two of my attendants next obtained a knowledge of my situation, which threw me entirely into their power, of which I shortly experienced the most disastrous effects. Happening one day to reprove one of these for some error, she replied with the utmost insolence, and even threatened to acquaint my brother, with whom, indeed, she was somewhat a favourite; and on the very first opportunity she was malignant enough to keep her word.

"In the utmost rage my brother swore to sacrifice both of us to his revenge, which he was only prevailed upon to postpone in consideration of the innocent cause of my misfortunes, to which I was soon to give birth. At the same time he exacted a promise from my faithless betrayer, that she would acquaint him when the period arrived, as he was resolved that I should not survive it, to cast a stigma on the family honour.

"Accordingly, no sooner did the hour arrive, than he stationed himself along with a single friend, ready prepared to receive the infant, and then to inflict deadly vengeance upon the authors of his disgrace. It was night, and he heard footsteps approaching as he kept watch to prevent any one entering the house. It was Don Esteban; a fierce encounter ensued, and I heard the clashing of swords. At the same moment two of my women entered the apartment, informing me that I must instantly prepare to leave the place, and began to assist in dressing me. I was then borne from my chamber and placed in a litter in waiting for me at the house door, attended by two men with drawn swords, who accompanied me through several streets to another dwelling. There I was carried in the same women's arms into a secluded apartment, and farther assistance being obtained for me, I was enabled, through the greatest care and attention on the part of those around me, to survive the shock and sufferings which I had so strangely experienced. Here it was many days before I was permitted to learn the result of the dreadful meeting between my brother and my affianced husband. The brother of the latter, Don Fernando, had been slain in the scuffle, and my

brother, unfortunately being unable to make his escape, had been arrested for the homicide, and thrown into the public prison.

"His agents, however, were still in pursuit of me; I found that the place of my retreat, where I had been placed by Don Esteban, my lover, before he fled from justice, had been discovered, and that nothing was left for me but to attempt to save myself by flight.

"In pursuance of this design, yesterday, in company with my hostess, I for the first and last time left my lodgings, under pretence of taking the air in the Campo de Leganitos. Good heavens! what was my terror on turning a corner of the road suddenly, to meet face to face the spectre, or the living person—I know not whether—of my dreaded brother! He was enveloped in the most singular attire you can well imagine, if it indeed were him. For he had on a common grey cloak, muffled up at the chin, such as is worn by labourers and rustics, an old white hat, and a small mantle of the same colour as his enormous cloak. Add to these a pair of old spatterdashes, white linen pantaloons; altogether presenting the most grotesque and singular appearance. I affected not to recognise him in his disguise, though terrified beyond measure, so that I could scarcely support myself. My companion, assisting me forward, enquired into the cause of my sudden alarm. This I confided to her, expressing my fears lest he should have seen and known me. My suspicions were confirmed when I actually beheld him turn round and direct his steps towards the place where we stood.

"On beholding this, my companion suddenly left me, and entered into a house close by; while I, in the utmost perturbation, hastened forward, till, on turning a corner where he could not mark where I disappeared, I entered the first house, and claimed your generous protection. How he came not to follow me, or how he lost me when so close in pursuit, I am at a loss to divine. Had he seen where I sought refuge, he would assuredly have followed, and perhaps sacrificed me to his fury in your presence. Such, dear ladies, is my unhappy story; though I am still under the greatest anxiety and alarm respecting the fate of Don Esteban, notwithstanding his cruel treatment; and far more at the idea of my brother being at full liberty to perpetrate his savage design, to which I shall assuredly, one time or other, fall a victim."

Here the unhappy lady's feelings overpowered her, and she again besought, with tears in her eyes, that they would conceal her from the revenge of her enraged brother. This both the sisters again promised, and tried every means of composing her mind; at the same time declaring how deeply interested they felt at her strange and sorrowful adventure. They then conversed with each other respecting the singular resemblance observed between the handsome stranger and the lady's brother, such as to convince them that they could be no

other than one and the same personage. Doubtless it was Don Rodrigo whom they had seen, and who had so strongly captivated their fancy. The delight of Serafina on this discovery knew no bounds; and it redoubled her interest in the fortunes of Lady Clara, whom she again encouraged to look forward to a happy termination of her sufferings, with the blessing of heaven, and the efforts of attached friends.

The gentle party then tried to compose themselves to sleep; but it was in vain Clara closed her eyes, while the new hopes kindled in the breast of Serafina produced the same watchfulness. Theodora alone, whose heart was yet untroubled with the passions of love or revenge, gently fell into the soothing arms of slumber, without making a single effort.

Upon the following day Serafina received a letter, delivered by the hand of a woman in disguise, who, at the same time, informed her she had been ordered to await her reply. It ran as follows:

"Absence from those we love is allowed to be one of the greatest torments that can be inflicted upon lovers. All that is then left them is to supplicate for pity's sake that the cause of it, if possible, may be speedily removed. That if, moreover, it depend upon the beloved object herself, her cruelty should yield to more charitable thoughts of him, who, by his long fidelity, merits the highest rank that can be assigned him in her desired affections."

The beautiful Serafina was overjoyed on the perusal of this proof of the stranger's unaltered regard, as she had begun to suspect he might perhaps have thought nothing more of their casual meeting during their walks; in particular, when she had failed to make good her promise of seeing him again. She directly replied to the letter in terms, she conceived, best adapted to excite his passion, and having delivered it into the hands of the messenger, hastened to unfold the tidings to her sister, and take measures for their future meetings.

Don Rodrigo, on his part, eagerly perused the contents of her reply, which was of the following tenor:

"He is little deserving of compassion who conducts himself in so imprudent a manner. Even the object he affects to love he treats as if he had almost forgotten her. This he would have learned before this time, had it not been considered that the less there is said on the subject, the more prudent it will be; and that his errors ought perhaps to be forgiven, on account of the absence of which he complains. The cause of not keeping the appointment was one out of our power to remove, but this evening, perhaps, it may be explained, if the stranger should be at the appointed spot, as there are many topics on which to consult him. Farewell."

Don Rodrigo was in raptures at the concluding part of this epistle, holding out the delightful promise of another interview. Having arranged everything with their guest respecting their speedy return, Serafina and her sister waited impatiently for the appointed hour. On its arrival they again summoned the old family squire, the only person admitted to attend them, and sallied forth to the promenade near the fountain of Leganitos. There they were at no loss to discover the stranger, already stationed near it, precisely in the same dress as before. He accosted them with an air of lively pleasure, expressed his gratitude, and dwelt with much feeling on the disappointment he had felt, in so long and vainly expecting them the previous night, and the many fears for their health or safety it had occasioned him.

"Neither one nor the other," replied Serafina; "it was our dear mother's illness that detained us; and even had it been as you suspected, you could hardly have indulged all the anxiety you pretend, or you would doubtless have applied at our residence, of which you are not ignorant."

"It was no want of inclination," replied the lover, "but merely a dread of exciting notice, and giving umbrage to her I loved. It is very unjust to charge me with neglect, when you know I could not resist the temptation of writing; but—as to calling—at once"—

"Oh yes," exclaimed both the ladies, "we see you did not wish it: you have said enough,"—and they went on rallying the poor cavalier with extreme severity.

"If," replied he, attempting to turn the subject, "I could have disposed events agreeably to the fervent love I bear you, I should in nothing have erred or offended. But one like me, of obscure birth and simple rustic manners, well assorting," he added, smiling, "with my uncouth dress, how could you reasonably expect better of me?"

"Ah," exclaimed Serafina, snatching this opportunity of proceeding with the design she had in view, "do you indeed say so, Señor Don Rodrigo de Monsalve, and do I read you aright? Do I see you, as you are, quite plainly through your rustic disguise, and penetrate into your wicked and most revengeful and unbrotherly designs? What a malignant disposition, now, you must have, to think of showing such tender regard and courtesy towards one lady, while you pursue another, far more lovely and beautiful, with the most cruel hatred and desire of vengeance. You may well look astonished, Don Rodrigo de Monsalve, but can you inform us on what evil errand you came from Seville to this place. How did you contrive to get out of prison; what had you done to get there? Do, pray, inform us respecting these little adventures, and we will then see what can be done to make your mind easy, and put your affairs in a better train."

Don Rodrigo, thus taken by surprise, was unable to utter a single word; but stood lost in astonishment, and a vexation he could ill dis-

guise. Serafina seemed to enjoy his confusion exceedingly, and felt redoubled assurance that she had discovered the right man. At length he found words :

"This is a very singular occurrence, ladies ; I who have never set foot in Madrid ;—you are labouring under some strange mistake.—You call me one Don Rodrigo, but it is really all a riddle to me. I was born under no such lucky star, as to merit the title you please to honour me with, and, doubtless, you confound me with some other person. My reason for coming to Madrid was merely to get a sight of the court, as every poor clown likes to boast of having done at some time or other, besides a little matter of business."

"For instance, to look for your sister," interrupted Theodora ; "so you need not think to deceive us any longer, as we know more of your affairs than you seem to know yourself, and will acquaint you with the particulars if you please." Here, indeed, was a fresh shock for poor Don Rodrigo, who began to think of surrendering at discretion, while his fair foes continued to press him hard, and to enjoy their approaching triumph. They fairly laughed him out of his defence ; till, becoming curious to learn the source of their new information, he at once confessed they were in the right, and that he was indeed Don Rodrigo, and no other.

Delighted at this avowal, Serafina entreated him to oblige them with a more particular account of his adventures. This he did with the best grace possible ; but it differed in nothing from that they had previously heard from the lips of his sister Clara, except in what related to the death of Don Fernando, and the manner in which he had effected his escape from prison. He confessed he had come to Madrid with the intention of avoiding the pursuit of justice, and that he was about to proceed for the city of Lisbon, where he had reason to suppose his sister then was.

Desirous as Serafina was to come to an amicable explanation on the subject, she considered it yet premature, until they could count upon his future conduct with greater certainty. It was in vain he now entreated to be made acquainted with the author of their information respecting him ; and he even went so far as to declare, that he had his suspicions it could have been derived from no other but his unhappy sister, whose place of retreat he was bent on discovering ; to which end he would make stricter inquiries than heretofore.

At this interview they had little leisure to enter on the subject of their mutual passion ; but the chief difficulty being now removed, they met on more equal and pleasant ground ; and it was not long before Don Rodrigo made formal proposals for Serafina's hand in marriage. Meantime, the police of Seville was not idle in its pursuit of the lover, sparing no pains to secure so rich a prize, as his recapture would turn out to be. Nor were the spies of Don Rodrigo himself less active

about Madrid and elsewhere, to find the retreat of his sister Clara, who had been treated with the greatest respect and attention by the two sisters, and so carefully protected as to give rise to no suspicions as to her real residence.

Serafina, however, fearful of her lover's absenting himself, as he had mentioned, in order to prosecute his researches for his lost sister, was now preparing means to bring about a favourable *denouement* of the whole of this unlucky adventure. With this view, she first informed lady Clara that she was in direct communication with her dreaded brother, to whom she had, in fact, pledged her hand; tidings that gave her unfortunate guest the most lively pleasure. She first poured forth her gratitude to heaven, that only could have brought such happy results to pass; and next, she threw herself at Serafina's feet, and bathing her hands with tears, declared, that only to her goodness she owed her life.

After becoming more composed, Serafina began to consult her on the most prudent means of reconciling Don Esteban and Don Rodrigo, her brother, to each other. Now it happened, that just at that period, the character of the Conde de Palma stood deservedly high in estimation, and for nothing more than his wit and affability. There was no case, however difficult and involved, that his good-nature would not undertake, and his ability bring to a successful result. His authority and opinion, therefore, were universally resorted to, often in preference to the laws; he had reconciled some of the bitterest enemies, and adjusted differences that bade defiance to every less influential means. To him lady Clara was advised to make application, as to how she should proceed; and she wrote a full and circumstantial account of the whole affair, and the state in which it then stood.

Upon receiving the particulars, the Count without hesitation declared he would willingly undertake it, and had great hopes of bringing it to a fortunate termination. He first sought an interview with Don Esteban, and without reference to Clara's letter, he recommended to him the honourable course of fulfilling his plighted faith to Don Rodrigo's sister, as it was already beginning to excite the animadversion of the court. To this proposal, though a little surprised, Don Esteban made slight objection, as he was really attached to her, and during their separation, had felt all his former affection revived. What gave him most pain, was the reflection that neither she nor her brother had made the smallest attempt to renew the negociation respecting their marriage, in which his honour was so deeply implicated. The Count, therefore, at once took upon himself the task of bringing this about at the shortest period; and with this view, after complimenting Don Esteban upon his honourable intentions, he next hastened to consult with the head of the public police. Here he had

no great difficulty in compromising the affair relating to the death of Don Fernando, by the payment of a moderate fine, so as to place Don Esteban at perfect liberty from all judicial proceedings.

The active and generous-minded Count, without a moment's delay, then sought an interview with Lady Clara herself, informing her of everything that had taken place. And in order to run no risk of future misunderstanding, he invited Don Esteban and a cousin of his to accompany him. It is impossible to describe the sensations of the unfortunate lady on receiving the good Count's visit ; and on his introducing her lover. No longer able to support the intense delight she felt—she fainted in his arms. Being at length perfectly reconciled and happy, all that now remained was to inform Don Rodrigo of what had passed, and obtain his reconciliation with Don Esteban, and his consent to the marriage. This, the beautiful Serafina undertook to effect ; and at her next interview with her lover, she related to him his sister's adventure, and how she had been received and protected in their house. At the same time she declared that she would never be induced to give him her hand, until he first gave his consent to Clara's marriage with Don Esteban.

Finding himself reduced to this unexpected alternative, Don Rodrigo yielded with a good grace, and declared his willingness to meet her wishes in every respect. He freely pardoned his sister, from his heart, and thanked his Serafina for all the tender care she had lavished upon her. The lady then commanded him, on pain of her displeasure, to appear at her house on the ensuing evening in his real character, without any idea of concealing himself from her relatives or any one else. He had little difficulty in granting this request, wishing only to accompany her back at that moment, and claim her hand before all the world.

To this Serafina would not consent, and they then parted ; he to throw off his uncourtly disguise, and she to reveal the happy conclusion of her luckless adventure to the fond and delighted Clara. The next day was a joyful festival to them all, in which enemies were to meet as friends, and all perplexities and disguises were to be thrown aside. In the evening Don Rodrigo appeared, followed by a train of domestics in rich livery—he himself attired in a handsome court costume. How the heart of the lovely Serafina beat as she heard his step ; how her bosom heaved, and her colour came and went, as the noble and elegant chevalier—no longer a humble rustic—approached and took her hand, seizing likewise in her confusion the favour of a first salute. The next object that met his eye was his unfortunate sister kneeling at his feet, and entreating his forgiveness with sobs and tears. "My poor Clara!" exclaimed Don Rodrigo, as he raised and embraced her—"my dear sister, it is all forgiven."

"It is to this angelic girl, then, I owe everything, my dearest brother. She it is who has made so many hearts beat with joy to-day."

"And her own, too," replied Theodora, as she placed her sister's hand in that of the happy Don Rodrigo, whose happiness, indeed, required no accession from the appearance of the Conde de Palma, accompanied by Don Esteban, who, taking the hand of Clara, knelt at the feet of Don Rodrigo, and nobly implored his forgiveness.

THE END.

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